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MEN, WOMEN, AND BOOKS: 18

A SELECTION OF

SKETCHES, ESSAYS, AND CRITICAL MEMOIRS

FROM

HIS UNCOLLECTED PROSE WRITINGS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

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A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE.
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PREFACE.

THE title of this book, though a peculiar, is not a forced one. The reader will see that 'Women,' upon their own grounds, form an essential portion of its contents; and the word suggested itself as soon as the book was thought of. The name of the heroine might almost as well have been omitted, when a critic was giving an account of the history of *Angelica and Medoro.*

Should anything else in the impulsive portions of those essays which were written when he was young, appear a little out of the pale of recognised manners, in point of style and animal spirits, the new reader will be good enough to understand, what old ones have long been aware of, and grown kind to,—namely, that the writer comes of a tropical race; and that what might have been affectation in a colder blood, was only enthusiasm in a warm one. He is not conscious, however, of having suffered anything to remain, to which a reasonable critic could object. He has pruned a few passages, in order that he might not seem to take undue advantage of an extempore or anonymous allowance; and in later years, particularly when seated on the critical bench, he has been pleased, and perhaps profited, in conforming himself to the customs of 'the court.' But had he attempted to alter the general spirit of his writings, he would have belied the love of truth that is in him, an even shown himself ungrateful to public warrant.

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Not that he has abated a jot of those cheerful and hopeful opinions, in the diffusion of which he has now been occupied for nearly thirty years of a life passed in combined struggle and studiousness: for if there is anything which consoles him for those short-comings either in life or writings, which most men of any decent powers of reflection are bound to discover in themselves as they grow old, and of which he has acquired an abundant perception, it is the consciousness, not merely of having been consistent in opinion (which might have been bigotry), or of having lived to see his political opinions triumph (which was good luck), or even of having outlived misconstruction and enmity (though the goodwill of generous enemies is inexpressibly dear to him), but of having done his best to recommend that belief in good, that cheerfulness in endeavour, that discernment of universal beauty, that brotherly consideration for mistake and circumstance, and that repose on the happy destiny of the whole human race, which appear to him not only the healthiest and most animating principles of action, but the only truly religious homage to Him that made us all.

Let adversity be allowed the comfort of these reflections; and may all who allow them, experience the writer's cheerfulness, with none of the troubles that have rendered it almost his only possession.

KENSINGTON,
May 1st, 1847.

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MEN, WOMEN, AND BOOKS.

FICTION AND MATTER OF FACT.

'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'—SHAKSPEARE.

SYMPATHIES OF THESE TWO SUPPOSED INCOMPATIBLE THINGS—MISTAKE OF NEWTON—POETS NOT LIABLE TO SUCH MISTAKES—FALSE ALARM ABOUT SCIENCE BECOMING THE RUIN OF POETRY—IMAGINATION NOT TO BE LIMITED BY SECOND CAUSES—APOLOGUE ON THE PRESS.

A PASSION for these two things is supposed to be incompatible. It is certainly not; and the supposition is founded on an ignorance of the nature of the human mind, and the very sympathies of the two strangers. Mathematical truth is not the only truth in the world. An unpoetical logician is not the only philosopher. Locke had no taste for fiction: he thought Blackmore as great a genius as Homer; but this was a conclusion he could never have come to, if he had known his premises. Newton considered poetry as on a par with 'ingenious nonsense;' which was an error as great as if he had ranked himself with Tom D'Urfey, or made the apex of a triangle equal to the base of it. Newton has had good for evil returned him by 'a greater than himself;' for the eye of imagination sees farther than the glasses of astronomy. I should say that the poets had praised their scorner too much, illustrious as he is, if it were not delightful to see that there is at least one faculty in the world which knows how to do justice to all the rest. Of all the universal privileges of poetry, this is one of the most peculiar, and marks her for what she is. The mathematician, the schoolman, the wit, the statesman, and the soldier,

may all be blind to the merits of poetry, and of one another; but the poet, by the privilege which he possesses of recognising every species of truth, is aware of the merits of mathematics, of learning, of wit, of politics, and of generalship. He is great in his own art, and he is great in his appreciation of that of others. And this is most remarkable in proportion as he is a *poetical* poet—a high lover of fiction. Milton brought the visible and the invisible together 'on the top of Fiesole,' to pay homage to Galileo; and the Tuscan deserved it, for he had an insight into the world of imagination. I cannot but fancy the shade of Newton blushing to reflect that, among the many things which he professed to *know not*, poetry was omitted, of which he knew nothing. Great as he was, he indeed saw nothing in the face of nature but its lines and colours: not the lines and colours of passion and sentiment included, but only squares and their distances, and the anatomy of the rainbow. He thought the earth a glorious planet; he knew it better than anyone else, in its connection with other planets; and yet half the beauty of them all, that which sympathy bestows and imagination colours, was to him a blank. He took space to be the sensorium of the Deity (so noble a fancy could be struck out of the involuntary encounter between his intense sense of a mystery and the imagination he despised!) and yet this very fancy was but an escape from the horror of a vacuum, and a substitution of the mere consciousness of existence for the thoughts and images with which a poet would have accompanied it. He imagined the form of the house, and the presence of the builder; but the life and the variety, the paintings, the imagery, and the music,—the loves and the joys, the whole riches of the place, the whole riches in the distance, the creations heaped upon creation, and the particular as well as aggregate consciousness of all this in the great mind of whose presence he was conscious,—to all this his want of imagination rendered him insensible. The *Fairy Queen* was to him a trifle; the dreams of Shakspeare 'ingenious nonsense.' But courts were something, and so were the fashions there. When the name of the Deity was mentioned, he took off his hat! *

* Sir Isaac Newton rejected the doctrine of the Trinity, because he could not reconcile it to his arithmetic. The 'French Prophets,' not being cognisable by the mathematics, were very near having him for a proselyte. His strength and his weakness were hardly equal in this distinction: but one of them, at least, serves to show how more than conventional his understanding was inclined to be, when taken out of its only faculty; and I do

There are two worlds: the world that we can measure with line and rule, and the world that we feel with our hearts and imaginations. To be sensible of the truth of only one of these, is to know truth but by halves. Milton said, that he 'dared be known to think Spenser a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas.' He did not say than Plato or Pythagoras, who understood the two spheres within our reach. Both of these, and Milton himself, were as great lovers of physical and political truth as any men; but they knew that it was not all; they felt much beyond, and they made experiments upon more. It is doubted by the critics, whether Chaucer's delight in the handling of fictions, or in the detection and scrutiny of a piece of truth, was the greater. Chaucer was a conscientious Reformer, which is a man who has a passion for truth; and so was Milton. So, in his way, was Ariosto himself, and indeed most great poets; part of the very perfection of their art, which is verisimilitude, being closely connected with their sense of truth in all things. But it is not necessary to be great, in order to possess a reasonable variety of perception. That nobody may despair of being able to indulge the two passions together, I can answer for them by my own experience. I can pass, with as much pleasure as ever, from the reading of one of Hume's Essays to that of the *Arabian Nights*, and *vice versâ*; and I think, the longer I live, the closer, if possible, will the union grow.* The roads are found to approach nearer, in proportion as we advance upon either; and they both terminate in the same prospect.

I am far from meaning that there is nothing real in either road. The path of matter of fact is as solid as ever; but they who do not see the reality of the other, keep but a blind and prone beating upon their own surface. To drop the metaphor, matter of fact is our perception of the grosser and more external shapes of truth; fiction represents the residuum and the mystery.

not presume to think that any criticism of mine can be thought even invidious against it. I do not deny the sun, because I deny that the sun has a right to deny the universe. I am writing upon Matter of Fact now myself, and Matter of Fact will have me say what I do.

* It has done so. This Essay was written in the year 1824: and within the last few years I have had the pleasure of reading (besides poets) three different histories of Philosophy, histories of Rome and England, some of the philosophy of Hume himself, much of Abraham Tucker's, all the novels of Fielding and Smollett (including *Gil Blas*), Mr. Lane's *Arabian Nights*, *Don Quixote*, a heap of English Memoirs, and the whole of the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe.

To love matter of fact is to have a lively sense of the visible and immediate; to love fiction is to have as lively a sense of the possible and the remote. Now these two senses, if they exist at all, are of necessity as real, the one as the other. The only proof of either is in our perception. To a blind man, the most visible colours no more exist, than the hues of a fairy tale to a man destitute of fancy. To a man of fancy, who sheds tears over a tale, the chair in which he sits has no truer existence in its way than the story that moves him. His being touched is his proof in both instances.

But, says the mechanical understanding, modern discoveries have acquainted us with the cause of lightning and thunder, the nature of optical delusions, and fifty other apparent wonders; and therefore there is no more to be feigned about them. Fancy has done with them, at least with their causes; and witches and will-o'-the-wisps being abolished, poetry is at a stand. The strong glass of science has put an end to the assumptions of fiction.

This is a favourite remark with a pretty numerous set of writers; and it is a very desperate one. It looks like reasoning; and by a singular exercise of the very faculty which it asserts the death of, many persons take the look of an argument for the proof of it. Certainly, no observation can militate more strongly against existing matter of fact; and this is the reason why it is made. The mechanical writers of verse find that it is no longer so easy to be taken for poets, because fancy and imagination are more than usually in request: so they would have their revenge, by asserting that poetry is no longer to be written.

When an understanding of this description is told, that thunder is caused by a collision of clouds, and that lightning is a well-known result of electricity, there may be an end, if he pleases, of his poetry with him. He may, if he thinks fit, or if he cannot help it, no longer see anything in the lightning but the escape of a subtle fluid, or hear anything more noble in the thunder than the crack of a bladder of water. Much good may his ignorance do him. But it is not so with understandings of a loftier or a more popular kind. The wonder of children, and the lofty speculations of the wise, meet alike on a point, higher than he can attain to, and look over the threshold of the world. Mechanical knowledge is a great and a glorious tool in the hands of man, and will change the globe. But it will still leave untouched the invisible sphere above and about us; still leave us

all the great and all the gentle objects of poetry,—the heavens and the human heart, the regions of genii and fairies, the fanciful or passionate images that come to us from the seas, and from the flowers, and all that we behold.

It is, in fact, remarkable, that the growth of science, and the re-appearance of a more poetical kind of poetry, have accompanied one another. Whatever may be the difference of opinion as to the extent to which our modern poets have carried their success, their inclinations cannot be doubted. How is it that poetical impulse has taken this turn in a generation pronounced to be so mechanical? Whence has arisen among us this exceeding fondness for the fictions of the East, for solitary and fanciful reveries, for the wild taste of the Germans (themselves more scientific and wild than ever), and even for a new and more primitive use of the old Pagan mythology, so long and so mechanically abused by the Chloes and Venuses of the French? Politics may be thought a very unlikely cause for poetry, and it is so with mere politicians; yet politics, pushed farther than common, have been the cause of the new and greater impetus given to the sympathies of imagination; for the more we know of any one ground of knowledge, the farther we see into the general domains of intellect, if we are not mere slaves of the soil. A little philosophy, says Bacon, takes men away from religion: a greater brings them round to it. This is the case with the reasoning faculty and poetry. We reason to a certain point, and are content with the discoveries of second causes. We reason farther, and find ourselves in the same airy depths as of old. The imagination recognises its ancient field, and begins ranging about at will, doubly bent upon liberty, because of the trammels with which it has been threatened.

Take the following APOLOGUE.—During a wonderful period of the world, the kings of the earth leagued themselves together to destroy all opposition; to root out, if they could, the very thoughts of mankind. Inquisition was made for blood. The ears of the grovelling lay in wait for every murmur. On a sudden, during this great hour of danger, there arose in a hundred parts of the world, a cry, to which the cry of the Blatant Beast was a whisper. It proceeded from the wonderful multiplication of an extraordinary creature, which had already turned the cheeks of the tyrants pallid. It groaned and it grew loud: it spoke with a hundred tongues; it grew fervidly on the ear, like the noise of millions of wheels. And the sound of millions of

wheels was in it, together with other marvellous and awful noises. There was the sharpening of swords, the braying of trumpets, the neighing of war-horses, the laughter of solemn voices, the rushing by of lights, the movement of impatient feet, a tread as if the world were coming. And ever and anon there were pauses with 'a still small voice,' which made a trembling in the night-time. But still the glowing sound of the wheels renewed itself; gathering early towards the morning. And when you came up to one of these creatures, you saw with fear and reverence, its mighty conformation, being like wheels indeed, and a great vapour. And ever and anon the vapour boiled, and the wheels went rolling, and the creature threw out of its mouth visible words, that fell into the air by millions, and spoke to the uttermost parts of the earth. And the nations (for it was a loving though a fearful creature) fed upon its words like the air they breathed: and the monarchs paused, for they knew their masters.

This is Printing by Steam.—It will be said that it is an allegory, and that all allegories are but fictions, and flat ones. I am far from producing it as a specimen of the poetical power now in existence. Allegory itself is out of fashion, though it was a favourite exercise of our old poets when the public were familiar with shows and spectacles. But allegory is the readiest shape into which imagination can turn a thing mechanical; and in the one before us is contained the mechanical truth and the spiritual truth of that very matter-of-fact thing called a Printing Press: each of them as true as the other, or neither could take place. A business of screws and iron wheels is, or appears to be, a very commonplace matter; but not so the will of the hand that sets them in motion; not so the operations of the mind that directs them what to utter. We are satisfied respecting the one by science; but what is it that renders us sensible of the wonders of the other, and their connection with the great mysteries of nature? Thought—Fancy—*Imagination*. What signifies to her the talk about electricity, and suction, and gravitation, and alembics, and fifty other mechanical operations of the marvellous? This is but the bone and muscle of wonder. Soul, and not body, is her pursuit; the first cause, not the second; the whole effect, not a part of it; the will, the invention, the marvel itself. As long as this lies hidden, she still fancies what agents for it she pleases. The science of atmospherical phenomena hinders not her angels from 'playing in the plighted clouds.' The analysis of a bottle of salt water does not prevent her from 'taking the

wings of the morning, and remaining in the uttermost parts of the sea.' You must prove to her first, that you understand the simple elements, when decomposed; the reason that brings them together; the power that puts them in action; the relations which they have to a thousand things besides ourselves and our wants; the necessity of all this perpetual motion; the understanding that looks out of the eye; love, joy, sorrow, death and life, the future, the universe, the whole invisible abyss. Till you know all this, and can plant the dry sticks of your reasons, as trophies of possession, in every quarter of space, how shall you oust her from her dominion?

THE INSIDE OF AN OMNIBUS.

ELEVATION OF SOCIETY BY THIS SPECIES OF VEHICLE—METAMORPHOSIS OF DR. JOHNSON INTO AN OMNIBUS—HIS DIALOGUE THEREON WITH BOSWELL—VARIOUS PASSENGERS IN OMNIBUSES—INTENSE INTIMACY WITH THE FACE OF THE MAN OPPOSITE YOU—BOYS AND YOUNG LADIES—OLD GENTLEMAN UNABLE TO PULL UP THE GLASS—YOUNG GENTLEMAN EMBARRASSED WITH EATING AN ORANGE—EXHIBITION OF CHARACTERS AND TEMPERS—LADIES OBLIGED TO SIT ON GENTLEMEN'S LAPS—LAST PASSENGERS AT NIGHT.

Enough has been said, in this quick and graphic age, respecting coachmen and cabmen, and conductors, and horses, and all the exterior phenomena of things vehicular; but we are not aware that an 'article' has yet been devoted to the subject before us.

Come, then, our old friend Truth! do what thou canst for us. If thou dost not, we know, that with all our trying, we can do nothing for ourselves. Men will have nothing to do with our representations, though we paint for them the prettiest girl in the world,—unlike!

By the invention of the Omnibus, all the world keeps its coach!—And with what cheapness! And to how much social advantage! No 'plague with servants;'—no expense for liveries;—no coach-makers' and horse-doctors' bills;—no keeping one's fellow-creatures waiting for us in the cold night-time and rain, while the dance is going down the room, or another hour is spent in bidding good-bye, and lingering over the comfortable fire. We have no occasion to think of it at all till we want it; and then it either comes to one's door, or you go forth, and in a few minutes see it *hulling* up the street,—the man-of-war among coaches,—the whale's back in the metropolitan flood,—while the driver is beheld sitting, super-eminent, like the guide of the elephant on his neck.

We cannot say much for the beauty of the omnibus; but there is a certain might of utility in its very bulk, which supersedes the necessity of beauty, as in the case of the whale itself, or in the idea that we entertain of Dr. Johnson, who shouldered

porters as he went, and 'laughed like a rhinoceros.' Virgil metamorphosed ships into sea-nymphs. The Doctor, by a process not more violent, might be supposed transformed into a vehicle for his favourite London streets; and, if so, he would undoubtedly have anticipated the date of the present invention, and become an omnibus. His mouth seems to utter the word.

Boswell (*in Elysium*).—'Sir, if you were living now, and were to be turned into a coach, what sort of coach would you become?'

Johnson (*rolling about, and laughing with bland contempt*).—'Sir, in parliamentary language, you are "frivolous and vexatious;" but the frivolity surmounts the vexatiousness.'

Boswell (*tenderly*).—'Nay, sir, but to oblige an humble, and, I hope, not altogether undeserving friend.'

Johnson.—'Sir, where reply is obvious, interrogation is disgusting. Nay, sir (*seeing the tears in Boswell's eyes*), I would not be harsh or uncomplying: but do you not see the case at once? I should formerly have chosen to be a bishop's carriage perhaps, or a chancellor's, or any respectable lord's.'

Boswell (*smiling*).—'Except a lord mayor's.'

Johnson (*angrily*).—'And why, sir, should I not have been a lord mayor's? What have I done, that it should be doubted whether I would countenance the dignity of integrity and the universality of commerce?'

Boswell (*in confusion*).—'Sir, I beg pardon; but, to confess the truth, I was thinking of Mr. Wilkes.'

Johnson.—'And why, sir, think of Mr. Wilkes, when the smaller idea should be merged into the greater? when the great office itself is concerned, and not the pettiness of an exception? Besides, sir, Wilkes though a rascal and a Whig, was a gentleman in *manners*, as well as birth (*looking sternly at Boswell*). He would not have made such a remark.—To be sure (*relenting a little, and looking arch*) he got drunk sometimes.'

Boswell (*interrupting*).—'Dear sir!——'

Johnson.—'Neither was he scrupulous in his admiration of beauty.'

Boswell.—'Dearest sir!'

Johnson.—'Though whatsoever the frenzy of his inebriation, or the vagrancy of his nocturnal revels, he would hardly have mistaken an oyster-woman for a Hebe. Well, well, sir, let us be mutually considerate. Let us be decent. To cut this matter short, sir, I should be an *omnibus*.'

Boswell (*with grateful earnestness*).—'May I presume, dear sir, to inquire the reason?'

Johnson.—'Sir, I should not be a cart. That would be low. Neither should I aspire to be the triumphant chariot of an Alexander, or the funeral car of a Napoleon. Posthumous knowledge has corrected those sympathies with ambition. A gig is pert; a curricle coxcombical; and the steam-carriage is too violent, perturbed, and migratory. Sir, the omnibus for me. It suits with my past state and my present; with the humanities I have retained, and with those which I have acquired. Sir, it even makes me beg pardon for what I have said of Wilkes. *Mors omnibus communis*. Like death, it is common to all, and gathers them into its friendly bosom. It is decent, deliberate, and unpretending; no respecter of persons; a king has been known to ride in it;* and opposite the king may have sat a republican weaver.'

Boswell.—'But you would choose, sir, to be a London omnibus, rather than a Parisian one, or even a Litchfield?'

Johnson (*with bland indulgence*).—'Surely, sir; and to go up the Strand and Fleet-street, and occasionally to stop at the Mitre. And, sir, I would not be driven by everybody, though I can now tolerate everybody. I would have a humane and respectable driver; an elderly man, sir;—and my windows should be taken care of, that the people might not catch cold.'

Here Boswell, begging a thousand pardons, with shrugged shoulders, lifted eyebrows, and hands spread out in deprecation of offence, bursts, nevertheless, into an incontrollable fit of laughter, at the idea of the solemn and illustrious Johnson converted into an omnibus. And the Doctor, though a little angry at first, recollects his Elysian experiences, and at length contributes to a roar worthy of the inextinguishable laughter of the gods in Homer.

Johnson (*subsiding into a human measure of joviality*).—'Sir, it was ludicrous enough, if you consider it as a man; but if you consider it as a child, or as a divine person (to speak in the language of our new friend, Plato), the subject will be invested with the mild gravity of an impartial universality. I see, however, that it will take many more draughts of Lethe, before you, Boswell, can get the fumes of the old tavern wine out of your head; so let us consult your capabilities, and return to human

* So it has been said of Louis Philippe, during his 'citizen-king' days.

measures of discourse; let us have *reason* once more, sir;—sir (for I see you wish me to say it), let us be good mortal jolly dogs, and have t'other bottle.'

Vanish the ever-pleasant shades of Johnson and Boswell, and enter the omnibus in its own proper person. If a morning omnibus, it is full of clerks and merchants; if a noon, of chance fares; if a night, of returning citizens and fathers of families; if a midnight, of playgoers, and gentlemen lax with stiff glasses of brandy-and-water.

Being one of the chance fares, we enter an omnibus which has yet no other inside passenger: and having no book with us, we make intense acquaintance with two objects: the one being the heel of an outside passenger's boot, who is sitting on the coach-top; and the other, that universally studied bit of literature, which is inscribed at the further end of every such vehicle, and which purports, that it is under the charming jurisdiction of the royal lady now reigning over us,

V. R.

by whom it is permitted to carry '*twelve inside passengers*, AND NO MORE;' thus showing extreme consideration on her Majesty's part, and that she will not have the sides of her loving subjects squeezed together like figs.

Enter a precise personage, probably a Methodist, certainly 'well off,' who seats himself right in the midway of his side of the Omnibus; that is to say, at equal distances between the two extremities; because it is the spot in which you least feel the inconvenience of the motion. He is a man who seldom makes a remark, or takes notice of what is going forward, unless a payment is to be resisted, or the entrance of a passenger beyond the lawful number. Now and then he hems, and adjusts a glove; or wipes a little dust off one of the cuffs of his coat.

In leaps a youngster, and seats himself close at the door, in order to be ready to leap out again.

Item, a maid-servant, flustered with the fear of being too late, and reddening furthermore betwixt awkwardness, and the resentment of it, at not being quite sure where to seat herself. A jerk of the Omnibus pitches her against the precisian, and makes both her and the youngster laugh.

Enter a young lady, in colours and big earrings, and excessively flounced and ringleted, and seats herself opposite the maid-servant, who beholds her with admiration, but secretly thinks

herself handsomer, and what a pity it is she was not a lady herself, to become the ringlets and flounces better.

Enter two more young ladies, in white, who pass to the other end in order to be out of the way of the knees and boots of those who quit. They whisper and giggle much, and are quizzing the young lady in the reds and ringlets; who, for her part (though she knows it, and could squeeze all their bonnets together for rage), looks as firm and unconcerned as a statue.

Enter a dandy, too handsome to be quizzed; and then a man with a bundle, who is agreeably surprised with the gentlemanly toleration of the dandy, and unaware of the secret disgust of the Methodist.

Item, an old gentleman; then, a very fat man; then, two fat elderly women, one of whom is very angry at the incommodious presence of her counterparts, while the other, full of good humour, is comforted by it. The youngster has in the meantime gone to sit on the coach-top, in order to make room; and we set off to the place of our destination.

What an intense intimacy we get with the face, neckcloth, waistcoat, and watch-chain of the man who sits opposite us! Who is he? What is his name? Is his care a great care, —an affliction? Is his look of cheerfulness real? At length he looks at ourselves, asking himself, no doubt, similar questions; and, as it is less pleasant to be scrutinized than to scrutinize, we now set him the example of turning the eyes another way. How unpleasant it must be to the very fat man to be so gazed at! Think, if he sat as close to us in a private room, in a chair! How he would get up, and walk away! But here, sit he must, and have his portrait taken by our memories. We sigh for his plethora, with a breath almost as piteous as his wheezing. And he has a sensible face withal, and has, perhaps, acquired a painful amount of intellectual as well as physical knowledge, from the melancholy that has succeeded to his joviality. Fat men always appear to be 'good fellows,' unless there is some manifest proof to the contrary; so we wish, for his sake, that everybody in this world could do just as he pleased, and die of a very dropsy of delight.

Exeunt our fat friend, and the more ill-humoured of the two fat women; and enter, in their places, two young mothers,—one with a good-humoured child, a female; the other with a great, handsome, red-cheeked wilful boy, all flounce and hat and feathers, and red legs, who is eating a bun, and who seems

resolved that the other child, who does nothing but look at it, shall not partake a morsel. His mother, who 'snubs' him one instant, and lets him have his way the next, has been a spoiled child herself, and is doing her best to learn to repent the sorrow she caused her own mother, by the time she is a dozen years older. The elderly gentleman compliments the boy on his likeness to his mamma, who laughs and says he is 'very polite.' As to the young gentleman, he fancies he is asked for a piece of his bun, and falls a-kicking; and the young lady in the ringlets tosses her head.

Exit the Methodist, and enter an affable man; who, having protested it is very cold, and lamented a stoppage, and vented the original remark that you gain nothing by an omnibus in point of time, subsides into an elegant silence; but he is fastened upon by the man with the bundle, who, encouraged by his apparent good-nature, tells him, in an under-tone, some anecdotes relative to his own experience of omnibuses; which the affable gentleman endures with a variety of assenting exclamations, intended quite as much to stop as to encourage, not one of which succeeds; such as 'Ah!'—'Oh!'—'Indeed!'—'Precisely'—'I daresay'—'I see'—'Really?'—'Very likely;'—jerking the top of his stick occasionally against his mouth as he speaks, and nobody pitying him.

Meantime the good-humoured fat woman having expressed a wish to have a window closed which the ill-humoured one had taken upon her to open, and the two young ladies in the corner giving their assent, but none of the three being able to pull it up, the elderly gentleman, in an ardour of gallantry, anxious to show his pleasing combination of strength and tenderness, exclaims, 'Permit *me*;' and jumping up, cannot do it at all. The window cruelly sticks fast. It only brings up all the blood into his face with the mingled shame and incompetence of the endeavour. He is a conscientious kind of incapable, however, is the elderly gentleman; so he calls in the conductor, who does it in an instant. 'He knows the trick,' says the elderly gentleman. 'It's only a little bit new,' says the conductor, who hates to be called in.

Exeunt elderly and the maid-servant, and enter an unreflecting young gentleman who has bought an orange and must eat it immediately. He accordingly begins by peeling it, and is first made aware of the delicacy of his position by the gigglement of the two young ladies, and his doubt where he shall throw the peel. 'He is in for it,' however, and must proceed; so being

unable to divide the orange into its segments, he ventures upon a great liquid bite, which resounds through the omnibus, and covers the whole of the lower part of his face with pip and drip. The young lady with the ringlets is right before him. The two other young ladies stuff their handkerchiefs into their mouths, and he into his own mouth the whole of the rest of the fruit, 'sloshy' and too big, with desperation in his heart, and the tears in his eyes. Never will he eat an orange again in an omnibus. He doubts whether he shall even venture upon one at all in the presence of his friends, the Miss Wilkinsons.

Enter, at various times, an irascible gentleman, who is constantly threatening to go out; a long-legged dragoon, at whose advent the young ladies are smit with sudden gravity and apparent objection; a young sailor, with a face innocent of everything but a pride in his slops, who says his mother does not like his going to sea; a gentleman with a book, which we long to ask him to let us look at; a man with a dog, which embitters the feet and ankles of a sharp-visaged old lady, and completes her horror by getting on the empty seat next her, and looking out of the window; divers bankers' clerks and tradesmen, who think of nothing but the bills in their pockets; two estranged friends, *ignoring* each other; a pompous fellow, who suddenly looks modest and bewitched, having detected a baronet in the corner; a botanist with his tin *herbarium*; a young married couple, assuming a right to be fond in public; another from the country, who exalt all the rest of the passengers in self-opinion by betraying the amazing fact, that they have never before seen Piccadilly; a footman, intensely clean in his habiliments, and very respectful, for his hat subdues him, as well as the strange feeling of sitting inside; four boys going to school, very pudding-faced, and not knowing how to behave (one pulls a string and top half-way out of his pocket, and all reply to questions in monosyllables); a person with a constant smile on his face, having just cheated another in a bargain; close to him a very melancholy person, going to see a daughter on her deathbed, and not hearing a single one of the cheater's happy remarks; a French lady looking at once amiable and worldly,—hard, as it were, in the midst of her softness, or soft in the midst of her hardness,—which you will,—probably an actress, or a teacher; two immense-whiskered Italians, uttering their delicious language with a precision which shows that they are singers; a man in a smock-frock, who, by his sitting on the edge of the seat, and perpetually

watching his time to go out, seems to make a constant apology for his presence; ditto, a man with some huge mysterious accompaniment of mechanism, or implement of trade, too big to be lawfully carried inside; a pedant or a fop, ostentatious of some ancient or foreign language, or talking of a lord; all sorts of people talking of the weather, and the harvest, and the Queen, and the last bit of news; in short, every description of age, rank, temper, occupation, appearance, life, character, and behaviour, from the thorough gentleman who quietly gives himself a lift out of the rain, secure in his easy unaffected manner and his accommodating good-breeding, down to the blackguard who attempts to thrust his opinion down the throat of his neighbour, or keeps his legs thrust out across the door-way, or lets his umbrella drip against a sick child.

Tempers are exhibited most at night, because people by that time have dined and drunk, and finished their labours, and because the act of going home serves to bring out the domestic habit. You do not then, indeed, so often see the happy fatigue, delighted with the sudden opportunity of rest; nor the anxious look, as if it feared its journey's end; nor the bustling one, eager to get there. The seats are most commonly reckoned upon, and more allowance is made for delays; though some passengers make a point of always being in a state of indignation and ill-treatment, and express an impatience to get home, as if their house were a paradise (which is assuredly what it is not, to those who expect them there). But at night, tongues are loosened, wills and pleasures more freely expressed, and faces rendered less bashful by the comparative darkness. It is then that the jovial 'old boy' lets out the secret of his having dined somewhere, perhaps at some Company's feast in Goldsmiths' or Stationers' Hall; and it is with difficulty he hinders himself from singing. Then the arbitrary or the purse-proud are wrathful if they are not driven up to the identical inch of curb-stone fronting their door. Then the incontinent nature, heedless of anything but its own satisfaction, snores in its corner; then politicians are loud; and gay fellows gallant, especially if they are old and ugly; and lovers, who seem unconscious of one another's presence, are intensely the reverse. Then also the pickpocket is luckiest at his circumventions; and the lady, about to pay her fare, suddenly misses her reticule. Chiefly now also, sixpences, nay, purses, are missed in the straw, and lights are brought to look for them, and the conductor is in an agonizing perplexity whether to pronounce the

loser an impudent cheat, or to love him for being an innocent and a ninny. Finally, now is the time when selfishness and generosity are most exhibited. It rains, and the coach is full; a lady applies for admittance; a gentleman offers to go outside; and, according to the natures of the various passengers, he is despised or respected accordingly. It rains *horribly*; a 'young woman' applies for admittance; the coach is overstocked already; a crapulous fellow who has been allowed to come in by special favour, protests against the exercise of the like charity to a female (*we have seen it!*) and is secretly detested by the least generous; a similar gentleman to the above, offers to take the applicant on his knee, if she has no objection; and she enters accordingly, and sits.—Is she pretty?—Is she ugly?—Above all, is she good-humoured? A question of some concern, even to the least interested of knee-givers. On the other hand, is the gentleman young or old, pleasant or disagreeable, a real gentleman, or only a formal 'old frump,' who has hardly a right to be civil? At length the parties get a look at one another, the gentleman first, the young woman suddenly from under her bonnet.—Ought she to have looked at all?—And what is the particular retrospective expression which she instinctively chooses out of many, when she has looked? It is a nice question, varying according to circumstances.—'Making room' for a fair interloper is no such dilemma as that; though we may be allowed to think that the pleasure is greatly enhanced by the pleasantness of the countenance. It is astonishing how much grace is put, even into the tip of an elbow, by the turn of an eye.

There is a reflection which all omnibus passengers are agreed upon, and which every one of them perhaps has made, without exception, in the course of their intellectual reciprocities; which is, that omnibuses are 'very convenient;'—'an astonishing accommodation to the public;'—not quick,—save little time (as aforesaid),—and the conductors are very tiresome; but a most useful invention, and wonderfully cheap. There are also certain things which almost all omnibus passengers *do;* such as help ladies to and fro; gradually get nearer to the door whenever a vacant seat occurs, so as to force the new comer farther up than he likes; and all people stumble, forward or sideways, when they first come in, and the coach sets off before they are seated. Among the pleasures, are seeing the highly satisfied faces of persons suddenly relieved from a long walk; being able to read a book; and, occasionally, observing one of a congenial sort in the

hands of a fellow-passenger. Among the evils, are dirty boots and wetting umbrellas; broken panes of glass in bad weather, afflicting the napes of the necks of invalids; and fellows who endeavour to convenience themselves at everybody's expense, by taking up as much room as possible, and who pretend to alter their oblique position when remonstrated with, without really doing it. Item, cramps in the leg, when thrusting it excessively backwards underneath the seat, in making way for a new comer, —the patient thrusting it forth again with an agonized vivacity that sets the man opposite him laughing. Item, cruel treadings upon corns, the whole being of the old lady or gentleman seeming to be mashed into the burning foot, and the sufferer looking in an ecstasy of tormented doubt whether to be decently quiet or murderously vociferous,—the inflictor, meanwhile, thinking it sufficient to say, 'Very sorry,' in an indifferent tone of voice, and taking his seat with an air of luxurious complacency. Among the pleasures also, particularly in going home at night, must not be forgotten the having the omnibus finally to yourself, re-adjusting yourself in a corner betwixt slumbering and waking, and throwing up your feet on the seat opposite; though, as the will becomes piqued in proportion to its luxuries, you always regret that the seats are not wider, and that you cannot treat your hat, on cold nights, as freely as if it were a nightcap.

The last lingerers on these occasions (with the exception of playgoers) are apt to be staid suburb-dwelling citizens,—sitters with hands crossed upon their walking-sticks,—men of parcels and eatables, breakers of last baskets of oranges, chuckling over their bargains. There's one in the corner, sleeping,—the last of the dwellers in Paddington. To deposit him at his door is the sole remaining task of the conductor. He wakes up; hands forth a bag of apples,—a tongue,—a bonnet, and four pairs of ladies' shoes. A most considerate spouse and 'papa' is he, and a most worthy and flourishing hosier. Venerable is his lax throat in his bit of white neckcloth (he has never taken to black); but jovially also he shakes his wrinkles, if you talk of the stationer's widow, or the last city feast.

'Don't drop them ladies' shoes, Tom,' says he, chuckling; 'they'll be worn out before their time.'

'Wery expensive, I believe, sir, them 'ere kind o' shoes,' says Tom.

'Very;—oh, sadly. And no better than paper. But men well-to-do in the world can't live as cheap as poor ones.'

Tom thinks this a very odd proposition; but it does not disconcert him. Nothing disconcerts a conductor, except a passenger without a sixpence.

'True, sir,' says Tom; 'it's a hard case to be forced to spend one's money; but then you know—I beg pardon' (with a tone of modest deference and secret contempt), 'it's much harder, as they say, where there's none to spend.'

'Hah! Ha, ha! Why, yes, eh?' returns the old gentleman, again chuckling; 'so there's your sixpence, Tom, and good-night.'

'Good-night, sir.' And up jumps Tom on the coach-box, where he amuses the driver with an account of the dirt which the hosier has got from the coach-wheel without his knowing it; and off they go to a far less good supper, but it must be added, a much better sleep, than the rich old citizen.

THE DAY OF THE DISASTERS OF CARFINGTON BLUNDELL, ESQUIRE.

DESCRIPTION OF A PENURIOUS INDEPENDENT GENTLEMAN, FOND OF INVITATIONS AND THE GREAT—HE TAKES HIS WAY TO A 'DINING OUT'—HIS CALAMITIES ON THE ROAD—AND ON HIS RETURN.

Carfington Blundell, Esquire, aged six-and-thirty, but apparently a dozen years older, was a spare, well-dressed, sickly-looking, dry sort of leisurely individual, of respectable birth, very small income, and no abilities. He was the younger son of the younger son of a younger brother; and not being able to marry a fortune (which once, they say, nearly made him die for love), and steering clear, with a provoking philosophy, of the corkscrew curls and pretty staircase perplexities of the young ladies of lodging-houses, contrived to live in London upon the rent of half a dozen cottages in Berkshire.

Having, in fact, no imagination, Carfington Blundell, Esquire, had no sympathies, except with the wants and wishes of that interesting personage, Carfington Blundell, Esquire—of whom he always bore about with him as lively an image in his brain as it was possible for it to possess, and with whom, when other people were of the least consequence to his inclinations, he was astonished that the whole world did not hasten to sympathise. On every other occasion, the only thing which he had to do with his fellow-creatures, all and every of them, was, he thought, to leave them alone;—an excellent principle, as far as concerns their own wish to be so left, but not quite so much so in the reverse instances; such, for example, as when they have fallen into ditches, or want to be paid their bills, or have a turn for delicate attentions, or under any other circumstances which induce people to suppose that you might as well do to them as you would be done by. Mr. Blundell, it is true, was a regular payer of his bills; and though, agreeably to that absorption of himself in the one interesting idea above mentioned, he was not famous for paying delicate attentions, except where he took a fancy to having them paid to

himself; yet, provided the morning was not very cold or muddy, and he had a stick with him for the individual to lay hold of, and could reckon upon using it without soiling his shoes, or straining his muscles, the probability is, that he might have helped a man out of a ditch. As people, however, are not in the habit of falling into ditches, especially about Regent Street, and as it was not easy to conjecture in what other instances Mr. Blundell might have deemed it fitting to evince a sense of the existence of anything but his own coat and waistcoat, muffins, mutton cutlet, and bed, certain it is that the sympathies of others were anything but lively towards himself; and they would have been less so, if the only other intense idea which he had in his head, to wit, that of his birth and connections (which he pretty freely overrated), had not instinctively led him to hit upon the precise class of acquaintances to whom his insipidity could have been welcome.

These acquaintances, with whom he dined frequently (and breakfasted too), were rich men, of a grade a good deal lower than himself; and to such of these as had not 'unexpectedly left town' he gave a sort of a quiet, particular, just-enough kind of a lodging-house dinner once a year, the shoeblack in gloves assisting the deputy under-waiter from the tavern. The friends out of town he paid with regrets at their 'lamented absence;' and the whole of them he would have thought amply recompensed, even without his giving into this fond notion of the necessity of a dinner on his part, by the fact of his eating their good things, and talking of his fifth-cousin the Marquis; a personage, by the way, who never heard of him. He did, indeed, once contrive to pick up the Marquis's glove at the opera, and to intimate at the same time that his name was Blundell; upon which the noble lord, staring somewhat, but good-humouredly smiling withal, said, 'Much obliged to you, Mr. Bungle.' As to his positive insipidity over the hock and pineapples of his friends, Mr. Blundell never dreamt of such a thing; and if he happened to sit next to any wit, or other lion of the day, who seemed of consequence enough to compete with the merits of his presence, he thought it amply set off by his taste in having had such ancestors, and indeed in simply being that identical Mr. Blundell, who, in having no merits at all, was gifted by the kind providence of nature with a proportionate sense of his enjoying a superabundance of them.

To complete the idea of him in the reader's mind, his manners were gentlemanly, except that they betrayed now and then too nice a sense of his habiliments. His hat he always held in the

best way adapted to keep it in shape; and a footman coming once too softly into a room where he was waiting during a call, detected him in the act of dusting his boots with an extra coloured handkerchief, which he always carried about with him for that purpose. He calculated, that with allowance for changes in the weather, it saved him a good four months' coach-hire.

Such was the accomplished individual who, in the month of May, in the year of our Lord One thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven, and in a 'fashionable dress of the first water' (as Sir Phelim called it), issued forth from his lodgings near St. James's, drawing the air through his teeth with an elegant indifference, coughing slightly at intervals out of emotion, and, to say the truth, as happy as coat and hat, hunger, a dinner-party, and a fine day could make him. Had the weather been in the smallest degree rainy, or the mansion for which he was bound at any distance, the spectators were to understand that he would have come in his own carriage, or at least that he intended to call a coach; but as the day was so very fine, and he kept looking at every door that he passed, as though each were the one he was about to knock at, the conclusion to be drawn was, that having but a little way to go, and possessing a high taste for superiority to appearances, it was his pleasure to go on foot. Vulgar wealth might be always making out its case. Dukes and he could afford to dispense with pretension.

The day was beautiful, the sky blue, the air a zephyr, the ground in that perfect state for walking (a day or two before dust) when there is a sort of dry moisture in the earth, and people in the country prefer the road to the path. The house at which our hero was going to dine was midway betweeen the West End and the north-east; and he had just got half-way, and was in a very quiet street, when in the 'measurelessss content' of his anticipations he thought he would indulge his eyesight with one or two of those personal ornaments, the presence of which, on leaving the house, he always ascertained with sundry pattings of his waistcoat and coat pockets. Having, therefore, again assured himself that he had duly got his two pocket-handkerchiefs, his ring, his shirt-pin, his snuff-box, his watch, and his purse *under* his watch, he first took off a glove that he might behold the ring; and then, with the ungloved hand, he took out the snuff-box, in order that he might as delicately contemplate the snuff-box.

Now the snuff-box was an ancient but costly snuff-box, once the possession of his grandmother, who had it from her uncle,

whose arms, flaming in *or* and *gules*, were upon the lid; and inside the lid was a most ingeniously contrived portrait of the uncle's lady, in a shepherdess's hat and powdered toupee, looking, or to be supposed to be looking, into an actual bit of looking-glass.

Carfington Blundell, Esquire, in a transport of ease, hope, and ancestral elegance, and with that expression of countenance, the insipidity of which is bound to be in proportion to the inward rapture, took a pinch out of this hereditary amenity, and was in the act of giving a glance at his grand-aunt before he closed the lid when a strange, respectably-dressed person, who seemed to be going somewhere in a great hurry, suddenly dashed against him; and, uttering the words, 'With pleasure,' dipped his fingers into the box, and sent it, as Carfington thought, half-way across the street.

Intense was the indignation, but at the same time highly considerate the movement, of Mr. Blundell; who seeing the 'impertinent beast' turn a corner, and hearing the sound of empty metal dancing over the street, naturally judged it better to secure the box, than derange his propriety further by an idle pursuit. Contenting himself, therefore, with sending an ejaculation after the vagabond to the purpose just quoted, and fixing his eye upon the affecting moveable now stationary, he delicately stepped off the pavement towards it, with inward congratulation upon its not being muddy, when imagine his dismay and petrifaction, on lifting up, not the identical box, but one of the commonest order! To be brief, it was of pewter; and upon the lid of it, with after-dinner fork, was scratched a question, which, in the immediate state of Mr. Blundell's sensations, almost appeared to have a supernatural meaning; to wit, 'How's your mother?'

Had it been possible for a man of the delicacy of Mr. Blundell's life and proportions to give chase to a thief, or had he felt it of the least use to raise a hue-and-cry in a gentlemanly tone of voice—or, indeed, in any voice not incompatible with his character—doubtless he would have done so with inconceivable swiftness; but, as it was, he stood as if thunderstruck; and, in an instant, there were a dozen persons about him, all saying—'What is it?' 'Which?' 'Who?'

Mr. Blundell, in his first emotions, hardly knew 'what it was' himself: the 'which' did not puzzle him quite so much, as often as he looked upon the snuff-box; but the 'who' he was totally at a loss to conjecture; and so were his condolers.

'What—was it that chap as run agin you,' said one, 'jist as I was coming in at t'other end of the street? Lord love you! you might as well run arter last year. He's a mile off by this time.'

'If the gentleman 'll give me a shilling,' said the boy, '*I'll* run arter him.'

'Get out, you young dog,' said the first speaker; 'd'ye think the gentleman's a fool?'

'It is a circumstance,' said Mr. Blundell, grateful for this question, and attempting a breathless smile, 'which—might have —surprised—anybody.'

'What *sort* of a man was it?' emphatically inquired a judicious-looking person, jerking his face into Mr. Blundell's, and then bending his ear close to his, as though he were deaf.

'I—declare,' said Mr. Blundell, 'that I can—hardly say, the thing was so very unexpected; but—from the glimpse I had of him, I should—really say—he looked like a gentleman'—(here, Mr. Blundell lifted up his eyebrows),—'not indeed a *perfect* gentleman.'

'I daresay not, sir,' returned the judicious-looking person.

'*What is* all this?' inquired a loud individual, elbowing his way through.

'A gentleman has been robbed,' said the boy, 'by another gentleman.'

'Another gentleman?'

'Yes; not a *perfect* gentleman, he says; but highly respectable.'

Here, to the equal surprise and grief of the sufferer, the crowd laughed and began joking with one another. None but the judicious-looking deaf individual seemed to keep his countenance.

'Well,' quoth the loud man, 'here's a policeman coming at the end of the street; the gentleman had better apply to him.'

'Yes, sir,' said the deaf friend, 'that 's your resource, and God bless you with it!' So saying, he grasped Mr. Blundell's hand with a familiarity more sympathising than respectful; and treading at the same time upon his toes in the most horrible manner, begged his pardon, and went away.

Mr. Blundell stooped down, partly to rub his toes, and partly to hide his confusion, and the policeman came up. The matter was explained to the policeman, all the while he was hearing the

sufferer, by a dozen voices, and the question was put, 'What sort of a man was it?'

'Here is a gentleman,' said Mr. Blundell, 'who saw him.'

The policeman looked about for the witness, but nobody answered; and it was discovered that all the first speakers had vanished,—loud man, boy, and all.

'Have you lost anything else, sir?' inquired the policeman.

'Bless me!' said Mr. Blundell, turning very red, and feeling his pockets, 'I really—positively I do fear—that——'

'You can remember, sir, what you had with you when you came out?'

'*One* handkerchief,' continued Mr. Blundell, 'has certainly gone; and——'

'Your watch is safe,' returned the policeman, 'for it is hanging out of your waistcoat. Very lucky you fastened it. Have you got your purse, sir?'

'The purse was under the watch,' breathed Mr. Blundell; 'therefore I have no doubt that—but I regret to say—that I do not—feel my *ring*.'

A laugh, and cries of 'Too bad!'

'A man shook your hand, sir,' said the policeman; 'did you not feel it then?'

'I did not, indeed,' replied Mr. Blundell; 'I felt nothing but the severity of the squeeze.'

'And you had a brooch, I perceive.'

The brooch was gone too.

'Why don't you run arter him,' cried a very little boy in an extremely high and loud voice, which set the crowd in a roar.

The policeman, as speedily as he could, dispersed the crowd and accompanied Mr. Blundell part of his way; whither the latter knew not, for he walked along as if he had taken too much wine. Indeed, he already doubted whether he should proceed to recruit himself at his friend's table, or avoid the shame of telling his story, and return home. The policeman helped to allay his confusion a little by condolence, by promises of search, and accounts of daring robberies practised upon the most knowing; and our hero, in the gratitude of his heart, would have given him his card; but he now found that his pocket-book was gone! His companion rubbed his face to conceal a smile, and received with great respect an oral communication of the address. Mr. Blundell, to show that his spirit as a gentleman was not subdued, told him there was half-a-crown for him on his calling.

Alone, and meditative, and astonished, and, as it were, half undone, Mr. Blundell continued his journey towards the dinner, having made up his mind, that as his watch-chain was still apparent, and had the watch attached to it, and as the disorder of his nerves, if not quite got rid of, might easily be referred to delicacy of health, he would refresh his spirits with some of that excellent port which always made him feel twice the man he was.

Nor was this judicious conclusion prevented, but rather irritated and enforced, by one of those sudden showers, which in this fickle climate are apt to come pouring down in the midst of the finest weather, especially upon the heels of April. This, to be sure, was a tremendous one; though, by diverting our hero's chagrin, and putting him upon his mettle, it only made him gather up his determination, and look extremely counter-active and frowning. Would to heaven his nerves had been as braced up as his face! The gutters were suddenly a torrent; the pavement a dancing wash; the wind a whirlwind; the women all turned into distressed Venuses de' Medici. Everybody got up in door-ways, or called a coach.

Unfortunately no coach was to be had. The hacks went by, insolently taking no notice. Mr. Blundell's determination was put to a nonplus. The very door-ways in the street where he was, being of that modern, *skimping*, inhospitable, penny-saving, done-by-contract order, so unlike the good old projecting ones with pediments and ample thresholds, denied security even to his thin and shrinking person. His pumps were speedily as wet through as if they had been made of paper; and what rendered this ruin of his hopes the more provoking was, that the sunshine suddenly burst forth again as powerful as the rain which had interrupted it. A coach, however, he now thought, would be forthcoming; and it would at least take him home again; while the rain, and 'the previous inability to get one,' would furnish a good excuse for returning.

But no coach was to be had so speedily, and meantime his feet were wet, and there was danger of cold. 'As I *am* wet,' thought Mr. Blundell, sighing, 'a little motion, at all events, is best. It would be better, considering I am so, not to stop at all, nor perhaps get into a coach; but then how am I to get home in these shoes, and this highly evening dress? I shall be a sight. I shall have those cursed little boys after me. Perhaps I shall again be hustled.'

Bewildered with contending emotions of shame, grief, dis-

appointment, anger, nay hunger, and the sympathy between his present pumps and departed elegancies, our hero picked his way as delicately as he could along the curb-stones; and, turning a corner, had the pleasure of seeing a hackney-coach slowly moving in the distance, and the man holding forth his whip to the pedestrians, evidently disengaged. The back of it, to be sure, was towards him, and the street long and narrow, and very muddy. But no matter. An object's an object;—a little more mud could not signify: our light-footed sufferer began running.

Now runners, unfortunately, are not always prepared for corners; especially when their anxiety has an object right before it, and the haste is in proportion. Mr. Blundell, almost before he was aware of it, found himself in the middle of a flock of sheep. There was a hackney-coach also in the way; the dog was yelping, and leaping hither and hither; and the drover, in a very loud state of mind, hooting, whistling, swearing, and tossing up his arms.

Mr. Blundell, it is certain, could not have got into a position less congenial to his self-possession, or more calculated to commit his graces in the eyes of the unpropitiated. And the sheep, instead of sympathising with him, as in their own distress they might (poetically) be supposed to do, positively seemed in the league to distress his stockings, and not at all to consider even his higher garment. They ran against him; they bolted at him; they leaped at him; or if they seemed to avoid him, it was only to brush him with muddier sides, and to let in upon his weakened forces the frightful earnestness of the dog, and the inconsiderate, if not somewhat suspicious, circumambiences of the coachman's whip.

Mr. Blundell suddenly disappeared.

He fell down, and the sheep began jumping over him! The spectators, I am sorry to say, were in an ecstasy.

You know, observant reader, the way in which sheep carry themselves on abrupt and saltatory occasions; how they follow one another with a sort of spurious and involuntary energy; what a pretended air of determination they have; how they really have it, as far as example induces, and fear propels them; with what a heavy kind of lightness they take the leap; how brittle in the legs, lumpish in the body, and insignificant in the face; how they seem to quiver with apprehension, while they are bold in act; and with what a provoking and massy springiness they brush by you, if you happen to be in the way, as though they

wouldn't avoid the terrors of your presence, if possible,—or rather, as if they would avoid it with all their hearts, but insulted you out of a desperation of inability. *Baas* intermix their pensive objections with the hurry, and a sound of feet as of water. Then, ever and anon, come the fiercer leaps, the conglomerating circuits, the dorsal visitations, the yelps and tongue-lollings of the dog, lean and earnest minister of compulsion; and loud, and dominant over all, exult the no less yelping orders of the drover,—indefinite, it is true, but expressive,—rustical cogencies of *oo* and *ou*, the intelligible jargon of the Corydon or Thyrsis of Chalk-Ditch, who cometh, final and humane, with a bit of candle in his hat, a spike at the end of his stick, and a hoarseness full of pastoral catarrh and juniper.

Thrice (as the poets say) did Carfington Blundell, Esquire, raise his unhappy head out of the *mêlée*, hatless and mudded; thrice did the spectators shout; and thrice did he sink back from the shout and the sheep, in calamitous acquiescence.

'Lie still, you fool!' said the hackney-coachman, 'and they'll jump easy.'

'JUMP EASY!' Heavens! how strange are the vicissitudes of human affairs. To think of Mr. Blundell only but yesterday, or this evening rather,—nay, not an hour ago,—his day fine, his hopes immense, his whole life lapped up, as it were, in cotton and lavender, his success elegant, his evening about to be spent in a room full of admirers; and NOW, his very prosperity is to consist in lying still in the mud, and letting sheep jump over him!

Then to be called a 'fool':—'Lie still, *you fool!*'

Mr. Blundell could not stand it any longer (as the Irishman said); so he rose up just in time to secure a kick from the last sheep, and emerged amidst a roar of congratulation.

He got as quickly as possible into a shop, which luckily communicated with a back street; and, as things generally mend when they reach their worst (such at least was the consolatory reflection which our hero's excess of suffering was glad to seize hold of), a hackney-coach was standing close to him, empty, and disengaged. It had just let a gentleman down next door.

Our hero breathed a great breath, returned his handkerchief into his pocket (which had been made a sop of to no purpose), and uttering the word '*accident*,' and giving rapid orders where to drive to, was hastening to hide himself from fate and the little

boys within the vehicle, when, to his intense amazement, the coachman stopped him.

'Hollo!' quoth the Jarveian mystery; 'what are you arter?'

'Going to get in,' said Blundell.

'I'm bless'd if you do,' said the coachman.

'How, fellow! Not get in?' cried Mr. Blundell, irritated that so mean an obstacle should present itself to his great wants. 'What's your coach for, sir, if it isn't to accommodate gentlemen; to accommodate *any*body, I may say?'

Now it happened that the coachman, besides having had his eye caught by another fare, was a very irritable coachman, given to repenting or being out of temper all day, for the drinking he solaced himself with overnight; and he did'nt choose to be called 'fellow,' especially by an individual with a sort of dancing-master appearance, with his hat jammed in, his silk stockings untimely, and his whole very equivocal man all over mud. So jerking him aside with his elbow, and then turning about, with the steps behind him, and facing the unhappy Blundell, he thus, with a terrible slowness of articulation, bespoke him, the countenances of both getting redder as he spoke:—

'And do you think now,—Master 'Fellow,' or Fiddler, or Mudlark,—or whatsomever else you call yourself,—that I'm going to have the new seats and lining o' my coach dirtied so as not to be fit to be seen, by such a TRUMPERY BEAST as *you* are?'

'It is for light sorrows to speak,' saith the philosopher; 'great ones are struck dumb.' Mr. Blundell was struck dumb; dumber than ever he had conceived it possible for a gentleman to be struck. It is little to say that he felt as if heaven and earth had come together. There was *no* heaven and earth; nothing but space and silence. Mr. Blundell's world was annihilated.

Alas! it was restored to him by a shout from the 'cursed little boys.' Mr. Blundell mechanically turned away, and began retracing his steps homeward, half conscious, and all a spectacle; the little boys following and preceding him, just leaving a hollow space for his advances, and looking back, as they jogged, in his face. He turned into a shop, and begged to be allowed to wait a little in the back parlour. He was humanely accommodated with soap and water, and a cloth; and partly out of shame at returning through the gazes of the shopmen, he stayed there long enough to get rid of his tormentors. No great-coat, however, was to be

had; no shoes that fitted; no stockings; and though he was no longer in his worst and wettest condition, he could not gather up courage enough to send for another coach. In the very idea of a coachman he beheld something that upturned all his previous existence:—a visitation—a Gorgon—a hypochondria. 'Don't talk to me like a death's-head,' said Falstaff to Doll Tearsheet, when she reminded him of his age. Mr. Blundell would have said, 'Don't talk to me like a hackney-coachman.' The death's head and cross-bones were superseded in his imagination by an old hat, wisp of hay, and arms akimbo.

Our hero had washed his hands and face, had set his beaver to rights, had effaced (as he thought) the worst part of his stains, and succeeded in exchanging his boot-pockethandkerchief for a cleaner one; with which, alternately concealing his face as if he had a toothache, or holding it carelessly before his habiliments, he was fain, now that the day was declining, to see if he could not pick his way home again, not quite intolerably. It was a delicate emergency; but experience having somewhat rallied his forces, and gifted him with that sudden world of reflection which is produced by adversity, he bethought himself, not only that he must yield, like all other great men, to necessity, but that he was a personage fitted for nice and ultimate contrivances. He was of opinion, that although the passengers, if they chose to look at him, could not but be aware that he had sustained a mischance common to the meanest, yet, in consideration of his air and manners, perhaps they would not choose to look at him *very* much; or if they did, their surprise would be divided between pity for his mishap, and admiration of his superiority to it.

Certainly the passengers who met him did look a good deal. He could not but see it, though he saw as little as he could help. How those who came behind him looked, it would have been a needless cruelty to himself to ascertain; so he never turned his head. No little boys thought it worth their while to follow his steps, which was a great comfort; though whenever any observers of that class met him, strange and most disrespectful were their grins and ejaculations. 'Here's a Guy!' was the most innocent of their salutes. A drunken sailor startled him, with asking how the land lay about 'Tower Ditch?' And an old Irishwoman, in explanation of his appearance to the wondering eyes of her companions, defined him to be one that was so fond of 'crame o' the valley' that he must needs be 'roulling in it.'

Had 'cabs' been then, Mr. Blundell would unquestionably have made a compromise with his horror of charioteers, and on the strength of the mitigated defacements of his presence have risked a summons to the whip. As it was, he averted his look from every hackney-coach, and congratulated himself as he began nearing home—home, sweet even to the most insipid of the Blundells, and never so sweet as now, though the first thoughts of returning to it had been accompanied with agonies of mortification. 'In a few minutes,' thought he, 'I shall be *seen* no more for the day (oh! strange felicity for a dandy!); in a few minutes I shall be in other clothes, other shoes, and another train of feelings—not the happiest of men, perhaps, retrospectively, but how blest in the instant and by comparison! In a few minutes all will be silence, security, *dryness*. I shall be in my arm-chair, in my slippers—shall have a fire; and I will have a mutton-cutlet, hot—and refresh myself with a bottle of the wine my friend Mimpin sent me.'

Alas! what are the hopes of man, even when he concludes that things *must* alter for the better, seeing that they are at their worst? How is he to be quite sure, even after he has been under sheep in a gutter, that things *have* been at their worst?—that his cup of calamity, full as it seemed, is not to be succeeded by, or wonderfully expanded into, a still larger cup, with a remaining draught of bitterness, amazing, not to have been thought of, making the sick throat shudder, and the heart convulse?

Scarcely had the sweet images of the mutton-cutlet and wine risen in prospect upon the tired soul of our hero, than he approached the corner of the street round which he was to turn into his own; and scarcely had he experienced that inward transport, that chuckle of the heart, with which tired homesters are in the habit of turning those corners,—in short, scarcely had his entire person manifested itself *round* the corner, and his eyes lifted themselves up to behold the side of the blessed threshold, than he heard, or rather was saluted and drowned with a roar of voices the most huge, the most unexpected, the most terrific, the most weighty, the most world-like, the most grave yet merry, the most intensely stupifying, that it would have been possible for Sancho himself to conceive, after all his experience with Don Quixote.

It now struck Mr. Blundell that, with a half-conscious, half-unconscious eye, he had seen people running towards the point

which he had just attained, and others looking out of their windows; but as they did not look at *him*, and everyone passed him without attention, how was he to dream of what was going forward; much more, that it had any relation to himself? Frightful discovery! which he was destined speedily to make, though not on the instant.

The crowd (for almost the whole street was one dense population) seemed in an agony of delight. They roared, they shrieked, they screamed, they writhed, they bent themselves double, they threw about their arms, they seemed as if they would have gone into fits. Mr. Blundell's bewilderment was so complete that he walked soberly along, steadied by the very amazement; and as he advanced, they at once, as in a dream, appeared to him both to make way for him, and to advance towards him; to make way in the particular, but advance in the mass; to admit him with respect, and overwhelm him with familiarity.

'In the name of heaven!' thought he, '*what can it all be?* It is impossible the crowd can have any connexion with me in the *first* instance. I could not have *brought* them here; and my appearance, though unpleasant, and perhaps somewhat ludicrous, cannot account for such a perfect mass and conspiracy of astonishment. *What is it?*'

And all the way he advanced, did Mr. Blundell's eyes, and manner, and whole person, exhibit a sort of visible echo to this internal question of his—*What is it?*

The house was about three-quarters of the way up the street, which was not a long one; and it stood on the same side on which our unfortunate pedestrian had turned.

As he approached the denser part of the crowd, words began to develop themselves to his ear—'Well, this beats all!' 'Well, of all the sights!' 'Why, it's the man himself, the very man, poor devil!' 'Look at his face!' 'What the devil can he have been at?' 'Look at the pianoforte man—he's coming up!'

Blundell mechanically pursued his path, mystified to the last depths of astonishment, and scarcely seeing what he saw. Go forward he felt that he must; to turn back was not only useless, but he experienced the very fascination of terror and necessity. He would have proceeded to his lodgings had Death himself stood in the doorway. Meantime up comes this aforesaid mystery, the pianoforte man.

'Here's a pretty business you've been getting us into,' said this amazing stranger.

'What business?' ejaculated Mr. Blundell.

'What business? Why, all this here d——d business—all this blackguard crowd—and my master's ruined pianoforte. A pretty jobation I shall get; and I should like to know what for, and who's to pay me?'

'In the name of God!' said our hero, 'what is it?'

'Why, don't you see what it is?—a *hoax*, and be d——d to it. It's a mercy I wasn't dashed to pieces when these rascals tipped over the pianoforte; and there it lies, with three of its legs smashed and a corner split. I should like to know what I'm to have for the trouble?'

'And I,' said the upholsterer's man.

'And I,' said the glass-man.

'And this here coffin,' said the undertaker.

There had been a hoax sure enough; and a tremendous hoax it was. A plentiful space before the door was strewed with hay, boxes, and baskets. There stood the coffin, upright, like a mummy; and here lay the pianoforte, a dumb and shattered discord.

Mr. Blundell had now arrived at his door, but did not even think of going in; that is to say, not instantly. He mechanically stopped, as if to say or do something: for something was plainly expected of him; but what it was he knew not, except that he mechanically put his hand towards his purse, and as mechanically withdrew it.

The crowd all the while seemed to concentrate their forces towards him—all laughing, murmuring, staring—all eager, and pressing on one another; yet leaving a clear way for the gentleman, his tradesmen, and his goods.

What was to be done?

Mr. Blundell drew a sigh from the bottom of his heart, as though it were his last sigh or his last sixpence; yet he drew forth no sixpence. Extremes met, as usual. The consummation of distress produced calmness and reflection.

'You must plainly perceive, gentlemen,' said our hero, 'that it could be no fault of mine.'

'I don't know that,' said the pianoforte man. The crowd laughed at the man's rage, and at once cheered him on, and provoked him against themselves. He seemed as if he did not know which he should run at first,—his involuntary customer, or the 'cursed little boys.'

'Zounds, sir!' said the man, 'you *oughtn't* to have been hoaxed.'

'Oh! oh!' said the parliamentary crowd.

'I mean,' continued he, 'that none but some d——d disagreeable chap, or infernal fool, is ever treated in this here manner.'

'Oh! oh!' reiterated the bystanders. 'Come, that's better than the last.'

'Which is the biggest fool?' exclaimed a boy, in that altitude of voice which is the most sovereign of provocations to grown ears.

The man ran at the boy, first making a gesture to our hero, as much as to say, 'I'll be with you again presently.' The crowd hustled the man back;—the undertaker had seized the opportunity of repeating that he 'hoped his honour would consider his trouble;'—the glass-man and the upholsterer were on each side of him;—and suddenly the heavy shout recommenced, for a new victim had turned the corner,—a stranger to what was taking place,—a man with some sort of milliner's or florist's box. The crowd doted on his face. First, he turned the corner with the usual look of indifferent hurry; than he began to have an inquiring expression, but without the least intimation that the catastrophe applied to himself; then the stare became wider, and a little doubtful; and then he stopped short, as if to reconnoitre—at which the laugh was prodigious. But the new comer was wise; for he asked what was the matter, of the first person he came up with; and learning how the case stood, had energy enough to compound with one more hearty laugh, in preference to a series of mortifications. He fairly turned back, pursued by a roar; and oh! how he loved the corner, as he went round it! Every hair at the back of his head had seemed to tingle with consciousness and annoyance. He felt as if he saw with his shoulder-blades;—as if he was face to face at the back of his hat.

At length the misery and perplexity of Mr. Blundell reached a climax so insurmountable, that he would have taken out his second and (as he thought) remaining pocket-handkerchief, if even that consolation had been left him; for the tears came into his eyes. But it was gone! The handkerchief, however, itself, did not distress him. Nothing could touch him further. He wiped his eyes with the ends of the fingers of his gloves, and stood mute,—a perplexity to the perplexed,—a pity even to the 'little boys.'

Now tears are very critical things, and must be cautiously shed, especially in critical ages. In a private way, provided you have locked the door, and lost three children, you may be sup-

posed to shed a few without detriment to your dignity ; and in the heroical ages. the magnitude and candour of passion permitted tears openly, the feelings then being supposed to be equally strong in all respects, and a man to have as much right to weep as a woman. But how lucky was it for poor Blundell that no brother dandy saw him ! His tormentors did not know whether to pity or despise him. The pianoforte man, with an oath, was going to move off; but, on looking again at his broken instrument, remained and urged compensation. The others expressed their sorrow, but repeated, that they hoped his honour would consider them ; and they repeated it the more, because his tears raised expectations of the money which he would be weak enough to disburse.

Alas ! they did not know that the dislike of disbursement, and the total absence of all sympathy with others in our weeping hero (in this, as in other respects, very different from the tear-shedding Achilles), was the cause of all which they and he were at this moment enduring ; for it was the inability to bring out his money which kept Mr. Blundell lingering outside his lodging, when he might have taken his claimants into it ; and it was the jovial irascibility of an acquaintance of his, which, in disgust at his evasion of dinner-givings, and his repeatedly shirking his part of the score at some entertainments at which he pretended to consider himself a guest, had brought this astounding calamity to his door.

Happily for these ' last infirmities ' of a mind which certainly could not be called ' noble,' there are hearts so full of natural sympathy, that the very greatest proofs of the want of it will but produce, in certain extremities, a pity which takes the want itself for a claim and a misfortune ; and this sympathy now descended to Mr. Blundell's aid, like another goddess from heaven, in a shape not unworthy of it,—to wit, that of the pretty daughter of his landlord, a little buxom thing, less handsome than good-natured, and with a heart that might have served to cut up into cordial bosoms for half a dozen fine ladies. She had once nursed our hero in sickness, and to say the truth, had not been disinclined to fall in love with him, and be made ' a lady,' half out of pure pity at his fever, had he given her the slightest encouragement ; but she might as well have hoped to find a heart in an empty coat. However, a thoroughly good nature never entirely loses a sort of gratitude to the object that has called forth so sweet a feeling as that of love, even though it turn out unworthy,

or the affections (as in our heroine's case) be transferred elsewhere; and accordingly, in sudden bonnet and shawl, and with a face blushing partly from shame, and partly from anger at the crowd, forth came the vision of pretty, plump little Miss Widgeon (Mrs. Burrowes 'as is to be'), and tapping Mr. Blundell on the shoulder, and begging the 'other gentlemen' to walk in, said, in a voice not to be resisted, 'Hadn't you better settle this matter in-doors, Mr. Blundell? I daresay it can be done very easily.'

Blundell has gone in, dear reader; the other gentlemen have gone in; the crowd are slowly dislodging; Miss Widgeon, aided partly by the generosity of her nature, partly by the science of lodging-house economy, and partly by the sense and manhood of Mr. William Burrowes, then present, a strapping young citizen from Tower Hill, takes upon herself that ascendancy of the moment over Mr. Blundell due to a superior nature, and settles the very illegitimate claims of the goods-and-chattel bringers to the satisfaction of all parties, yea, even of Mr. Blundell himself. The balm of the immediate relief was irresistible, even though he saw a few of his shillings departing.

What he felt next morning, when he woke, this history saith not; for we like to leave off, according to the Italian recommendation, with a *bocca dolce*, a sweet mouth; and with whose mouth, even though it was not always grammatical, can the imagination be left in better company than with that of the sweet-hearted and generous little Polly Widgeon?

*A VISIT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.**

THE COLLECTION THERE AT THE TIME OF THE VISIT—A TIGER BROKE LOOSE—MILD ANTHROPOPHAGY OF THE BEAR—THE ELEPHANT THE DR. JOHNSON OF ANIMALS—GIRAFFES—MONKEYS—PARROTS—EAGLES—MYSTERIES OF ANIMAL THOUGHT—IS IT JUST IN HUMAN BEINGS TO MAKE PRISONS OF THIS KIND?

We went to the Zoological Gardens the other day, for the first time, to see our old friends 'the wild beasts' (grim intimates of boyhood), and enjoy their lift in the world from their lodgings in Towers and Exeter Changes, where they had no air, and where an elephant wore boots, because the rats gnawed his feet! The first thing that struck us, next to the beauty of the Gardens, and the pleasant thought that such flowery places were now prepared for creatures whom we lately thrust into mere dens and dust-holes, was the quantity of life and energy they displayed. What motion!—what strength!—what elegance! What prodigious chattering, and brilliant colours, in the maccaws and parrakeets! What fresh, clean, and youthful salience in the *lynx!* What a variety of dogs, all honest fellows apparently, of the true dog kind; and how bounding, how intelligent, how fit to guard our doors and our children, and scamper all over the country! And then the *Persian* greyhound!—How like a *patrician* dog (better even than Landseer's), and made as if expressly to wait upon a Persian prince: its graceful slenderness, darkness, and long silken ears, matching his gentlemanly figure and well-dressed beard!

We have life enough, daily, round about us—amazing, if we did but think of it; but our indifference is a part of our health. The blood spins in us too quickly to let us think too much. This sudden exhibition of life, in shapes to which we are unaccustomed, reminds us of the wonderful and ever-renewing vitality of all things. Those animals look as fresh, and strong, and beautiful, as if they were born in a new beginning of the world. Men in cities hardly look as much!—and horses dragging hackney-coaches are not happy specimens. But the horse in the new

* In the year 1835.

carriage is one, if we considered it. The leaves and flowers in the nursery-gardens exhibit the same untiring renewal of life. The sunbeam, in the thick of St. Giles's, comes as straight and young as ever from the godlike orb that looks at us from a distance of millions of miles, out of the depths of millions of ages. But the sun is a visitor as good-natured as it is great, and therefore we do not think too much even of the sunbeam. This bounding creature in its cage is not a common sight; so it comes freshly and wonderfully upon us. What brilliancy in its eyes! What impetuous vigour in its leap! What fearlessness of knocks and blows! And how pleasant to think it is on the other side of its bars! What a sensation would ensue, if that pretty-coated creature, which eats a cake so good-naturedly, were suddenly out of its cage, and the cry were heard—'A tiger loose!'—'A panther!'—'A lion!' What a rush and screaming of all the ladies to the gates!—and of gentlemen too! How the human voices, and those of the parrakeets, would go shrieking to heaven together! Fancy the bear suddenly jumping off his pole upon the cake-shop! A tiger let loose at daytime would not be so bad as at night. Perhaps he would be most frightened himself. There was an account of one that got loose in Piccadilly, and slunk down into a cellar, where he was quietly taken; but at night, just before feeding, it might not be so pleasant. Newspapers tell us of a lion which got out of one of the travelling caravans in the country, and, after lurking about the hedges, tore a labourer that he met, in full daylight. Nervous people in imaginative states of the biliary vessels—timid gentlemen taking easy rides—old ladies too comfortable in their homes and armchairs—must sometimes feel misgivings while making their circuit of the Regent's Park, after reading news of this description. Fancy yourself coming home from the play or opera, humming 'Deh vieni, non tardar,' or, 'Meet me by moonlight alone;' and, as you are turning a corner in Wimpole Street, meeting——a tiger!

What should you *say?* You would find yourself pouring forth a pretty set of Rabelaesque exclamations:—

'Eh—Oh—O Lord!—Hollo!—Help!—Help!—Murder!—Tigers!—U—u—u—u—u—u!—*My* God!—*Policeman!*'

Enter Policeman.

Policeman.—'Good God!—A gentleman with a tiger!'

[*Exit Policeman.*

In one of Molière's exquisite extravaganzas between his acts, is a scene betwixt a man and a bear, who has caught him in its

arms. The man tries every expedient he can think of to make the bear considerate; and, among others, flatters him in the most excessive manner, calling him, at last, his Royal Highness. The bear, however, whom we are to fancy all this while on its hind-legs, looking the man with horrible indifference in the face, and dancing him from side to side in its heavy shuffle, is not at all to be diverted from his dining purposes; and he is about to act accordingly, when hunters come up and take off his attention. Up springs the man into a tree; and with the cruelty of mortified vanity (to think of all the base adulation he has been pouring forth) the first words he utters respecting his Royal Highness are, 'Shoot him.'

Not without its drollery, though real, is a story of a bear in one of the northern expeditions. Two men, a mate and a carpenter, had landed somewhere to cut wood, or look for provisions; and one of them was stooping down, when he thought some shipmate had followed him, who was getting, boy-like, on his shoulders. 'Be quiet,' said he; 'get down.' The unknown did not get down; and the man, looking up as he stooped, saw the carpenter staring at him in horror. 'Oh, mate!' exclaimed the carpenter, '*it's a bear!*' Think what the man must have felt when he heard this explanation of the weight on his shoulders! No tragedy, however, ensued.

Pleasant enough are such stories, so ending. But of all deaths, that by a wild beast must be one of the most horrible. There is action, indeed, to diminish the horror; but frightful must be the unexpectedness—the unnaturalness—the clawing and growling—the hideous and impracticable fellow-creature, looking one in the face, struggling with us, mingling his breath with ours—tearing away scalp or shoulder-blade.

To return, however, to our Gardens. The next thing that struck us was *the quiet*; and in connexion with this, *the creatures' accommodation of themselves to circumstances*, and the *human-like sort of intercourse into which they get with their visitors*. With wild beasts we associate the ideas of constant rage and assault. On reflection, we recollect that this is not bound to be the case; that travellers pass deserts in daytime, and neither hear nor see them; and that it is at night they are to be looked for in true wild-beast condition, and then only if wild with hunger. It is no very extraordinary matter, therefore, to find them quiet by day, especially when we consider how their wants are attended to; and yet we cannot but think it strange that they should be so

put, as they are, into an unnatural condition, under bars and bolts. More of this, however, presently. Let us look at them as making friends with us, receiving our buns and biscuits, and being as close to us (by permission of those same bars) as dogs and cats. This is a very different position of things from the respectful distance kept in the African sands or in the jungle! We are afraid it breeds contempt in some of the spectators, or at least indifference; and that people do not always find the pleasure they expected. We could not help admiring one visitor the other day, who hastened from den to den, and from beast to bird, twirling an umbrella, and giving little self-complacent stops at each, not longer than if he were turning over some commonplace book of prints. 'Hah!' he seemed to be saying to himself, 'this is the panther, is it? *Hm*—Panther. What says the label here? "Hyæna Capensis." *Hm*—Hyæna—ah! a thing untameable. "Grisly Bear.,' Hah!—grisly—*hm.* Very like. Boa—"Tiger Boa"—ah!—Boa in a box—*Hm*—Sleeping, I suppose. Very different from seeing him squeeze somebody. *Hm.* Well! I think it will rain. Terrible thing *that*—spoil my hat.' Perhaps, however, we are doing the gentleman injustice, and he was only giving a glance, preparatory to a longer inspection. When a pleasure is great and multitudinous, one is apt to run it all over hastily in the first instance; as in an exhibition of paintings, or with a parcel of books.

It is curious to find oneself (literally) hand and glove with a bear; giving him buns, and watching his face, like a schoolboy's, to see how he likes them. A reflection rises—'If it were not for those bars, perhaps he would be eating *me.*' Yet how mild they and his food render him. We scrutinize his countenance and manners at leisure, and are amused with his apparently indolent yet active lumpishness, his heavy kind of intelligence (which will do nothing more than is necessary), his almost hand-like use of his long, awkward-looking toes, and the fur which he wears clumsily about him like a watchman's great-coat. The darker bears look, somehow, the more natural; at least to those whose imaginations have not grown up amidst polar narratives. The white bear in these Gardens has a horrible mixed look of innocence and cruelty. A Roman tyrant kept a bear as one of his executioners, and called it 'Innocence.' We could imagine it to have had just such a face. From that smooth, unimpressible aspect there is no appeal. He has no ill-will to you; only he is fond of your flesh, and would eat you up as meekly as you would

sup milk, or swallow a custard. Imagine his arms around you, and your fate depending upon what you could say to him, like the man in Molière. You feel that you might as well talk to a devouring statue, or to the sign of the Bear in Piccadilly, or to a guillotine, or to the cloak of Nessus, or to your own great-coat (to ask it to be not so heavy), or to the smooth-faced wife of an ogre, hungry and deaf, and one that did not understand your language.

Another curious sensation arises from being so tranquil yourself, and slow in your movements, while you are close to creatures so full of emotion and action. And you know not whether to be more pleased or disappointed at seeing some of them look so harmless, and others so small. On calling your recollections together, you may know, as matters of fact, that lynxes and wolves are no bigger; but you have willingly made them otherwise, as they appear to you in the books of your childhood; and it seems an anti-climax to find a wolf no bigger than a dog, and a lynx than a large cat. The lynx in these Gardens is a beautiful, bounding creature. You know him at once by his ears, if not by his eyes; yet he does not strike you like the lynx you have read of. You are obliged to animate your respect for him, by considering him under the title of 'cat-o'-mountain;'

> 'The owl is abroad, the bat and the toad,
> And so is the cat-o'-mountain.'

Alas! poor cat-o'-mountain is not abroad here, in the proper sense; he is 'abroad and at home,' and yet neither. You see him by daylight, without the proper fire in his eyes. You do not meet him in a mountain-pass, but in a poor closet in Mary-le-bone; where he jumps about like a common cat, begging for something to eat. Let him look as he may, he does not look so well as in a book.

We saw no lion. Whether there is any or not, at present, we cannot say. I believe there is. But friends get talking, and one of them moves away, and carries off the rest; and so things are passed by. We did not even see the rhinoceros; or the beaver, which would not come out (if there); or the seal (which we particularly wished to see, having a respect for seals and their affections:—there is one species in particular, remarkable for the mobility of its expression, which we should like to get acquainted with; but this is not the one in the Garden catalogue). The lioness was asleep, as all well-behaved wild beasts ought to be at that hour; and another, or a tigress (we forget which), pained

the beholder by walking incessantly to and fro, uttering little moans. She seemed incapable of the philosophy of her fellow-captives. The dogs are an interesting sight, particularly the Persian greyhounds already mentioned, and the St. Bernard dogs, famous for their utility and courage. But it was a melancholy thing to see one of these friends of the traveller barking and bounding incessantly for pieces of biscuit, and jerked back by the chain round his neck. It seemed an ill return for the Alpine services of his family.

The boa in his box was asleep. He is handsomely spotted: but the box formed a sorry contrast in the imagination with his native woods. He seemed to be in terrible want of 'air and exercise.' Is not the box unconscionably small and confined? Could not a *snake-safe* be contrived, of good handsome dimensions? There is no reason why a serpent should not be made as comfortable as possible, even though he would make no more bones of us than we do of an oyster.

The squirrels are better off, and are great favourites, being natural crackers of nuts; but could no trees be contrived for them to climb, and grass for their feet? It is unpleasant to see them so much on the ground.

The elephant would seem to be more comfortably situated than most. He has water to bathe in, mud to stick in, and an area many times bigger than himself for his circuit. Very interesting is it to see him throw bits of mud over himself, and to see, and *hear* him, suck the water up in his trunk and then discharge it into his great red throat; in which he also receives, with sage amenity, the biscuits of the ladies. Certainly, the more one considers an elephant, the more he makes good his claim to be considered the Doctor Johnson of the brute creation. He is huge, potent, sapient, susceptible of tender impressions; is a good fellow; likes as much water as the other did tea; gets on at a great uncouth rate when he walks; and though perhaps less irritable and melancholy, can take a witty revenge; as witness the famous story of the tailor that pricked him, and whom he drenched with ditch-water. If he were suddenly gifted with speech, and we asked him whether he liked his imprisonment, the first words he would utter would unquestionably be—'Why, no, sir.' Nor is it to be doubted, when going to dinner, that he would echo the bland sentiment of our illustrious countryman on a like occasion, 'Sir, I like to dine.' If asked his opinion of his keeper, he would say, 'Why, sir, Hipkins is, upon the whole,

"a good fellow,"—like myself, sir (*smiling*),—but not quite so considerate; he knows I love him, and presumes a little too much upon my forbearance. He teases me for the amusement of the bystanders. Sir, Hipkins takes the display of allowance for the merit of ascendancy.'

This is what the elephant manifestly thought on the present occasion; for the keeper set a little dog at him, less to the amusement of the bystanders than he fancied; and the noble beast, after butting the cur out of the way, and taking care to spare him as he advanced (for one tread of his foot would have smashed the little pertinacious wretch as flat as a pancake), suddenly made a stop and, in rebuke of both of them, uttered a high indignant scream, much resembling a score of cracked trumpets.

Enter the three ladylike and most curious giraffes, probably called forth by the noise; which they took, however, with great calmness. On inspection, their faces express insipidity and indifference more than anything else—at least the one that we looked at did; but they are interesting from their novelty, and from a singular look of cleanliness, delicacy, and refinement, mixed with a certain *gaucherie*, arising from their long, poking necks, and the disparity of length between their fore and hind legs. They look like young ladies of animals, naturally not ungraceful, but with bad habits. Their necks are not on a line with their fore legs, perpendicular and held up; not yet arched like horses' necks; but make a feeble-looking, obtuse angle, completely answering to the word 'poking.' The legs come up so close to the necks, that in front they appear to have no bodies; the back slopes like a hill, producing the singular disparity between the legs; and the whole animal, being slender, light-coloured, and very gentle, gives you an idea of delicacy amounting to the fragile. The legs look as if a stick would break them in two, like glass. Add to this, a slow and uncouth lifting of the legs, as they walk, as if stepping over gutters; and the effect is just such as has been described,—the strangest mixture in the world of elegance and uncouthness. The people in charge of them seemed to be constantly curry-combing them after a gentle fashion, for extreme cleanliness is necessary to their health; and the novelty of the spectacle is completed by the appearance of M. Thibaut in his Arab dress and beard,—the Frenchman who brought them over. The one we spoke of, moving its lips, but not the expression of its countenance, helped itself to a mouthful of feathers out of a lady's bonnet, as it stooped over the rails.

The sight of new creatures like these throws one upon conjectures as to the reason why nature calls them into existence. The conjectures are not very likely to discover anything; but nature allows their indulgence. All one can suppose is, that, besides helping to keep down the mutual superfluity of animal or vegetable life, and enabling the great conditions of death and reproduction to be fulfilled, their own portion of life is a variety of the pleasurable, which could exist only under that particular form. We are to conclude, that if the giraffe, the elephant, the lion, &c. &c., were not formed in that especial manner, they could neither perform the purposes required of them in the general scheme of creation, nor realize certain amounts of pleasurable sensation peculiar to each species. Happiness can only be added, or at least is only added, to the general stock, under that shape. And thus we can very well imagine new shapes of happiness called into being; just as others appear to have been worn out, or done with, as in the mammoth and other antediluvian creatures. If we can conceive no end of space, why should we conceive an end of new creations, whatever our poor little bounds of historical time might appear to argue to the contrary? What are a few thousands of years? What would be millions? Not a twinkle in the eye of eternity. To return, however, to our first proposition,—human beings, brutes, fish, insects, serpents, vegetables, appear to be all varieties of pleasurable or pleasure-giving vitality, necessary to the harmony and completeness of the music of this state of being; the worst discords of which (by our impulses to that end) seem destined to be done away, leaving only so much contrast as shall add another heavenly orb to the spheres. (Permit at least this dream by the roadside of creation. Who can contemplate its marvellousness and beauty, and not think his best thoughts on the subject?)

We forgot to mention the porcupine. It is very curious, and realizes a dream, yet not the most romantic part of it. The real porcupine is not so good a thing as it is in an old book; for it *doesn't shoot*. Oh, books! you are truly a world by yourselves, and a 'real world' too, as the poet has called you, for you make us feel; and what can any reality do more?* Heaven made you, as it did the other world. Books were contemplated by

* '. . . . . Books are a real world,
Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness may grow.'—WORDSWORTH.

A passage often quoted—it cannot be too often.

Providence, as well as other matters of fact.—In the time of Claudian, the mere sight of this animal seems to have been enough to convince people of its powers of warfare. At least it convinced the poet. The darts were before his eyes; and he took the showman's word for the use which could be made of them; only, it seems, the cunning porcupine was not 'lavish of his weapons,' nor chose to part with them, unless his life was in danger. He was very cautious, says the poet, how he got in a passion. He contented himself with threats.

'. . . . . Additur armis
Calliditas, parcusque sui timor, iraque nunquam
Prodiga telorum, caute contenta minari,
Nec nisi servandæ jactus impendere vitæ.'—De Hystrice.

The rattling of the prickles described by Claudian is still to be heard, when the creature is angry; at least so the naturalists tell us; and it is added, that they 'occasionally fall off, particularly in autumn;' but it has no power of 'shooting them at its pursuers.'*

The dromedary looked very uncomfortable. His coat was half gone, as if from disease: and he appeared to sit down on the earth for the purpose of screening as much of his barrenness as he could, and of getting warmth. But there was that invincible look of patience in the face, which is so affecting, and which creates so much respect in whatever face it be found. Animals luckily have no affectation. What you see in their faces is genuine; though you may overrate it, or do the reverse. When the lion looks angry, nobody believes he is feigning. When the dog looks affectionate, who doubts him?

But the monkeys—What a curious interest *they* create,—half-amusing, half-painful! The reflection forced upon one's vanity is inevitable—'They are very like men.' *Oh, quam simillima turpissima bestia nobis!*

'Oh, how like us is that most vile of brutes.'

The way in which they receive a nut in their *hands*, compose themselves with a sort of bustling *nonchalance* to crack it, and then look about for more with that little, withered, winking, half-human face, is startling. The hand in particular mortifies one, it looks so very unbrute-like, and yet at the same time is so

* Gore's *Translation of Blumenbach*, p. 49.

small, so skinny, so like something elvish and unnatural. No wonder it has been thought in some countries that monkeys could speak, but avoided it for fear of being set to work. In their roomy cages here they look like a set of half-human pigmy school-boys withered into caricatures of a certain class of labourers, but having neither work nor want,—nothing to do but to leap out, or sit still, or play with or plague one another. Classes of two very gallant nations have been thought like monkeys; and it ought not to mortify them, any more than the general resemblance to man should mortify the human species. The mortification in the latter instance is undoubtedly felt; but it tells more against the man than the monkey. To the monkey it is, in fact, 'a lift;' and that is the reason why the man resents it. We wish to stand alone in the creation, and not to be approached by any other animal, especially by one so insignificant,—so little 'respectable' on the score of size and power. We would rather be resembled by lions and tigers. It is curious to observe, that in British heraldry there are but three coats of arms which have monkeys for supporters. One is the Duke of Leinster's (owing, it is said, to a monkey having carried off a Fitzgerald in a time of danger to the housetop, and safely brought him back). The others belong to the houses of Digby and St. John. Lions, tigers, eagles, all sorts of ferocious animals, are in abundance. This is natural enough, considering that this kind of honour originated in feudal times; but the mind (without losing its just consideration for circumstances past or present, and all the strength, as well as weakness, which they include) has yet to learn the proper respect for qualities unconnected with brute force and power; and it will do so in good time: it is doing so now, and therefore one may remark, without too much chance of rebuke, that as all nations, indeed all individuals, according to some, have been said to be like different classes of the lower creation (Englishmen like mastiffs or bull-dogs, Italians like antelopes, &c.), so it ought not to be counted the most humiliating of such similitudes, when certain nations, or particular portions of a nation, especially of those that for wit and courage rank among the foremost, are called to mind by expressions in the faces of a tribe of animals, remarkable not only for that circumstance, but for their superiority to others in shrewdness, in vivacity, in mode of life, nay, in the affections; for most touching stories have been told of the attachments of monkeys to one another, and to the human race too, and parti-

cularly of their behaviour when their companions or young ones have been killed. What ought to mortify us in the likeness of brutes to men is the anger to which we see them subject,—the revenge, the greediness, and other low passions. But these they have in common with most animals. Their shrewdness and their sympathies they share with few. And there is a residuum of mystery in them, as in all things, which should lead us to cultivate as much regard for them as we can, thus turning what is unknown to us to good instead of evil. It is impossible to look with much reflection at any animal, especially one of this apparently half-thinking class, and not consider that he probably partakes far more of our own thoughts and feelings than we are aware of, just as he manifestly partakes of our senses; nay, that he may add to this community of being faculties or perceptions which we are unable to conceive. We may construe what we see of the manifestation of the animal's feelings into something good or otherwise, as it happens; perhaps our conjectures may be altogether wrong; but we cannot be wrong in making the best of them,—in getting as much pleasure from them as possible, and giving as much advantage to our fellow-creatures. On the present occasion, as we stood watching these strange beings, marvelling at their eatings, their faces, and at the prodigious jumps they took from pillar to post, careless of thumps that seemed as if they would have dislocated their limbs, we observed one of them sitting by another with his arm round his neck, precisely as a schoolboy will sit with his friend; and rapidly grinning at a third, as if to keep him off. The grin consisted of that incessant and apparently malignant retraction of the lips over the teeth, which looks as if it were every instant going to say something, and break forth into threat and abuse. The monkey that was thus kept off, leaped up every now and then towards the parties (who were sitting on a shelf), and gave a smart slap of the hand to the protecting individual, or received one instead. We did not know enough of their habits to judge whether it was play or warfare; whether the assailant wished to injure the one that seemed protected, or whether the protector wrongly or rightly kept him away, from jealousy or from sport. At length the prohibited individual was allowed quietly to make one of the trio; and there he sat, nestling himself against the *protégé*, and so remained as long as we saw them. The probability therefore was, that it was all sport and good humour, and that the whole trio were excellent friends.

Nations of a very different sort from Africans have seen such

a likeness between men and monkeys, that the Hindoos have a celebrated monkey-general (Hanuman), who cuts a figure in their mythology and their plays, and was a friend of the god Rama.* Young readers (nor old ones, who have wit or good spirits enough to remain young) need not be reminded of the monkey in 'Philip Quarll'; nor of him that became secretary to a sultan in the 'Arabian Nights.' After all, let nobody suppose that it is the intention of these remarks to push the analogy between the two classes further than is warrantable, or to lessen the real amount of the immeasurable distance between them. But anything that looks like humanity on the part of the poor little creature need not be undervalued for all that, or merely because we pay it the involuntary compliment of a mortified jealousy. And as to its face, there is unquestionably a look of reflection in it, and of care too, which ought not to be disrespected. Its worst feature is the inefficient nose, arguing, it would seem, an infirmity of purpose to any strong endeavour (if such arguments are derivable from such things); and yet, as if to show her love of comedy, and render the class a riddle for alternate seriousness and laughter, Nature has produced a species of ape, ludicrous for the length of this very feature.† Nature has made levity as well as gravity; and really seems inclined, now and then, to play a bit of farce in her own person, as the gods did on Mount Olympus with Vulcan—

'When unextinguished laughter shook the skies.'

Fit neighbours for the monkeys are the parrakeets—themselves, in some respects, a kind of monkey-bird—with claws which they use like hands, a faculty of imitation in voice, and something in the voice so like speech and articulation that one almost fancies the guttural murmuring about to break out into words and *say something*. But what colours!—What blazes of red and gold, of green, blue, and all sorts of the purest splendours! How must those reds and blues look, when thronging and shining amidst the amber-tops of their trees, under a tropical sun! And for whose eyes are those colours made? Hardly for man's—for man does not see a hundred-millionth part of them, nor perhaps would choose to live in a condition for seeing them, at least

* Wilson's *Select Specimens of the Theatre of the Hindus*. For an account of a festival in honour of Rama, in which his monkey-friend is conspicuous see *Bishop Heber's Journal*, chap. xiii.

† The *Simia Rostrata*—'long-nosed ape.' 'It is *simia*, but not *sima*,' says Blumenbach, 'being remarkable for its long proboscis-like nose.'

not in their true state; unless, indeed, he should come to like their screaming in the woods, for the same reason that we like the cawing of rooks. Meantime they would appear to be made for their own. 'Why not?' asks somebody. True, but we are not accustomed to consider them in that light, or as made for any other purpose than for some distinction or attraction of sex. In nothing, however, does Nature seem to take more delight than in colours; and perhaps (to guess reverently, not profanely) these gorgeous hues are intended for the pleasure of some unknown class of spiritual eyes, upon which no kind of beauty is lost, as it is too often upon man's. It is impossible to picture to one's-self the countless beauties of nature, the myriads of paintings, animal, vegetable, and mineral, with which earth, air, and seas are thronged, and fancy them all made for no eyes but man's. Neither is it easy to suppose that other animals have eyes, and yet look upon these riches of the eyesight with no feeling of admiration analogous to our own. The peacock's expansion of his plumage, and the apparent pride he takes in it, force us to believe otherwise in his particular case; and yet, with our tendency to put the worst or least handsome construction on what our inferior fellow-creatures do, we attribute to pride, jealousy, and other degrading passions, what may really be attributable to something better; nor may it be *pride* in the peacock, which induces him to display his beauty, but some handsomer joy in the beauty itself. You may call every man who dresses well a coxcomb—but it is possible he is not so. He may do it for the same reason that he dresses his room well with pictures, or loves to see his wife well dressed. He may be such an admirer of the beautiful in all things, that he cannot omit a sense of it even in his own attire. Raphael is understood to have been an elegant dresser; and it has been conjectured from a sonnet of Shakspeare's (No. 146) that he was one. Yet who could suppose Shakspeare a coxcomb? much less *proud!* He had too much to be proud of in petty eyes, to be so in his own—standing as he did, a wise and kind atom, but still an atom, in the midst of the overwhelming magnificence of nature, and the mysteries of worlds. The same attention to dress is recorded of the grave philosopher, Aristotle; and the story of Plato's carpet, and of the 'greater pride' with which Diogenes trampled upon it, is well known. Now, inasmuch as pride is an attribute of narrowness of spirit and want of knowledge, the lower animals may undoubtedly be subject to it,—though, still, to be proud of a colour and of external beauty would imply an association

of ideas more subtle than we are accustomed to attribute to them; and, proud or not, there appears great reason to believe, that conscious of these colours and beauties they are. If so, the eyes of a crowd of parrakeets and maccaws, assembled in the place before us, must have a constant feast. Does their talk mean to say anything of this? Is it divided between an admiration of one another, and their dinner? For, assuredly, they do talk of something or other, from morning till night, like a roomful of French milliners; and apparently, they ought to be as fond of colours, and of their own appearance. These lively and brilliant creatures seem the happiest in the Gardens, next to the ducks and *sparrows*: the latter of whom, by the way, are in exquisite luck here, having a rich set of neighbours brought them, without partaking of their imprisonment. It would be delightful to see them committing their thefts upon cage and pan, if it were not for the creatures caged.

And the poor eagles and vultures! The very instinct of this epithet shows what an unnatural state they must have been brought to. Think of *eagles* being commiserated, and called 'poor!' It is monstrous to see any creature in a cage, far more any winged creature, and most of all, such as are accustomed to soar through the vault of heaven, and have the world under their eye. Look at the eyes of these birds here, these eagles and vultures! How strangely clouded *now* seems that grand and stormy depression of the eyelid, drawn with that sidelong air of tightness, fierceness, and threat, as if by the brush of some mighty painter. That is an eye for the clouds and the subject-earth, not for a miserable hencoop. And see, poor flagging wretches! how they stand on their perches, each at a little distance from one another, in poor stationary exhibition, eagles *all of a row!*—quiet, impaired, *scrubby*; almost motionless! Are these the sovereign creatures described by the Buffons and Mudies, by the Wilsons of ornithology and poetry, by Spenser, by Homer? Is this the eagle of Pindar, heaving his moist back in sleep upon the sceptre of Jove, under the influence of the music of the gods? * Is this the bird of the English poet,

> 'Soaring through his wide empire of the air,
> *To weather his broad vans?*'

* Gray's translation, 'Perching on the sceptred hand,' &c., is very fine; but he has omitted this exquisite epithet of the eagle's sleep, *moist* (ὑγρόν), so full of the depth of rest and luxury. Gilbert West's version of

Wonderful and admirable is the quietness, the philosophy, or whatever you choose to call it, with which all the creatures in this place, the birds in particular, submit themselves to their destiny. They do not howl and cry, brutes though they be; they do not endeavour to tear their chains up, or beat down their dens; they find the contest hopeless, and they handsomely and wisely give it up. It is true, their wants are attended to as far as possible, and they have none of the more intolerable wants of self-love and wounded vanity—no vindictiveness seemingly, nor the love of pure obstinate opposition, and of seeing whose will can get the day. If they cannot have liberty, they will not disgrace captivity. But then what a loss to them is that of liberty! It is thought by some, that all which they care for is their food; and that, having plenty of this, they must be comfortable. But feeding, though a pleasure of life, is not the end of it; it is only one of its pleasurable supports. Or grant it even to be one of the ends of life, as indeed it may be considered by reason of its being a pleasure, more especially with some animals (not excepting some human ones), still, consider what a far greater portion of existence is passed by all creatures in the exercise of their other faculties, and in some form of *motion*; so much so, that even food would seem not so much an object of the exercise as a means of it—life itself being motion in pulse and thought. Then think of how much of the very spirit of their existence all imprisoned creatures are deprived.

The truth is, that if a man has happened, by the circumstances of his life, to feel and endure much—to enjoy much, and to know what it is to be deprived of enjoyment—and, above all, to know what this very want of liberty is—this confinement for a long time to one spot—the sight of these Gardens ends in making him more melancholy than comfortable. Hating to interfere with other people's pleasures, or to seem to pretend to be wiser or better than our neighbours (especially when speaking, as circum-

the passage has merit, but he wanted *gusto* enough to venture on this epithet. Cary (thanks to his Dantesque studies) has not dishonoured it.

> 'Jove's eagle on the sceptre slumbers,
> Possest by thy enchanting numbers;
> On either side, his rapid wing
> Drops, intranced, the feather'd king;
> Black vapour o'er his curved head
> Sealing his eyelids, sweetly shed,
> *Upheaving his moist back he lies*,
> Held down by thrilling harmonies.'—CARY'S *Pindar*, p. 62.

stances sometimes render expedient, in our own name), we did not well know how to get this truth out of our lips, till seeing the interesting article in the 'Quarterly Review' on the same subject, and finding the writer confessing that he could never pass by these eagles 'without a pang,' we felt that we might protest against the *whole business of captivity* with the less hazard of a charge of immodesty and self-opinion.* Let us not be understood as implying blame against anyone. We have the greatest respect for the persons and motives of gentlemen who compose the Zoological Society, and who have (as already hinted) given a prodigious lift in the scale of comfort to creatures hitherto worse dealt with in shows and menageries. Their zeal in behalf of the general interest of knowledge and humanity is, we have no doubt, fervid; and their plea, in the present instance, is obvious, and (unless Parliament chose to answer it) unanswerable. *If they did not take charge of animals for exhibition, others would, and would do it badly; and the old system would return.* There would be no such handsome prisons for them any longer as the Marylebone and Surrey Gardens. Granted. We are only restoring the principle to its element, or pushing the abstract defence of the whole system to its utmost, and trying whether it would stand the test of a final judgment, if action were free, *and prohibition could be secured.*

And why could it not? Why can we have Acts of Parliament in favour of other extension of good treatment to the brute creation, and not one against their tormenting imprisonment? At all events, we may ask meantime, and perhaps not uselessly even for present purposes, whether a great people, under a still finer aspect of knowledge and civilization than at present, would

* 'But we must bend our steps to the eagle-house, and we confess we never pass it by without a pang. Eagles, laemergyers, condors, *creatures of the element*, born to soar over Alps and Andes, in helpless, hopeless, imprisonment. Observe the upper glance of that golden eagle,—ay, look upon that glorious orb—it shines wooingly: how impossible is it to annihilate hope!—he spreads his ample wings, springs towards the fountain of light, strikes the netting, and flaps heavily down:—'Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch 'entrate.' We know not what their worships would say or do to us, if we were to work our wicked will; but we never see these unfortunates without an indescribable longing to break their bonds, and let the whole bevy of these

"Souls made of fire and children of the sun"

wander free.'

think themselves warranted in keeping *any* set of fellow-creatures in a state of endless captivity—their faculties contradicted, their very lives, for the most part, turned into lingering deaths? Every now and then the lions and other animals in these places disappear. They die off from some malady or other, either of inactivity, or of some other contradiction to their natures, or from the soil or climate. The 'Quarterly Review' thinks that the London clay is pernicious to the collection in Marylebone Gardens. The Surrey collection, though the smaller, is the healthier. But how long do the animals last there? Or is captivity a good thing for them anywhere?

The main arguments in favour of such collections are, that they increase the stock of knowledge, encourage kindly feelings towards the lower creation, and tend to substitute rational for irrational amusements. They who object to them are warned, furthermore, how they render the imagination over-nice and sensitive, or make worse what cannot be helped; and something is occasionally added respecting the perplexed question of good and evil, and the ordinances of Providence. We have not room to repeat what has been often said in answer to reasonings of this description, which, in truth, are but so many beggings of the question, all of them to be set aside till the first doubts of the manliest and most honest conscientiousness be disposed of. Providence is to be reverenced at all times, and its mysteries to be brought in, humbly, when man comes to the end of his own humble endeavours; but till then it is not his business to play with the awful edge-tools of a right of providential force, and its mixture of apparent evil. He must do what his conscience tells him, all kindly, and nothing (where he can help it) with a mixture of unkindness; and thus I know not how a conscientious naturalist, setting aside the argument *that others will do worse*, could allow himself, if nations were to come to such a pitch of refinement as above stated, to *do the evil* of imprisoning and withering away the lives of his fellow-animals, in order that some problematical *good might come*.

A paragraph in the newspapers the other day, speaking of a lion that died after three years' incarceration (one in four of its whole life), said, that the Zoological Society have 'never been able to keep any of the larger carnivora longer than that time; they have lost (it adds) nine lions since January 1832.' It is not easy to reconcile this statement with others which tell us of tens and twenties of years passed by lions and other beasts under

the like circumstances. Imprisonments of that duration have been known in the Tower and other places—jails far less favourable, one would think, to the lives of the inmates, than these open and flowery spots. The Society's catalogue informs us, that the grisly bear in their possession 'was brought to England upwards of twenty years since by the Hudson Bay Company,' and that it remained in the Tower till the accession of his present Majesty. And their harpy eagle was caught in 1822. Long life in a prison, however, is a very different thing from natural life out of it.

At all events, on the principle of doing the very best possible, would it not be desirable, nay, is it not imperative on societies possessed of funds, *to enlarge even the better accommodation they have provided*, to give elephants and giraffes still greater ranges; and, above all, to supply far better dens to the lions and tigers, &c.? For dens they still are, of the narrowest description.*

* Since the date of these remarks, the improvements here desired, we understand, have taken place. The main objection, however, remains to be answered.

A MAN INTRODUCED TO HIS ANCESTORS.

ASTONISHING AMOUNT OF A MAN'S ANCESTORS AT THE TWENTIETH REMOVE—THE VARIETY OF RANKS AS GREAT AS THE MULTITUDE—BODILY AND MENTAL CHARACTERISTICS INHERITED—WHAT IT BECOMES A MAN TO CONSIDER AS THE RESULT.

HAPPENING to read the other evening some observations respecting the geometrical ratio of descent, by which it appears that a man has, *at the twentieth remove, one million forty-eight thousand five hundred and seventy-six ancestors in the lineal degree—grandfathers and grandmothers*—I dropped into a reverie, during which I thought I stood by myself at one end of an immense public place, the other being occupied with a huge motley assembly, whose faces were all turned towards me. I had lost my ordinary sense of individuality, and fancied that my name was Manson.

At this multitudinous gaze, I felt the sort of confusion which is natural to a modest man, and which almost makes us believe that we have been guilty of some crime without knowing it. But what was my astonishment, when a Master of the Ceremonies issued forth, and saluting me by the title of his great-grandson, introduced me to the assembly in the manner and form following:—

May it please your Majesties and his Holiness the Pope;

My Lord Cardinals, may it please your most reverend and illustrious Eminences;

May it please your graces, my Lord Dukes;

My Lords, and Ladies, and Lady Abbesses;

Sir Charles, give me leave; Sir Thomas also, Sir John, Sir Nicholas, Sir William, Sir Owen, Sir Hugh, &c.

Right Worshipful the several Courts of Aldermen;

Mesdames the Married Ladies;

Mesdames the Nuns and other Maiden Ladies;—Messieurs Manson, Womanson, Jones, Hervey, Smith, Merryweather, Hipkins, Jackson, Johnson, Jephson, Damant, Delavigne, De la Bleterie, Macpherson, Scott, O'Bryan, O'Shaughnessy, O'Halloran, Clutterbuck, Brown, White, Black, Lindygreen, Southey, Pip, Trip, Chedorlaomer (who the devil, thought I, is he?), Morandi, Moroni, Ventura, Mazarin, D'Orsay, Puckering, Pickering, Had-

don, Somerset, Kent, Franklin, Hunter, Le Fevre, Le Roi (more French!), Du Val (a highwayman, by all that's gentlemanly!), Howard, Cavendish, Russell, Argentine, Gustafson, Olafson, Bras-de-feu, Sweyn, Hacho and Tycho, Price, Lloyd, Llewellyn, Hanno, Hiram, &c., and all you intermediate gentlemen, reverend and otherwise, with your infinite sons, nephews, uncles, grandfathers, and all kinds of relations;—

Then, you, sergeants and corporals, and other pretty fellows;—

You footmen there, and coachmen younger than your wigs,—

You gipsies, pedlars, criminals, Botany-Bay men, old Romans, informers, and other vagabonds,—

Gentlemen and ladies, one and all,—

Allow me to introduce to you, your descendant, Mr. Manson.

Mr. Manson, your ANCESTORS.

What a sensation!

I made the most innumerable kind of bow I could think of, and was saluted with a noise like that of a hundred oceans. Presently I was in the midst of the uproar, which became like a fair of the human race.

Dreams pay as little attention to ceremony, as the world of which they are supposed to form a part. The gentleman-usher was the only person who retained a regard for it. Pope Innocent himself was but one of the crowd. I saw him elbowed and laughing among a parcel of lawyers. It was the same with the dukes and the princes. One of the kings was familiarly addressed by a lord of the bed-chamber, as Tom Wildman; and a little French page had a queen much older than himself by the arm, whom he introduced to me as his daughter. I discerned very plainly my immediate ancestors the Mansons, but could not get near enough to speak to them, by reason of a motley crowd, who, with all imaginable kindness, seemed as if they would have torn me to pieces. 'This is my arm,' said one, 'as sure as fate;' at the same time seizing me by the wrist. 'The Franklin shoulder,' cried another. A gay fellow pushing up to me, and giving me a lively shake, exclaimed, 'The family mouth, by the Lord Harry! and the eye—there's a bit of my father in the eye.' —'A very little bit, please your honour,' said a gipsy, a real gipsy, thrusting in her brown face: 'all the rest's mine, Kitty Lee's, and the eyebrows are Johnny Faw's to a hair.'—'The right leg is my property, however,' returned the beau: 'I'll swear to the calf.'—'*Mais*—but—*notta to de autre calf*,' added a ludicrous voice, half gruff and half polite, belonging to a fan-

tastic-looking person, whom I found to be a dancing-master. I did not care for the gipsy; but to owe my left leg to a dancing-master was not quite so pleasant, especially as, like Mr. Brummel's, it happens to be my favourite leg. Besides, I cannot dance. However, the truth must out. My left leg is more of a man's than my right, and yet it certainly originated with Mons. Faux-pas. He came over from France in the train of the Duke of Buckingham. The rest of me went in the same manner. A Catholic priest was rejoiced at the sight of my head of hair, though by no means remarkable but for quantity; but it seems he never expected to see it again since he received the tonsure. A little coquette of quality laid claim to my nose, and a more romantic young lady to my chin. I could not say my soul was my own. I was claimed not only by the Mansons, but by a little timid boy, a bold patriot, a moper, a merryandrew, a coxcomb, a hermit, a voluptuary, a water-drinker, a Greek of the name of Pythias, a freethinker, a religionist, a bookworm, a simpleton, a beggar, a philosopher, a triumphant cosmopolite, a trembling father, a hackauthor, an old soldier dying with harness on his back.

'Well,' said I, looking at this agreeable mixture of claimants, 'at any rate my vices are not my own.'

'And how many virtues?' cried they in stern voice.

'Gentlemen,' said I, 'if you had waited, you would have seen that I could give up one as well as the other; that is to say, as far as either can be given up by a nature that partakes of ye all. I see very plainly, that all which a descendant no better than myself has to do, is neither to boast of his virtues, nor pretend exemption from his vices, nor be overcome with his misfortunes; but solely to regard the great mixture of all as gathered together in his person, and to try what he can do with it for the honour of those who preceded him, and the good of those that come after.'

At this I thought the whole enormous assembly put on a very earnest but affectionate face; which was a fine sight. A noble humility was in the looks of the best. Tears, not without dignity, stood in the eyes of the worst.

'It is late for me,' added I; 'I can do little. But I will tell this vision to the younger and stouter; they perhaps may do more.'

'Go and tell it,' answered the multitude. But the noise was so loud that I awoke, and found my little child crowing in my ear.

A NOVEL PARTY.

'—Hic ingentem comitum affluxisse novorum
Invenio admirans numerum.'—VIRGIL.

O the pleasure that attends
Such flowings in of novel friends!

SPIRITUAL CREATIONS MORE REAL THAN CORPOREAL—A PARTY COMPOSED OF THE HEROES AND HEROINES OF NOVELS—MR. MOSES PRIMROSE, WHO HAS RESOLVED NOT TO BE CHEATED, IS DELIGHTED WITH SOME INFORMATION GIVEN HIM BY MR. PEREGRINE PICKLE—CONVERSATION OF THE AUTHOR WITH THE CELEBRATED PAMELA—ARRIVALS OF THE REST OF THE COMPANY—THE PARTY FOUND TO CONSIST OF FOUR SMALLER PARTIES—CHARACTERS OF THEM—CHARACTER OF MR. ABRAHAM ADAMS—PAMELA'S DISTRESS AT HER BROTHER'S WANT OF BREEDING—SETTLEMENT TOGETHER OF LOVELACE AND CLARISSA—DESMOND'S WAVERLEY ASKS AFTER THE ANTIQUARY'S WAVERLEY—HIS SURPRISE AT THE COINCIDENCE OF THE ADVENTURE ON THE SEASHORE—MISUNDERSTANDING BETWEEN MRS. SLIPSLOP AND MRS. CLINKER—THE LADIES CRITICIZED WHILE PUTTING ON THEIR CLOAKS.

WHEN people speak of the creations of poets and novelists, they are accustomed to think that they are only using a form of speech. We fancy that nothing can be created which is not visible;—that a being must be as palpable as Dick or Thomas, before we can take him for granted; and that nobody really exists, who will not die like the rest of us, and be forgotten. But as we have no other certainty of the existence of the grossest bodies, than by their power to resist or act upon us,—as all which Hipkins has to show for his entity in his power to consume a barrel of oysters, and the only proof which Tomkins can bring of his not being a figment is his capacity of receiving a punch in the stomach,—I beg leave to ask the candid reader, how he can prove to me that all the heroes and heroines that have made him hope, fear, admire, hate, love, shed tears, and laugh till his sides were ready to burst, in novels and poems, are not in possession of as perfect credentials of their existence as the fattest of us? Common physical palpability is only a proof of mortality. The particles that crowd and club together to form such obvious compounds as Tomson

and Jackson, and to be able to resist death for a little while, are fretted away by a law of their very resistance; but the immortal people in Pope and Fielding, the deathless generations in Chaucer, in Shakspeare, in Goldsmith, in Sterne, and Le Sage, and Cervantes,—acquaintances and friends who remain for ever the same, whom we meet at a thousand turns, and know as well as we do our own kindred, though we never set gross corporeal eyes on them,—what is the amount of the actual effective existence of millions of Jacksons and Tomkinses compared with theirs? Are we as intimate, I wish to know, with our aunt, as we are with Miss Western? Could we not speak to the character of Tom Jones in any court in Christendom? Are not scores of clergymen continually passing away in this transitory world, gone and forgotten, while Parson Adams remains as stout and hearty as ever?

But why need I waste my time in asking questions? I have lately had the pleasure of seeing a whole party of these immortal acquaintances of ours assembled at once. It was on the 15th of February in the present year. I was sitting by my fireside; and, being in the humour to have more company than I could procure, I put on my Wishing-cap, and found myself in a new little world that hovers about England, like the Flying Island of Gulliver. The place immediately above me resembled a common drawing-room at the West End of the town, and a pretty large evening-party were already assembled, waiting for more arrivals. A stranger would have taken them for masqueraders. Some of the gentlemen wore toupees, others only powder, others their own plain head of hair. Some had swords by their sides, others none. Here were beaux in the modern coat and waistcoat, or habiliments little different. There stood coats stuck out with buckram, and legs with stockings above the knees. The appearance of the ladies presented an equal variety. Some wore hoops, others plain petticoats. The heads of many were built up with prodigious edifices of hair and ribbon; others had their curls flowing down their necks; some were in common shoes, others in a kind of slippered stilts. In short, not to keep the reader any longer upon trifles, the company consisted of the immortal though familiar creatures I speak of, the heroes and heroines of the wonderful persons who have lived among us, called Novelists.

Judge of my delight when I found myself among a set of old acquaintances, whom I had never expected to see in this manner. Conceive how I felt, when I discovered that the gentleman and

lady I was sitting next to were Captain and Mrs. Booth; and that another couple on my left, very brilliant and decorous, were no less people than Sir Charles and my Lady Grandison! In the centre were Mr. and Mrs. Roderick Random; Lieutenant Thomas Bowling, of the Royal Navy; Mr. Morgan, a Welch gentleman; Mr. and Mrs. Peregrine Pickle; Mr. Fathom, a Methodist—(a very ill-looking fellow)—Sir George Paradyne, and Mr. Hermsprong; Mr. Desmond, with his friend Waverley (a relation of the more famous Waverley); a young gentleman whose Christian name was Henry—(I forget the other, but Mr. Cumberland knows), and Mr., formerly Serjeant, Atkinson, with his wife, who both sat next to Captain and Mrs. Booth. There were also some lords whose names I cannot immediately call to mind; a lady of rank, who had once been a Beggar-girl; and other persons too numerous to mention. In a corner, very modest and pleasing, sat Lady Harold, better known as Miss Louisa Mildmay, with her husband, Sir Robert. From the mixed nature of the company, a spectator might have concluded that these immortal ladies and gentlemen were free from the ordinary passions of created beings; but I soon observed that it was otherwise. I found that some of the persons already assembled had arrived at this plebeian hour out of an ostentation of humility; and that the others, who came later, were influenced by the usual variety of causes.

The next arrival—(conceive how my heart expanded at the sight)—consisted of the Rev. Dr. Primrose, Vicar of Wakefield, with his family, and the Miss Flamboroughs; the latter red and staring with delight. The Doctor apologized for not being sooner; but Mrs. Primrose said she was sure the gentlefolks would excuse him, knowing that people accustomed to good society were never in a flurry on such occasions. Her husband would have made some remark on this; but seeing that she was prepared to appeal to her son, 'the Squire,' who flattered and made her his butt, and that Sir William Thornhill and both the young married ladies would be in pain, he forebore. The Vicar made haste to pay his respects to Sir Charles and Lady Grandison, who treated him with great distinction, Sir Charles taking him by the hand, and calling him his 'good and worthy friend.' I observed that Mr. Moses Primrose had acquired something of a collected and cautious look, as if determined never to be cheated again. He happened to seat himself next to Peregrine Pickle, who informed him, to his equal surprise and delight, that Captain Booth had written a refutation of Material-

ism. He added, that the Captain did not choose at present to be openly talked of as the author, though he did not mind being complimented upon it in an obscure and ingenious way. I noticed, after this, that a game of cross purposes was going on between Booth and Moses, which often forced a blush from the Captain's lady. It was with much curiosity I recognized the defect in the latter's nose. I did not find it at all in the way when I looked at her lips. It appeared to me even to excite a kind of pity, by no means injurious to the most physical admiration; but I did not say this to Lady Grandison, who asked my opinion on the subject. Booth was a fine strapping fellow, though he had not much in his face. When Mr. and Mrs. Booby (the famous Pamela) afterwards came in, he attracted so much attention from the latter, that upon her asking me, with a sort of pitying smile, what I thought of him, I ventured to say, in a pun, that I looked upon him as a very good 'Booth for the Fair;' upon which, to my astonishment, she blushed as red as scarlet, and told me that her dear Mr. B. did not approve of such speeches. My pun was a mere pun, and meant little; certainly nothing to the disadvantage of the sentimental part of the sex, for whom I thought him by no means a finished companion. But there is no knowing these precise people.

But I anticipate the order of the arrivals. The Primroses were followed by Sir Launcelot Greaves and his lady, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jones, Mr. and Miss Western, and my Lady Bellaston. Then came Miss Monimia (I forget her name) who married out of the old Manor House; then Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Clinker (I believe I should rather say Bramble), with old Matthew himself, and Mrs. Lismahago; and then a whole world of Aunt Selbys, and Grandmamma Selbys, and Miss Howes, and Mr. Harlowes, though I observed neither Clarissa nor Lovelace. I made some inquiries about them afterwards, which the reader shall hear.

Enter Mr. John Buncle, escorting five ladies, whom he had been taking to an evening lecture. Tom Gollogher was behind them, very merry.

Then came my Lord and Lady Orville (Evelina), Mr. and Mr. Delville (Cecilia), Camilla (I forget her surname), with a large party of Mandleberts, Clarendels, Arlberys, Orkbornes, Marglands, and Dubsters, not omitting the eternal Mrs. Mitten. Mrs. Booby and husband came last, accompanied by my Lady Booby, Mr. Joseph Andrews and bride, and the Rev. Mr. Adams,

for whom Mrs. B. made a sort of apology, by informing us that there was no necessity to make any,—Mr. Adams being an honour to the cloth. Fanny seated herself by Sophia Western (that was), with whom I found she was intimate; and a lovelier pair of blooming, unaffected creatures, whose good-nature stood them instead of wit, I never beheld. But I must discuss the beauties of the ladies by-and-by.

An excuse was sent by Mr. Tristram Shandy for his Uncle Tobias, saying that they were confined at home, and unfit for company, which made me very sorry, for I would rather have seen the divine old invalid than any man in the room, not excepting Parson Adams. I suspect he knew nothing of the invitation. Corporal Trim brought the letter; a very honest, pathetic fellow, who dropped a tear. He also gave a kiss, as he went out, to one of the maid-servants. The Rev. Mr. Yorick, friend of the Shandy family, sent his servant La Fleur to wait on us; a brisk, active youth, who naturalized himself among us by adoring the ladies all round. The poor lad manifested his admiration by various grimaces, that forced the Miss Flamboroughs to stuff their handkerchiefs in their mouths. Our other attendants were Strap, Tom Pipes, Partridge, and two or three more, some of them in livery, and others not, as became their respective ranks. The refreshments were under the care of Mrs. Slipslop; but underwent, as they came up, a jealous revision from Mrs. Lismahago and Mrs. Humphrey Clinker, who, luckily for her, differed considerably with one another, or none would have been worth eating.

I have omitted to observe that the meeting was of the same nature with assemblies in country towns, where all the inhabitants, of any importance, are in the habit of coming together for the public advantage, and being amiable and censorious. There the Sir Charles Grandison of the place meets the Tom Jones and the Mrs. Humphrey Clinker. There the Lady Bellaston interchanges courtesies and contempt with the Miss Marglands; and all the Dubsters in their new yellow gloves, with all the Delvilles.

Having thus taken care of our probabilities (or verisimilitude, as the critics call it), to which, in our highest flights, we are much attached, we proceed with our narrative.

We forgot to mention that Mrs. Honour, the famous waiting-maid of Sophia Western, was not present. Nothing could induce her to figure as a servant, where that 'infected upstart,' as

she called her, Mrs. Humphrey Clinker, fidgeted about as a gentlewoman.

The conversation soon became very entertaining, particularly in the hands of the Grandisons and Harlowes, who, though we could perceive they were not so admired by the rest of the company as by one another, interested us in spite of ourselves by the longest and yet most curious gossip in the world. Sir Charles did not talk so much as the others; indeed he seemed to be a little baffled and thrust off the pinnacle of his superiority in this very mixed society; but he was thought a prodigious fine gentleman by the gravest of us, and was really a good-natured one. His female friends, who were eternally repeating and deprecating their own praises, were pronounced by Hermsprong, as well as Peregrine Pickle, to be the greatest coxcombs under the sun. The latter said something about Pamela and Covent Garden which we do not choose to repeat. The consciousness of doing their duty, however, mixed as it might be with these vain mistakes, gave a certain tranquillity of character to the faces of some of this party, which Peregrine, and some others about him, might have envied. At the same time,we must do the justice to Peregrine to say, that although (to speak plainly) he had not a little of the blackguard in him, he displayed some generous qualities. We cannot say much for his wit and talents, which are so extolled by the historian; nor even for those of his friend, Roderick Random, though he carries some good qualities still further. Roderick's conversation had the vice of coarseness, to the great delight of Squire Western, who said he had more spirit than Tom himself. Tom did not care for a little freedom, but the sort of conversation to which Roderick and his friends were inclined disgusted him; and, before women, astonished him. He did not, therefore, very well fall in with this society, though his wit and views of things were, upon the whole, pretty much on a par with theirs. In person and manners he beat them hollow. Sophia nevertheless took very kindly to Emily Gauntlett and Narcissa, two ladies rather insipid.

We observed that the company might be divided into four different sorts. One was Sir Charles Grandison's and party; another, the Pickles and Joneses; a third, the Lord Orvilles, Evelinas, and Cecilias, with the young lady from the old Manor House; and a fourth, the Hermsprongs, Desmonds, and others, including a gentleman we have forgotten to mention, Mr. Hugh Trevor. In this last were some persons whose names we ought to

have remembered, for an account of whom we must refer to Mrs. Inchbald. The first of these parties were for carrying all the established conventional virtues to a high pitch of dignity; so much so as to be thinking too much of the dignity, while they fancied they were absorbed in the virtue. They were very clever and amusing, and we verily believe could have given an interest to a history of every grain of sand on the sea-shore; but their garrulity and vanity, united, rendered other conversation a refreshment. The second were a parcel of wild, but not ill-natured young fellows, all very ready to fall in with what the others thought and recommended, and to forget it the next moment, especially as their teachers laid themselves open to ridicule. It must be added, that their very inferiority in some respects gave them a more general taste of humanity, particularly Tom Jones; who was as pleasant, unaffected a fellow, and upon the whole perhaps as virtuous, in his way, as could be expected of a sprightly blood educated in the ordinary fashion. The Camillas and Evelinas were extremely entertaining, and told us a number of stories that made us die with laughter. Their fault consisted in talking too much about lords and pawnbrokers. Miss Monimia, too, from the old Manor House, ridiculed vulgarity a little too much to be polite. The most puzzling people in the room were the Desmonds and Hugh Trevors, who had come up since a late revolution in our sphere. They got into a controversy with the Grandisons, and reduced them sadly to their precedents and authorities. The conclusion of the company seemed to be, that if the world were to be made different from what it is, the change would be effected rather by the philosophies of these gentlemen than the seraphics of the other party; but the general opinion was, that it would be altered by neither, and that in the meantime, 'variety was charming;' a sentiment which the Vicar of Wakefield took care to explain to his wife.

But how are we forgetting ourselves! We have left out, in our divisions, a fifth set, the most delightful of all, one of whom is a whole body of humanity in himself; to wit, Mr. Abraham Adams, and all whom he loves. We omit his title of Reverend; not because he is not so, but because titles are things exclusive, and our old friend belongs to the whole world. Bear witness, spirit of everything that is true, that, with the exception of one or two persons, only to be produced in these latter times, we love such a man as Abraham Adams better than all the characters in all the histories of the world, orthodox or not orthodox. We

hold him to be only inferior to a Shakspeare; and only then, because the latter joins the height of wisdom intellectual to his wisdom cordial. He should have been Shakspeare's chaplain, and played at bowls with him. What a sound heart,—and a fist to stand by it! This is better than Sir Charles's fencing, without which his polite person—(virtue included)—would often have been in an awkward way. What disinterestedness! What feeling! What real modesty! What a harmless spice of vanity,—Nature's kind gift,—the comfort we all treasure more or less about us, to keep ourselves in heart with ourselves? In fine, what a regret of his Æschylus! and a delicious forgetting that he could not see to read if he had had it! Angels should be painted with periwigs, to look like him. We confess, we prefer Fanny to Joseph Andrews, which will be pardoned us; but the lad is a good lad; and if poor Molly at the inn has forgiven him (which she ought to do, all things considered), we will forgive him ourselves, on the score of my Lady Booby. It is more than my Lady has done, though she takes a pride in patronizing the 'innocent creatures,' as she calls them. We are afraid, from what we saw this evening, that poor Joseph is not as well as he would be with his sister Pamela. When the refreshments came in, we observed her blush at his handing a plate of sandwiches to Mr. Adams. She called him to her in a whisper; and asked him, whether he had forgotten that there was a footman in the room?

The arrival of the refreshments divided our company into a variety of small ones. The ladies got more together; and the wines and jellies diffused a benevolent spirit among us all. We forgot our controversies, and were earnest only in the putting of cakes. John Buncle, however, stood talking and eating at a great rate with one of the philosophers. Somebody asked after Lovelace and Clarissa: for the reader need not be told, that it is only in a fictitious sense that these personages are said to have died. They cannot die, being immortal. It seems that Lovelace and Clarissa live in a neighbouring quarter, called Romance; a very grave place, where few of the company visited. We were surprised to hear that they lived in the same house; that Lovelace had found out he had a liking for virtue in her own shape as well as Clarissa's, and that Clarissa thought she might as well forget herself so far as to encourage the man not to make a rascal and a madman of himself. This, at least, is the way that Tom Gollogher put it: for Tom undertook to be profound on the subject, and very much startled us by his observations. He made an

application of a line in Milton, about Adam and Eve, which the more serious among us thought profane, and which indeed we are afraid of repeating: but Tom's good-nature was so evident, as well as his wish to make the best of a bad case, that we chose to lay the more equivocal part of his logic to the account of his 'wild way;' and for all that we saw to the contrary, he was a greater favourite with the ladies than ever. Desmond's friend Waverley asked us after his celebrated namesake. We told him he was going on very well, and was very like his relation; a compliment which Mr. Waverley acknowledged by a bow. We related to him the seaside adventure of Waverley's friend, the Antiquary; at which the other exclaimed, 'Good God! how like an adventure which happened to a friend of our acquaintance! only see what coincidences will take place!' He asked us if the Antiquary had never noticed the resemblance, and was surprised to hear that he had not. 'I should not wonder at it,' said he, 'if the incident had been well known; but these Antiquaries, the best of them, have strange grudging humours; and I will tell him of it,' added he, 'when I see him.' Mr. Waverley anticipated with great delight the society of his namesake with his numerous friends, though he did not seem to expect much from the female part of them.

Before we broke up, tragical doings were likely to have occurred between the housekeeper and Mrs. Humphrey Clinker. Mrs. Slipslop sent up a message apologizing for some of the jellies. She expressed a fear—(which was correctly delivered by an impudent young rogue of a messenger)—that 'the *superfluency* of the sugar would take away the *tastality* of the jellies, and render them quite *inoxious*.' (If the reader thinks this account overcharged, we have to inform him that he will fall into the error of the audience about the pig.) Mrs. Humphrey was indignant at this 'infected nonsense,' as she called it; and she was fidgeting out of the room to scold the rhetorician, when her husband called her back, telling her that it was beneath the dignity of a rational soul like hers to fret itself with such matters. Winifred's blood began to rise at the first part of this observation; but the words, 'like hers,' induced her to sit down, and content herself with an answer to the message. Peregrine Pickle, who was sorry to see affairs end so quietly, persuaded her, however, to put her message in writing; and Mrs. Slipslop would have inevitably been roused and brought upstairs, had not Sir Charles condescended to interfere. The answer was as follows:—

'Mrs. Slibberslop,—

'Hit Bing beneath the diggingit of a rasher and sole, to cumfabberrate with sich parsons, I Desire that you wil send up sum geallies Fit for a cristum and a gentile wommun to Heat. We are awl astonied Att yure niggling gents. The geallys ar Shamful.'

Peregrine begged her to add a word of advice respecting the 'pompous apology;' upon which she concluded thus:—

'A nuther tim doant Send up sich pumpers and Polly jeers and stuf; and so no moar at present from

'Yure wel wisker,

'Winifred Clinker.'

When the ladies had put on their cloaks, and were waiting for their carriages, we could not but remark how well Sophia Weston—(we like to call her by her good old name)—looked in any dress and position. She was all ease and good-nature, and had a charming shape. Lady Grandison was a regular beauty; but did not become a cloak. She was best in full dress. Pamela was a little soft-looking thing, who seemed 'as if butter would not melt in her mouth.' But she had something in the corner of her eye, which told you that you had better take care how you behaved yourself. She would look all round her at every man in the room, and hardly one of them be the wiser. Pamela was not so splendidly dressed as her friend Lady Grandison; but her clothes were as costly. The Miss Howes, Lady G.'s, and others of that class, were loud, bright-eyed, raw-boned people, who tossed on their cloaks without assistance, or commanded your help with a sarcasm. Camilla, Cecilia, and Evelina, were all very handsome and agreeable. We prefer, from what we recollect of them, Camilla and Evelina; but they say Cecilia is the most interesting. Louisa Mildmay might have been taken for a pale beauty; but her paleness was not natural to her, and she was resuming her colour. Her figure was luxuriant; and her eyes, we thought, had a depth in them beyond those of any person's in the room. We did not see much in Narcissa and Emily Gauntlett, but they were both good jolly damsels enough. Of Amelia we have spoken already. We have a recollection that Hermsprong's wife (a Miss Campionet) was a pleasant girl; but somehow she had got out of our sight. The daughters of the Vicar of Wakefield were fine girls, especially Sophia; for whom, being of her lover Sir William's age, we felt a particular tenderness.

BEDS AND BEDROOMS

INTRINSICAL NATURE OF BED—ADVANTAGE OF PEOPLE IN BED OVER PEOPLE THAT ARE 'UP'—DIALOGUE WITH A PERSON 'UP'—FEATHER-BEDS, CURTAINS, &c.—IDEA OF A PERFECT BEDROOM—CUSTOM HALF THE SECRET OF CONTENT—BEDROOM IN A COTTAGE—BED AT SEA BEDS IN PRESSES AND ALCOVES—ANECDOTES OF BEDS—THE BED OF MORPHEUS IN SPENSER.

We have written elsewhere* of 'sleep,' and of 'dreams,' and of 'getting up on cold mornings,' and divers other matters connected with bed; but, unless we had written volumes on that one subject, it would be hard indeed if we could not find fresh matter to speak of, connected with the bed itself, and the room which it inhabits. We involuntarily use a verb with a human sense,—'inhabits;' for of all goods and chattels, this surely contracts a kind of humanity from the warmth so often given to it by the comfortable soul within. Its pillows—as a philosophic punster might observe—have something in them 'next to the human cheek.'

'Home is home,' says the good proverb, 'however homely.' Equally certain are we, that bed is bed, however *bedly*. (We have a regard for this bit of parody on the old saying, because we made Charles Lamb laugh one night with it, when we were coming away with him out of a friend's house.) Bed is the home of home; the innermost part of the content. It is sweet within sweet; a nut in the nut; within the snuggest nest, a snugger nest; my retreat from the publicity of my privacy; my room within my room, walled (if I please) with curtains; a box, a separation, a snug corner, such as children love when they play at 'house;' the place where I draw a direct line between me and my cares; where I enter upon a new existence, free, yet well invested; reposing, but full of power; where the act of lying down, and pulling the clothes over one's head, seems to exclude matters that have to do with us when dressed and on our legs; where, though in repose, one is never more conscious of one's

* In the *Indicator*.

activity, divested of those hampering weeds; where a leg is not a lump of boot and stocking, but a real leg, clear, natural, fleshy, delighting to thrust itself hither and thither; and lo! so recreating itself, it comes in contact with another; to wit, one's own. One should hardly guess as much, did it remain eternally divorced from its companion,—alienated and altered into leather and prunella. Of more legs we speak not. The bed we are at this moment presenting to our imagination, is a bachelor's; for we must be cautious how we touch upon others. A married man may, to be sure, condescend, if he pleases, for the trifle's sake, to taste of the poor bachelor's satisfaction. He has only to go to bed an hour before his wife. Or the lady may do as much *vice versâ*. And herein we can fancy one gratification, even of the bachelor or spinster order, beyond what a bachelor or spinster can often be presumed to realise; which is, the pleasure of being in bed at your ease, united with the highest kind of advantage *over the person that is up*. Let us not be misunderstood. The sense of this advantage is not of the malignant kind. You do not enjoy yourself because others are in misery; but, because your pleasure at the moment being very much in your bed, and it not being the other's pleasure to come to bed so soon (which you rather wonder at), you are at liberty to make what conclusions you please as to the superior nature of your condition. And there is this consideration besides; namely, that you being in bed, and others up, all cares and attentions naturally fall to the portions of those individuals; so that you are at once the master of your own repose and of their activity. A bachelor, however, may enjoy a good deal of this. He may have kindred in the house, or servants, or the man and woman that keep the lodging; and from his reflections on all or either of these persons, he may derive no little satisfaction. It is a lordly thing to consider, that others are sitting up, and nobly doing some duty or other, with sleepy eyes, while ourselves are exquisitely shutting ours; they being also ready to answer one's bell, bring us our white wine whey, or lamp, or what not, or even to go out in spite of the rain for some fruit, should we fancy it, or for a doctor in case we should be ill, or to answer some question for the mere pleasure of answering it.

'Who's there?'

'Me, sir; Mrs. Jones.'

'Oh, I beg your pardon, Mrs. Jones: I merely rang to know if you were up.'

'Dear me, yes, sir, and likely to be this hour.'

(*Aside and happy*)—'Poor soul!'

'It's Mr. Jones's club-night, sir.'

('Poor woman! Capital pillow this!')

'And it's a full hour's walk from the Jolly Gardeners'.'

('Poor Jones! Very easy mattress.') *Aloud*—'Bless me that's a bad business; and it rains, doesn't it, Mrs. Jones?'

'A vile rain, sir, with an east wind.'

(Poor Jones! Delicious curtains these!) Couldn't the servant sit up, and let Mr. Jones in?'

'Lord, sir, we're both of us sitting up; for I'm frighted out of my wits, sitting alone; and Mr. Jones wouldn't be pleased if I didn't see him in myself.'

'(Poor woman!) Good-night, Mrs. Jones; pray don't stand any longer at that cold door.'

'Do you want anything, sir?'

'Nothing, I thank you. I am very comfortable. What o'clock is it?'

'Just going one, sir.'

('Poor creature!—Poor Susan!—Poor Jones!') *Whew* goes the wind; *patter* go the windows; *rumble* goes a coach; to sleep go I.

This is pretty;—but a wife, instead of the woman of the house,—a wife up, and going about like one's guardian-angel; we also loving her well, and having entreated her not to sit up, only she is forced to do so for this half hour,—either we know nothing of bliss itself, or the variety—merely *as a* variety—the having a whole bed for half an hour, merely as a *change* from that other superhuman elysian state—the seeing even a little pain borne so beautifully by the 'partner of one's existence,' whom of course we love the better for it, and cannot but rejoice in seeing gifted with such an opportunity of showing herself to advantage—all this, if we mistake not (owing to our present bachelor hallucination), must be a sublimation of satisfaction unknown to sojourners at large, who are but too often accused, with justice, of having more room than they know what to do with.

A bed, to be perfectly comfortable, should be warm, clean, well made, and of a reasonable softness. People differ as to the amount of the softness. The general opinion seems to be in favour of feather-beds. To ourselves (if the fact *must* be publicly torn out of us by a candour trying to the sense of our nothing-

ness) a feather-bed is a Slough of Despond. When we are in the depths of it, we long to be on the heights. When we get on the heights, down they go with us, and turn into depths. The feathers hamper us, obstruct, irritate, suffocate. We lose the sense of repose and independence, and feel ourselves in the hands of a soft lubberly giant. The pleasure of being 'tucked up,' we can better understand; but it likes us not. What we require is, that the limbs should be as free as possible from obstruction. We desire to go counter to all that we endure when up and about. We must have nothing constrained about us;—must be able to thrust arms and legs whithersoever we please. That the bed should be well and delicately tucked up, pleaseth us; but only that we may have the greater satisfaction in disengaging the clothes on each side with a turn of the foot, and so giving freedom to our borders.

'Upon my resting body,
Lie lightly, gentle *clothes*.'

Warmth, cleanliness, and ease being secured, it is of minor importance what sort of a bed we lie in, whether it has curtains, or a canopy, or even legs. We can lie on the floor for that matter, provided the palliasse be of decent thickness. The floor itself then becomes a part of the great field of rest in which we expatiate. There is nothing to bound our right of incumbency; we can gather the clothes about us, and roll on the floor if we please. Much greater philosophy does it take, on the other hand, to make us go up half a dozen steps to our bed,—to climb up to such lofty absurdities as are shown in old houses for the beds of James's and Charles's time; thrones rather, and canopies for Prester John;—edifices of beds, where we make a show of the privatest and humblest of our pleasures; contrivances for the magnificent breaking of our necks; or, if we are not to die that way, three-piled hyperboles of beds to engulf us, like a slough on the top of a mountain. Fine curtains disgust us by the same uneasy contradiction. We do not mean handsome ones of a reasonable kind; but velvet, and such like cumbrous clouds, lording it over the sweet idea of rest, and forcing us to think of the most out-of-door pretensions. And we hate gilding, and coronets (not having any) and imperial eagles, and *fleurs-de-lis*, and all other conspiracies to put out the natural man in us, and deprive the poor great human being of the sweet privilege of being on a level with his reposing fellow-creatures. We are not sure that we could patronise

Cupids, gilt torches, doves and garlands, &c. Flowery curtains we like; but the Cupids and gilt torches are particular. We are not the fonder of them for being the taste in France. Curtains, paperings, plates and dishes, everything in that country, babbles, not of green fields, as with us, which is pretty, but of gallantry and *la belle passion*. The French (when they are not afraid of being thought afraid) are a good-natured people; and they are much wiser in this good-nature than if they took to 'heavy wet,' and to being sulky. But in these amatory matters they seem to us never to make out the proper case. There is something ever too cold, or too meretricious, probably both; for these extremes are too apt to meet. Cupids and torches might be well enough, provided we could be secure that none but eyes of good taste would see them; but how are they or we to look, when every idle servant, or the glazier, or the landlord, or the man that comes to look at the house when it is to be let, is to gape about him, and make an impertinence of our loves and graces?

But we forget our solitary condition.—We should almost equally dislike the most gorgeous and the most sorry bedroom, did not the former stand the greater chance of cleanliness. The Duke of Buckingham, 'gallant and gay,' in one of the state beds of Cliefden's 'proud alcove,' or reckless and drunk in 'the worst inn's worst room,' behind his

'Tape-tied curtains never meant to draw,'

is, to our mind, in no such difference of condition as the poet makes him out. And his company were much like one another in both cases. Nay, that is not true either; for it would have been difficult to pick up such an abomination from a village alehouse as the Countess of Shrewsbury,—a woman, ugly all over with a hard heart. Commend us (for a climate like ours) to a bedchamber of the middle order, such as it was set out about a hundred years back, and may still be seen in the houses of some old families: the room of moderate size; the four-post bedstead neatly and plentifully, but not richly, draperied; the chairs draperied also, down to the ground; a drapery over the toilet; the carpet, a good old Turkey or Brussels, not covering the floor, and easily to be taken up and shaken; the wardrobe and drawers of old shining oak, walnut, or mahogany; a few cabinet pictures, as exquisite as you please; the windows with seats, and looking upon some green place; two or three small shelves of books;

and the drawers, when they are opened, redolent of lavender and clean linen. We dislike the cut-and-dry look of modern fashions; the cane chairs, formal patterned carpets, and flimsy rooms. Modern times (or till very lately they were so) are all for lightness, and cheap sufficiency, and what is considered a Grecian elegance. They realise only an insipid or gaudy anatomy of things, a cold pretension, and houses that will tumble upon the heads of our grandchildren. But these matters, like others, are gradually improving. If our bedroom is to be perfect, it should face the east, to rouse us pleasantly with the morning sun; and in case we should be tempted to lie too long in so sweet a nest, there should be a happy family of birds at the windows, to salute our rise with songs.

It is a good thing, however, to reflect, that custom is half the secret of content. The reason why we like a hard bed is, that we were brought up at a public school, without any luxuries; and, to this day, we like just such a sort of bed as we had there. We could find a satisfaction in having the identical kind of rug over our sheets; and sheets, too, of no greater fineness. And the same reason makes us prefer a coarse towel to a fine one, and a gown, of some sort, to a coat; with a pocket in the same place as the one in which we used to put our marbles and tops, and our pocket-editions of Gray and Collins. We have since slept in houses of all sorts—in rich houses and in poor, in cottages, in taverns and inns and public-houses, in palaces (what at least the Italians call such), and on board ship; yea, in bivouacs—just enough to taste the extremest hardness of the bed military; and for the only contrivance utterly to vitiate our night's rest, commend us to the bed of down. That, and the wooden bed of the guard-house, disputed the palm. Habit does the same with kings and popes. Frederick the Second preferred lying in a little tent-bed, such as Voltaire found him in at their first interview, shivering with an ague; and we learn from Horace Walpole's Letters, that the good Pope Benedict the Fourteenth, lay upon one no better (the palliasse, most probably, of his convent) by the side of the gorgeous canopy prepared for his rank. In truth, luxuriate as we may in this our at-different-times-written article (wherein the indulgences and speculations, though true at the moment, are of many years' chance-preservation on paper, and therefore may crave excuse if they look a little ultra nice and fanciful, beyond the want of experience), we should be heartily ashamed of ourselves at our present time of life, if we could not sleep happily

in any bed (down and *mud* always excepted), provided only it had enough clothes to keep us warm, and were as clean and decent as honest poverty could make it. We talk of fine chambers, and luxurious contrasts of sitters-up; but our secret passion is for a homely room in a cottage, with perfect quiet, a book or two, and a sprig of rosemary in the window; not the book or two for the purpose of reading in bed,—(having once received a startling lesson that way, and not choosing to burn down the village,)—but in order that we may see them in the window the first thing in the morning, together with the trees of which they discourse. Add to this, a watch-dog at a distance, and a moaning wind, no matter how 'melancholy,' provided it does not blow a tempest (for though nature does nothing but for good, the particular suffering sometimes presses upon the imagination), and we drop to sleep in a transport of comfort. Compare such a bed as this with one we have seen during a storm of fifty-six hours' duration at sea, the occupant (the mate of the vessel) with his hands wet, black, blistered, and smarting with the cold, and the very bed (a hole in a corner) as wet as his hands! And the common sailors had worse! And yet the worst of all, shut out from wet and cold as they were, but not having work like the seamen to occupy the mind, were the cribs of a parcel of children tossing about in all this tempest, and the bed of their parents on the cabin floor.—With these recollections (as the whole vessel got safe), we sometimes think we could find it in our hearts to relish even a feather-bed.

A very large bedroom in an old country-house is not pleasant, where the candle shows you the darkness at the other end of it, and you begin to think it possible for houses to be haunted. And as little comfortable is the bed with a great dusty canopy, such as they say the Highland laird mistook for the bed itself, and mounted at top of, while he put his servant into the sheets, thinking that the loftier stratum was the place of grandeur. Sometimes these canopies are domed, and adorned with plumes, which gives them a funereal look; and a nervous gentleman, who, while getting into bed, is hardly sure that a hand will not thrust itself out beneath the vallance and catch him by the ankle, does not feel quite so bold in it as the French general, who, when threatened by some sheeted ghosts, told them to make the best of their way off, or he would give them a sound thrashing. On the other hand, unless warranted by necessity and good-humour, which can reconcile anything, it is very disagreeable to see sofa-

bedsteads and press-bedsteads in 'stived-up' little rooms, half sitting-room and half chamber. They look as if they never could be aired. For a similar reason, an Englishman cannot like the French beds that shut up into alcoves in the wall. We do not object to a custom merely because it is foreign; nor is it unreasonable, or indeed otherwise than agreeable, that a bedroom of good dimensions should include a partial bit of a sitting-room or boudoir; but in that case, and indeed in all cases, it should be kept scrupulously neat and clean. Order in a house first manifests itself in the room which the housewife inhabits; and every sentiment of the heart, as well as of the external graces, demands that a very reverence and religion of neatness should be there exhibited; not formality—not a want of snugness,—but all with evidences that the esteem of a life is preferred to the slatternliness of the moment, and that two hearts are always reigning together in that apartment, though one person alone should be visible.

It is very proper that bedrooms, which can afford it, should be adorned with pictures, with flowers by daytime (they are not wholesome at night), and, if possible, with sculpture. We are among those who believe, with the old romance of Heliodorus, that, under circumstances which affect the earliest periods of existence, familiar objects are not without their influence upon the imagination. Besides, it is wholesome to live in the kindly and tranquil atmosphere of the arts; and few, even of the right-minded, turn to half the account they might do the innumerable beauties which Heaven has lavished upon the world, both in art and nature. Better hang a wild rose over the toilet, than nothing. The eye that looks in the glass will see there something besides itself; and it will acquire something of a religious right to respect itself, in thinking by how many objects in the creation the bloom of beauty is shared.

The most sordidly ridiculous anecdote we remember of a bed-chamber, is one in the life of Elwes, the rich miser, who, asking a visitor one morning how he had rested, and being told that he could not escape from the rain which came through the roof of the apartment, till he had found out one particular corner in which to stow the truckle-bed, said, laughingly, and without any sense of shame, 'Ah! what! you found it out, did you? Ah! that's a nice corner, isn't it?' This, however, is surpassed in dramatic effect, by the story of two ministers of state, in the last century, who were seen one day, by a sudden visitor, furiously discussing some great question out of two separate beds in one

room, by daytime, their arms and bodies thrust forward towards each other out of the clothes, and the gesticulation going on accordingly. If our memory does not deceive us, one of them was Lord Chatham. He had the gout, and his colleague coming in to see him, and the weather being very cold, and no fire in the room, the noble earl had persuaded his visitor to get into the other bed. The most ghastly bedchamber story, in real life (next to some actually mortal ones), is that of a lady who dreamt that her servant-maid was coming into the room to murder her. She rose in the bed with the horror of the dream in her face; and sitting up thus appalled, encountered, in the opening door, the sight of the no less horrified face of the maid-servant, coming in with a light to do what her mistress apprehended.

To give this article the termination fittest for it, such as leaves the reader with the most comprehensive sense upon him of profound rest, and of whatsoever conduces to lull and secure it, we shall conclude with a divine passage of Spenser, in which he combines, with the most poetical fiction, the most familiar feeling of truth. Morpheus, the god of sleep, has an impossible bed somewhere, on the borders of the sea,—on the shore of 'the world of waters wide and deep,' by which its curtains are washed. Observe how this fictitious bed is made real by every collateral circumstance :—

> 'And more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
> A trickling streame, from high rock tumbling downe,
> And ever-drizzling raine upon the loft,
> Mixed with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
> Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne.
> No other noise, nor people's troublous cries,
> As still as wont t' annoy the waelèd towne,
> Might there be heard ;—but carelesse quiet lyes,
> Wrapt in eternal silence—farre from enemyes.'
>
> *Fairy Queen*, book i. canto i. stanza 41.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

DIFFICULTY OF PROVING THAT A MAN IS NOT ACTUALLY IN A DISTANT PLACE, BY DINT OF BEING THERE IN IMAGINATION—VISIT OF THAT KIND TO SCOTLAND — SUGGESTION OF A BOOK-GEOGRAPHY; OF MAPS, IN WHICH NONE BUT POETICAL OR OTHERWISE INTELLECTUALLY-ASSOCIATED PLACES ARE SET DOWN—SCOTTISH, ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND ITALIAN ITEMS FOR SUCH MAPS—LOCAL LITERIZATIONS OF ROUSSEAU AND WORDSWORTH OBJECTED TO — ACTUAL ENRICHMENT OF THE COMMONEST PLACES BY INTELLECTUAL ASSOCIATIONS.

To the Editor of Tait's Magazine.

SIR,—

To write in your Magazine makes me feel as if I, at length, had the pleasure of being personally in Scotland, a gratification which I have not yet enjoyed in any other way. I dive into my channel of communication, like another Alpheus, and reappear in the shop of Mr. Tait; not pursuing, I trust, anything *fugitive*, but behaving very unlike a river-god, and helping to bring forth an Edinburgh periodical.

Nor will you, sir, who enter so much into the interests of your fellow-creatures, and know so well of what their faculties are capable, look upon this kind of presence as a thing so purely unreal as might be supposed. Our strongest proofs of the existence of anything amounts but to a proportionate belief to that effect; and it would puzzle a wise man, though not a fool, to prove to himself that I was not, in some spiritual measure, in any place where I chose to pitch my imagination. I notice this metaphysical subtlety merely, in the first place, to baulk your friend the Pechler, should he think it a settled thing that a man cannot be in two places at once (which would be a very green assumption of his); and, secondly, the better to impress a conviction which I have,—that I know Scotland very well, and have been there many times.

Whether we go to another country on these occasions, in the manner of a thing spiritual, our souls being pitched out of ourselves like rockets or meteors; or whether the country comes to

us, and our large souls are inhabited by it for the time being, upon the principle of the greater including the less,—the mind of man being a far more capacious thing than any set of square miles,—I shall leave the curious to determine; but if I am not intimate with the very best parts of Scotland, and have not seen them a thousand times, then do I know nothing of Burns, or Allan Ramsay, or Walter Scott, or Smollett, or Ossian, or James the First or Fifth, or snoods, or cockernonies, or gloamin', or birks and burnies, or plaids, bonnets, or phillabegs, or John Knox, or Queen Mary, or the Canongate, or the Calton Hill, or Hume and Robertson, or Tweedside, or a haggis, or cakes, or heather, or reels and strathspeys, or Glengarry, or all the clans, or Auld Robin Gray, or a mist, or rappee, or second sight, or the kirk, or the cutty-stool, or golf and hurling, or the Border, or Bruce and Wallace, or bagpipes, or bonnie lasses.

'A lover's plaid and a bed of heath,' says the right poetical Allan Cunningham, 'are favourite topics with the northern muse. When the heather is in bloom, it is worthy of becoming the couch of beauty. *A sea of brown blossom, undulating as far as the eye can reach, and swarming with wild bees, is a fine sight.*' Sir, I have seen it a million times, though I never set eyes on it.

Who that has ever read it, is not put into visual possession of the following scene in the 'Gentle Shepherd'?

> 'A flowrie howm between twa verdant braes,
> Where lasses used to wash and spread their claes;
> A trotting burnie, wimpling through the ground,
> Its channel pebbles shining smooth and round;
> Here view twa barefoot beauties, clean and clear.'

Or this?—

> 'The open field.—A cottage in a glen;
> An auld wife spinning at the sunny en'.'

Or this other, a perfect domestic picture?—

> 'While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
> Wi' a blue snood Jenny binds up her hair;
> Glaud by a morning ingle takes a beek,
> The rising sun shines motty through the reek:
> A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his een,
> And now and then a joke maun intervene.'

The globe we inhabit is divisible into two world; one hardly less tangible, and far more known than the other,—the common

geographical world, and the world of books; and the latter may be as geographically set forth. A man of letters, conversant with poetry and romance, might draw out a very curious map, in which this world of books should be delineated and filled up, to the delight of all genuine readers, as truly as that in Guthrie or Pinkerton. To give a specimen, and begin with Scotland,—Scotland would not be the mere territory it is, with a scale of so many miles to a degree, and such and such a population. Who (except a patriot or cosmopolite) cares for the miles or the men, or knows that they exist, in any degree of consciousness with which he cares for the never-dying population of books? How many generations of men have passed away, and will pass, in Ayrshire or Dumfries, and not all the myriads be as interesting to us as a single Burns? What have we known of them, or shall ever know, whether lairds, lords, or ladies, in comparison with the inspired ploughman? But we know of the bards and the lasses, and the places which he has recorded in song; we know the scene of 'Tam o' Shanter's' exploit; we know the pastoral landscapes above quoted, and the scenes immortalised in Walter Scott and the old ballads; and, therefore, the book-map of Scotland would present us with the most prominent of these. We should have the border, with its banditti, towns, and woods; Tweedside, Melrose, and Roslin, 'Edina,' otherwise called Edinburgh and Auld Reekie, or the town of Hume, Robertson, and others; Woodhouselee, and other classical and haunted places; the bower built by the fair hands of 'Bessie Bell' and 'Mary Gray;' the farmhouses of Burns's friends; the scenes of his loves and sorrows; the land of 'Old Mortality,' of the 'Gentle Shepherd' and of 'Ossian.' The Highlands, and the great blue billowy domains of heather, would be distinctly marked out, in their most poetical regions; and we should have the tracks of Ben Jonson to Hawthornden, of 'Rob Roy' to his hiding-places, and of 'Jeanie Deans' towards England. Abbotsford, be sure, would not be left out; nor the house of the 'Antiquary,'—almost as real a man as his author. Nor is this all: for we should have older Scotland, the Scotland of James the First, and of 'Peeblis at the Play,' and Gawin Douglas, and Bruce, and Wallace; we should have older Scotland still, the Scotland of Ariosto, with his tale of 'Ginevra,' and the new 'Andromeda,' delivered from the sea-monster at the Isle of Ebuda (the Hebrides); and there would be the residence of the famous 'Launcelot of the Lake,' at Berwick, called the Joyeuse

Garde, and other ancient sites of chivalry and romance; nor should the nightingale be left out in 'Ginevra's' bower, for Ariosto has put it there, and there, accordingly, it is and has been heard, let ornithology say what it will; for what ornithologist knows so much of the nightingale as a poet? We would have an inscription put on the spot—'Here the nightingale sings, contrary to what has been affirmed by White and others.'

This is the Scotland of books, and a beautiful place it is. I will venture to affirm, sir, even to yourself, that it is a more beautiful place than the other Scotland, always excepting to an exile or a lover; for the former is piqued to prefer what he must not touch; and, to the latter, no spot is so charming as the ugliest place that contains his beauty. Not that Scotland has not many places literally as well as poetically beautiful: I know that well enough. But you see that young man there, turning down the corner of the dullest spot in Edinburgh, with a dead wall over against it, and delight in his eyes? He sees No. 4, the house where the girl lives he is in love with. Now what that place is to him, all places are, in their proportion, to the lover of books, for he has beheld them by the light of imagination and sympathy.

China, sir, is a very unknown place to us,—in one sense of the word unknown: but who is not intimate with it as the land of tea, and *china*, and ko-tous, and pagodas, and mandarins, and Confucius, and conical caps, and people with little names, little eyes, and little feet, who sit in little bowers, drinking little cups of tea, and writing little odes? The Jesuits, and the teacups, and the novel of Ju-Kiao-Li, have made us well acquainted with it; better, a great deal, than millions of its inhabitants are acquainted—fellows who think it in the middle of the world, and know nothing of themselves. With *one* China they are totally unacquainted, to wit, the great China of the poet and old travellers, Cathay, 'seat of Cathian Can,' the country of which Ariosto's 'Angelica' was princess-royal; yes, she was a Chinese, 'the fairest of her sex, Angelica.' It shows that the ladies in that country must have greatly degenerated, for it is impossible to conceive that Ariosto, and Orlando, and Rinaldo, and King Sacripant, who was a Circassian, could have been in love with her for having eyes and feet like a pig. I will deviate here into a critical remark, which is, that the Italian poets seem to have considered people the handsomer the farther you went north. The old traveller, it is true, found a good deal of the beauty that

depends on red and white, in Tartary and other western regions; and a fine complexion is highly esteemed in the swarthy south. But 'Astolfo,' the Englishman, is celebrated for his beauty by the Italian poets; the unrivalled 'Angelica' was a Chinese; and the handsomest of Ariosto's heroes, 'Zerbino,' of whom he writes the famous passage, 'that nature made him, and then broke the mould,' was a *Scotchman*. The poet had probably seen some very handsome Scotchman in Romagna. With this piece of 'bribery and corruption' to your national readers, I return to my subject.

Book-England, on the map, would shine as the Albion of the old Giants; as the 'Logres' of the Knights of the Round Table; as the scene of Amadis of Gaul, with its *island* of Windsor; as the abode of fairies, of the Druids, of the divine Countess of Coventry, of Guy, Earl of Warwick, of 'Alfred' (whose reality was a romance), of the Fair Rosamond, of the *Arcades* and *Comus*, of Chaucer and Spenser, of the poets of the Globe and the Mermaid, the wits of Twickenham and Hampton Court. Fleet Street would be Johnson's Fleet Street; the Tower would belong to Julius Cæsar; and Blackfriars to Suckling, Vandyke, and the *Dunciad*. Chronology and the mixture of truth and fiction, that is to say, of one sort of truth and another, would come to nothing in a work of this kind, for, as it has been before observed, things are real in proportion as they are impressive. And who has not as 'gross, open, and palpable' an idea of 'Falstaff' in Eastcheap, as of 'Captain Grose' himself, beating up his quarters? A map of fictitious, literary, and historical London, would, of itself, constitute a great curiosity. So would one of Edinburgh, or of any other city in which there have been great men and romantic events, whether the latter were real or fictitious. Swift speaks of maps, in which they

'Place elephants for want of towns.'

Here would be towns and elephants too, the popular and the prodigious. How much would not Swift do for Ireland, in this geography of wit and talent! What a figure would not St. Patrick's Cathedral make! The other day, mention was made of a 'Dean of St. Patrick's' *now living*; as if there was, or ever could be, more than one Dean of St. Patrick's! In the Irish maps we should have the Saint himself driving out all venomous creatures; (what a pity that the most venomous retain a property as absentees!) and there would be the old Irish kings, and

O'Donoghue with his White Horse, and the lady of the 'gold wand' who made the miraculous virgin pilgrimage, and all the other marvels of lakes and ladies, and the Round Towers still remaining to perplex the antiquary, and Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village,' and Goldsmith himself, and the birth-places of Steele and Sterne, and the brief hour of poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Carolan with his harp, and the schools of the poor Latin boys under the hedges, and Castle Rackrent, and Edgeworth's town, and the Giant's Causeway, and Ginleas and other classical poverties, and Spenser's castle on the river Mulla, with the wood-gods whom his pipe drew round him. Ireland is wild ground still; and there are some that would fain keep it so, like a forest to hunt in.

The French map would present us with the woods and warriors of old Gaul, and Lucan's witch; with Charlemaine and his court at Tours; with the siege of Paris by the Saracens, and half the wonders of Italian poetry; with Angelica and Medoro; with the Castles of Orlando and Rinaldo, and the traitor Gan; with part of the great forest of Ardenne (Rosalind being in it); with the gentle territory of the Troubadours, and Navarre; with 'Love's Labour Lost,' and 'Vaucluse;' with Petrarch and Laura, and the pastoral scenes of D'Urfé's romance, and the 'Men-Wolves' of Brittany, and the 'Fairy of Lusignan.' Napoleon, also (for he too was a romance), should be drawn as a giant, meeting the allied forces in the neighbourhood of Paris.

Italy would be covered with ancient and modern romance; with Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Dante, Boccaccio, &c., with classical villas, and scenes Elysian and Infernal. There would be the region of Saturn during his Age of Gold, and the old Tuscan cities, and Phaeton in the north, and the sirens and fairies at Naples, and Polyphemus in Sicily, with the abodes of Boiardo and Ariosto, and Horace's Mount Soracte, and the Cross of St. Peter, and the city in the sea, and the golden scenes of Titian and Raphael, and other names that make us hear the music of their owners: Pythagoras also with his philosophy, and Petrarch with his lute. A circle of stars would tell us where Galileo lived; and the palace of Doria would look more than royal towards the sea.

I dare not, in this hasty sketch, and with limited time before me, indulge myself in other luxuries of recollection, or do anything more than barely mention the names of Spain, Fontarabia and Cervantes; of Greece; of Persia, and the *Arabian Nights*

of Mount Caucasus, and Turkey, and the Gothic north; of El Dorado and Columbus; or the sea-snakes, floating islands, and other marvels of the ocean; not forgetting the Atalantis of Plato, and the regions of Gulliver and Peter Wilkins. Neither can I have the pleasure of being suffocated with contemplating, at proper length, the burning deserts of Africa; or of hearing the ghastly sounds of its old Satyrs and Ægipans in their woody hills at night-time, described by Pomponius Mela; or of seeing the Stormy Spirit of the Cape, stationed there for ever by Camoens, and whose stature on the map would be like a mountain. You will be good enough to take this paper as nothing but a hint of what such a map might contain.

One word, however, respecting a heresy in fictitious belief, which has been uttered by Rousseau, and repeated, I am sorry to say, by our excellent poet Wordsworth, the man of all men who ought not to reduce a matter of fact to what might be supposed to be its poverty. Rousseau, speaking of the banks of the Lignon, where the scene of the old French romance is laid, expresses his disappointment at finding there nothing like the beautiful things he fancied in his childhood; and Mr. Wordsworth in his poem of *Yarrow, Visited and Unvisited*, utters a like regret, in speaking of the scene of the 'bonny bride—the winsome marrow.' I know there is such an opinion abroad, like many other errors; but it does not become men of imagination to give in to it; and I must protest against it, as a flat irreligion. I do not pretend to be as romantic in my conduct as the Genevese philosopher, or as poetical in my nature as the bard of Rydal Mount; but I have, by nature, perhaps, greater animal spirits than either; and a bit of health is a fine prism to see fancies by. It may be granted, for the sake of argument, that the book-Lignon and the book-Yarrow are still finer things than the Lignon and Yarrow geographical; but to be actually on the spot, to look with one's own eyes upon the places in which our favourite heroes or heroines underwent the circumstances that made us love them —this may surely make up for an advantage on the side of the description in the book; and, in addition to this, we have the pleasure of seeing how much has been done for the place by love and poetry. I have seen various places in Europe, which have been rendered interesting by great men and their works; and I never found myself the worse for seeing them, but the better. I seem to have made friends with them in their own houses: to have walked, and talked, and suffered, and enjoyed with them;

and if their books have made the places better, *the books themselves were there which made them so*, and which *grew out of them*. The poet's hand was on the place, blessing it. I can no more separate this idea from the spot, than I can take away from it any other beauty. Even in London, I find the principle hold good in me, though I have lived there many years, and, of course, associated it with every commonplace the most unpoetical. The greater still includes the less: and I can no more pass through Westminster, without thinking of Milton; or the Borough, without thinking of Chaucer and Shakspeare; or Gray's Inn, without calling Bacon to mind; or Bloomsbury Square, without Steele and Akenside—than I can prefer brick and mortar to wit and poetry, or not see a beauty upon it beyond architecture, in the splendour of the recollection. I once had duties to perform, which kept me out late at night, and severely taxed my health and spirits. My path lay through a neighbourhood in which Dryden lived: and though nothing could be more commonplace, and I used to be tired to the heart and soul of me, I never hesitated to go a little out of the way, purely that I might pass through Gerard Street, and so give myself the shadow of a pleasant thought.

I am, Sir, your cordial well-wisher,

A Lover of Books.

JACK ABBOTT'S BREAKFAST.

ANIMAL SPIRITS—A DOMINIE SAMPSON DRAWN FROM THE LIFE—MANY THINGS FALL OUT BETWEEN THE (BREAKFAST) CUP AND THE LIP—A MAGISTRATE DRAWN FROM THE LIFE—IS BREAKFAST EVER TO BE TAKEN, OR IS IT NOT?—THE QUESTION ANSWERED.

'WHAT a breakfast I *shall* eat!' thought Jack Abbott, as he turned into Middle Temple Lane, towards the chambers of his old friend and tutor Goodall. 'How I shall swill the tea! how cram down the rolls (especially the inside bits)! how apologise for "one cup more!"—But Goodall is an excellent old fellow—he won't mind. To be sure I'm rather late. The rolls, I'm afraid, will be cold, or double baked; but anything will be delicious. If I met a baker, I could eat his basket.'

Jack Abbott was a good-hearted, careless fellow, who had walked that morning from Hendon, to breakfast with his old friend by appointment, and afterwards consult his late father's lawyer. He was the son of a clergyman more dignified by rank than by solemnity of manners, but an excellent person too, who had some remorse in leaving a family of sons with little provision, but comforted himself with reflecting that he had gifted them with good constitutions and cheerful natures, and that they would 'find their legs somehow,' as indeed they all did; for very good legs they were, whether to dance away care with, or make love with, or walk seven miles to breakfast with, as Jack had done that morning; and so they all got on accordingly, and clubbed up a comfortable maintenance for the prebendary's widow, who, sanguine and loving as her husband, almost wept out of a fondness of delight, whenever she thought either of their legs or their affection. As to Jack himself, he was the youngest, and at present the least successful, of the brotherhood, having just entered upon a small tutorship in no very rich family; but his spirits were the greatest in the family (which is saying much), and if he was destined never to prosper so much as any of them in the ordinary sense, he had a relish of every little pleasure that presented itself, and a genius for neutralizing the disagreeable, which at least equalized his fate with theirs.

Well, Jack Abbott has arrived at the door of his friend's room. He knocks; and it is opened by Goodall himself, a thin grizzled personage, in an old great-coat instead of a gown, with lanthorn-jaws, shaggy eyebrows, and a most bland and benevolent expression of countenance. Like many who inhabit Inns of Court, he was not a lawyer. He had been a tutor all his life; and as he led only a book-existence, he retained the great blessing of it—a belief in the best things which he believed when young. The natural sweetness of his disposition had even gifted him with a politeness of manners which many a better-bred man might have envied; and though he was a scholar more literal than profound, and, in truth, had not much sounded the depths of anything but his tea-caddy, yet an irrepressible respect for him accompanied the smiling of his friends; and mere worldly men made no grosser mistake, than in supposing they had a right to scorn him with their uneasy satisfactions and misbelieving success. In a word, he was a sort of better-bred Dominie Sampson—a Goldsmith, with the genius taken out of him, but the goodness left—an angel of the dusty heaven of bookstalls and the British Museum.

Unfortunately for the hero of our story, this angel of sixty-five, unshaved, and with stockings down at heel, had a memory which could not recollect what had been told him six hours before, much less six days. Accordingly, he had finished his breakfast, and given his cat the remaining drop of milk long before his (in every sense of the word) late pupil presented himself within his threshold. Furthermore, besides being a lanthorn-jawed cherub, he was very short-sighted, and his ears were none of the quickest; so in answer to Jack's 'Well—eh—how d'ye do, my dear sir? —I'm afraid I'm very late,' he stood holding the door open with one hand, shading his winking eyes with the other, in order to concentrate their powers of investigation, and in the blandest tones of *unawareness* saying—

'Ah, dear me—I'm very—I beg pardon—I really—pray who is it I have the pleasure of speaking to?'

'What! don't you recollect me, my dear sir? Jack Abbott. I met you, you know, and was to come and——'

'Oh! Mr. Abbott, is it? What—ah—Mr. James Abbott, no doubt—or Robert. My dear Mr. Abbott, to think I should not see you!'

'Yes, my dear sir; and you don't see now that it is Jack, and not James? Jack, your last pupil, who plagued you so in the Terence.'

'Not at all, sir, not at all; no Abbott ever plagued me;—far too good and kind people, sir. Come in, pray; come in and sit down, and let's hear all about the good lady your mother, and how you all get on, Mr. James.'

'Jack, my dear sir, Jack; but it doesn't signify. An Abbot is an Abbot, you know; that is, if he is but fat enough.'

Goodall (*very gravely, not seeing the joke*). 'Surely you are quite fat enough, my dear sir, and in excellent health. And how is the good lady your mother?'

'Capitally well, sir (*looking at the breakfast-table*). I'm quite rejoiced to see that the breakfast-cloth is not removed; for I'm horribly late, and fear I must have put you out: but don't you take any trouble, my good sir. The kettle, I see, is still singing on the hob. I'll cut myself a piece of bread and butter immediately; and you'll let me scramble beside you as I used to do, and look at a book, and talk with my mouth full.'

Goodall. 'Ay, ay; what! you have come to breakfast, have you, my kind boy? that is very good of you, very good indeed. Let me see—let me see—my laundress has never been here this morning, but you won't mind my serving you myself—I have everything at hand.'

Abbott (*apart, and sighing with a smile*). 'He has forgotten all about the invitation! Thank ye, my dear sir, thank ye—I would a ologize, only I know you wouldn't like it; and to say the truth, I'm very hungry—hungry as a hunter—I've come all the way from Hendon.'

'Bless me! have you, indeed? and from Wendover too? Why, that is a very long way, isn't it?'

'Hendon, sir, not Wendover—Hendon.'

'Oh, Endor—ah—dear me (*smiling*), I didn't know there was an Endor in England. I hope there is—he! he!—no witch there, Mr. Abbott; unless she be some very charming young lady with a fortune.'

'Nay, sir, I think you can go nowhere in England, and not meet with charming young ladies.'

'Very true, sir, very true—England—what does the poet say? something about "manly hearts to guard the fair."—You have no sisters, I think, Mr. Abbott?'

'No; but plenty of female cousins.'

'Ah! very charming young ladies, I've no doubt, sir. Well, sir, there's your cup and saucer, and here's some fresh tea, and ——'

'I beg pardon,' interrupted Jack, who, in a fury of hunger and thirst, was pouring out what tea he could find in the pot, and anxiously looking for the bread; 'I can do very well with this—at any rate to begin with.'

'Just so, sir,' balmily returned Goodall. 'Well, sir, but I am sorry to see—eh, I really fear—certainly the cat—eh—what are we to do for milk? I'm afraid I must make you wait till I step out for some; for this laundress, when once she ——'

'Don't stir, I beg you,' ejaculated our hero; 'don't think of it, my dear sir. I can do very well without milk—I can indeed—I *often* do without milk.'

This was said out of an intensity of a sense to the contrary; but Jack was anxious to make the old gentleman easy.

'Well,' quoth Goodall, 'I have met with such instances, to be sure; and very lucky it is, Mr.—a—John—James I should say—that you do not care for milk; though I confess, for my part, I cannot do without it. But, bless me! heyday! well, if the sugar-basin, dear me, is not empty. Bless my soul! I'll go instantly—it is but as far as Fleet Street—and my hat, I think, must be under those pamphlets.'

'Don't think of such a thing, pray, dear sir,' cried Jack, half leaping from his chair, and tenderly laying his hand on his arm. 'You may think it odd; but sugar, I can assure you, is a thing I don't *at all* care for. Do you know, my dear Mr. Goodall, I have often had serious thoughts of leaving off sugar, owing to the slave trade?'

'Why that, indeed ——'

'Yes, sir; and probably I should have done it, had not so many excellent men, yourself among them, thought fit to continue the practice, no doubt after the greatest reflection. However, what with these perhaps foolish doubts, and the indifference of my palate to sweets, sugar is a mere drug to me, sir—a mere drug.'

'Well, but ——'

'Nay, dear sir, you will distress me if you say another word, upon the matter—you will indeed; see how I drink.' (And here Jack made as if he took a hasty gulp of his milkless and sugarless water.) 'The bread, my dear sir—the bread is all I require; just that piece which you were going to take up. You remember how I used to stuff bread, and fill the book I was reading with crumbs? I dare say the old Euripides is bulging out with them now.'

'Well, sir—ah—em—ah—well, indeed, you're very good, and, I'm sure, very temperate; but, dear me—well, this laundress of mine—I must certainly get rid of her thieving—rheumatism, I should say; but *butter!* I vow I do not ——'

'Butter!' interrupted our hero, in a tone of the greatest scorn. 'Why, I haven't eaten *butter* I don't know when. Not a step, sir, not a step. And now let me tell you I must make haste, for I've got to lunch with my lawyer, and he'll expect me to eat something; and in fact I'm so anxious, and feel so hurried, that now I have eaten a good piece of my hunk, I must be off, my good sir—I must, indeed.'

To say the truth, Jack's hunk was a good three days old, if an hour; and so hard,* that even his hunger and fine teeth could not find it in the hearts of them to relish it with the cold slop; so he had made up his mind to seek the nearest coffee-house as fast as possible, and there have the heartiest and most luxurious breakfast that could make amends for his disappointment. After reconciling the old gentleman, however, to his departure, he sat a little longer, out of decency and respect, listening, with a benevolence equal to his appetite, to the perusal of a long passage in Cowley, which Goodall had been reading when he arrived, and the recitation of which was prolonged by the inflictor with admiring repetitions, and bland luxuriations of comment.

'What an excellent good fellow he is!' thought Jack; 'and what a very unshaved face he has, and neglectful washerwoman!'

At length he found it the more easy to get away, inasmuch as Goodall said he was himself in the habit of going out about that time to a coffee-house to look at the papers, before he went the round of his pupils; but he had to shave first, and would not detain Mr. Abbott, if he *must* go.

Being once more out of doors, our hero rushes back like a tiger into Fleet Street, and plunges into the first coffee-house in sight.

'Waiter!'

'*Yessir.*'

* People of regular, comfortable lives, breakfasts, and conveniences, must be cautious how they take pictures like these for caricatures. The very letter of the adventure above described, with the exception of a few words, has actually happened. And so, with the same difference, has that of the sheep and hackney-coach, narrated in the *Disasters of Carfington Blundell.*

'Breakfast immediately. Tea, black and green, and all that.'

'*Yessir*. Eggs and toast, sir?'

'By all means.'

'*Yessir*. Any ham, sir?'

'Just so, and instantly.'

'*Yessir*. Cold fowl, sir?'

'Precisely; and no delay.'

'*Yessir*. Anchovy, perhaps, sir?'

'By all—eh?—no, I don't care for anchovy—but pray bring what you like; and above all, make haste, my good fellow—no delay—I'm as hungry as the devil.'

'*Yessir*—coming directly, sir. ('Good chap and great fool,' said the waiter to himself.) 'Like the newspaper, sir?'

'Thankye. Now for heaven's sake ——'

'*Yessir*—immediately, sir—everything ready, sir.'

'Everything ready!' thought Jack. 'Cheering sound! Beautiful place a coffee-house! Fine *English* place—everything so snug and at hand—so comfortable—so easy—have what you like, and without fuss. What a breakfast I *shall* eat! And the paper too—hum, hum (*reading*)—Horrid Murder—Mysterious Affair—Express from Paris—Assassination—intense. Bless me! what horrible things—how very comfortable. What toast I—— Waiter!'

Waiter, from a distance—'*Yessir*—coming, sir.'

In a few minutes everything is served up—the toast hot and rich—eggs plump—ham huge, &c.

'You've another slice of toast getting ready,' said Jack.

'*Yessir*.'

'Let the third, if you please, be thicker; and the fourth.'

'Glorious moment!' inwardly ejaculated our hero. He had doubled the paper conveniently, so as to read the 'Express from Paris' in perfect comfort; and before he poured out his tea, he was in the act of putting his hand to one of the inner pieces of toast, when—awful visitation!—whom should he see passing the window, with the evident design of turning into the coffee-house, but his too-carelessly and swiftly shaved friend Goodall. He was coming, of course, to read the papers. Yes, such was his horrible inconvenient practice, as Jack had too lately heard him say; and this, of all coffee-houses in the world, was the one he must needs go to.

What was to be done? Jack Abbott, who was not at all a

man of manœuvres, much less gifted with that sort of impudence which can risk hurting another's feelings, thought there was nothing left for him but to bolt; and accordingly, after hiding his face with the newspaper till Goodall had taken up another, he did so as if a bailiff was after him, brushing past the waiter who had brought it him, and who had just seen another person out. The waiter, to his astonishment, sees him plunge into another coffee-house over the way; then hastens back to see if anything be missing; and finding all safe, concludes he must have run over to speak to some friend, perhaps upon some business suddenly called to mind, especially as he seemed 'such a hasty gentleman.'

Meanwhile, Jack, twice exasperated with hunger, but congratulating himself that he had neither been seen by Goodall, nor tasted a breakfast unpaid for, has ordered precisely such another breakfast, and has got the same newspaper, and seated himself as nearly as possible in the very same sort of place.

'*Now*,' thought he, 'I am beyond the reach of chance. No such ridiculous hazard as this can find me here. Goodall cannot read the papers in two coffee-houses. By Jove! was there ever a man so hungry as I am? What a breakfast I *shall* eat!'

Enter breakfast served up as before—toast hot and rich—eggs plump—ham huge, &c. Homer himself, who was equally fond of a repetition and a good meal, would have liked to redescribe it. 'Glorious moment!' Jack has got the middle bit of toast in his fingers, precisely as before, when happening to cast his eye at the door, he sees the waiter of the former coffee-house pop his head in, look him full in the face, and as suddenly withdraw it. Back goes the toast on the plate; up springs poor Abbott to the door, and hardly taking time to observe that his visitant is not in sight, rushes forth for the second time, and makes out as fast as he can for a third coffee-house.

'Am I *never* to breakfast?' thought he. 'Nay, breakfast I will. People can't go into three coffee houses on purpose to go out again. But suppose the dog should have seen me! Not likely, or I should have seen him again. He may have gone and told the people; but I've hardly got out of the second coffee-house before I've found a third. Bless this confounded Fleet Street.—Most convenient place for diving in and out coffee-houses! Dr. Johnson's street—'High tide of human existence'—ready breakfasts. What a breakfast I *will* eat!'

Jack Abbott, after some delay, owing to the fulness of the

room, is seated as before—the waiter has *yessir'd* to their mutual content—the toast is done—Homeric repetition—eggs plump, ham huge, &c.

'By Hercules, who was the greatest twist of antiquity, what a breakfast I *will*, shall, must, and have now certainly *got* to eat! I could not have stood it any longer. Now, *now*, NOW, is the moment of moments.'

Jack Abbott has put his hand to the toast.

Unluckily, there were three pair of eyes which had been observing him all the while from over the curtain of the landlord's little parlour; to wit, the waiter's of the first tavern, the waiter's of the second, and the landlord's of the third. The two waiters had got in time to the door of tavern the second, to watch his entrance into tavern the third; and both communicating the singular fact to the landlord of the same, the latter resolved upon a certain mode of action, which was now to develop itself.

'Well,' said the first waiter, 'I've seen strange chaps in my time in coffee-houses; but this going about, ordering breakfasts which a man doesn't eat, beats everything! and he hasn't taken a spoon or anything as I see. He doesn't seem to be looking about him, you see; he reads the paper as quiet as an old gentleman.'

'Just for all the world as he did in our house,' said the second waiter; 'and he's very pleasant an' easy-like in his ways.'

'Pleasant and easy!' cried the landlord, whose general scepticism was sharpened by gout and a late loss of spoons. 'Yes, yes; I've seen plenty of your pleasant and easy fellows—palavering rascals, who come, hail-fellow-well-met, with a bit of truth mayhap in their mouths, just to sweeten a parcel of lies and swindling. 'Twas only last Friday I lost a matter of fifty shillings' worth of plate by such a chap; and I vowed I'd nab the next. Only let him eat one mouthful, just to give a right o' search, and see how I'll pounce on him.'

But Jack didn't eat one mouthful! No; not even though he was uninterrupted, and really had now a fair field before him, and was in the very agonies of hunger. It so happened, that he had hardly taken up the piece of toast above mentioned, when with a voluntary (as it seemed) and strange look of misgiving, *he laid it down again!*

'I'm blessed if he's touched it, after all,' said waiter the first. 'Well, this beats everything! See how he looks about him! He's feeling in his pockets though.'

'Ah, look at that!' says the landlord. 'He's a precious rascal, depend on't. I shouldn't wonder if he whisked something out of the next box; but we'll nab him. Let us go to the door.'

Mr. Abbott—Jack seems too light an appellation for one under his circumstances—looked exceedingly distressed. He gazed at the toast with a manifest sigh; then glanced cautiously around him; then again felt his pockets. At length, he positively showed symptoms of quitting his seat. It was clear he did not intend eating a bit of this breakfast, any more than of the two others.

'I'll be hanged if he ain't going to bolt again,' said the waiter.

'Nab him!' said the landlord.

The unhappy, and, as he thought, secret Abbott makes a desperate movement to the door, and is received into the arms of this triple alliance.

'Search his pockets!' cried the landlord.

'Three breakfasts, and ne'er a one of 'em eaten!' cried first waiter.

'Breakfasts afore he collects his spoons,' cried second.

Our hero's pockets were searched almost before he was aware; and nothing found but a book in an unknown language, and a pocket-handkerchief. He encouraged the search, however, as soon as his astonishment allowed him to be sensible of it, with an air of bewildered resignation.

'He's a Frenchman,' said first waiter.

'He hasn't a penny in his pockets,' said second.

'What a villain!' said the landlord.

'You're under a mistake—you are, upon my soul!' cried poor Jack. 'I grant it's odd; but ——'

'Bother and stuff!' said the landlord; 'where did you put my spoons last Friday?'

'Spoons!' echoed Jack; 'why, I haven't eaten even a bit of your breakfast.'

By this time all the people in the coffee-room had crowded into the passage, and a plentiful mob was gathering at the door.

'Here's a chap has had three breakfasts this morning,' exclaimed the landlord, 'and eat ne'er a one.'

'Three breakfasts!' cried a broad, dry-looking gentleman in spectacles, with a deposition-taking sort of face; 'how could he possibly do that? and why did you serve him?'

'Three breakfasts in three different houses, I tell you,' said the landlord; 'he's been to *my* house, and to *this* man's house, and to *this* man's; and we've searched him, and he hasn't a penny in his pocket.'

'That's it,' exclaimed Jack, who had, in vain, tried to be heard; 'that's the very reason.'

'What's the very reason?' said the gentleman in spectacles.

'Why, I was shocked to find, just now, that I had left my purse at home, in the hurry of coming out, and ——'

'Oh! oh!' cried the laughing audience; 'here's the policeman: he'll settle him.'

'But how does that explain the two other breakfasts?' returned the gentleman.

'Not at all,' said Jack.

'Impudent rascal!' said the landlord. Here the policeman is receiving a by-explanation, while Jack is raising his voice to proceed.

'I mean,' said he, 'that *that* doesn't explain it; but I can explain it.'

'Well, how, my fine fellow?' said the gentleman, hushing the angry landlord, who had, meanwhile, given our hero in charge.

'Don't lay hands on me, any of you,' cried our hero; 'I'll go quietly anywhere, if you let me alone; but first let me explain.'

'Hear him, hear him!' cried the spectators; 'and watch your pockets.'

Here Jack, reasonably thinking that nothing would help him out if the truth did not, but not aware that the truth does not always have its just effect, especially when of an extraordinary description, gave a rapid, but reverent statement of the character of his friend in the neighbourhood, whose breakfast had been so inefficient: then an account (all which excited laughter and derision) of his going into the first coffee-house, and seeing his friend come in (which, nevertheless, had a great effect on the first waiter, who knew the old gentleman), and so on of his subsequent proceedings; a development which succeeded in pacifying both the waiters, who had, in fact, lost nothing; so, coming to an understanding with one another, they slipped away, much to the anger and astonishment of the landlord. This personage, whose whole man, since he left off his active life, had become affected with drams and tit-bits, and whose irritability was aggravated by

the late loss of his spoons, persisted in giving poor unbreakfasted Jack in charge, especially when he found that he would not send for a character to the friend he had been speaking of, and that he had no other in town but a lawyer, who lived at the end of it. And so off goes our hero to the police-office.

'You, perhaps, any more than my irritable friend here, don't know the sort of literary old gentleman I have been speaking of,' said Jack to the policeman, as they were moving along.

'Can't say I do, sir,' said the policeman, a highly respectable individual of his class, clean as a pink, and dull as a pikestaff.

'No, nor no one else,' said the landlord. 'Who's a man as can't be sent for? He's neither here nor there.'

'That's true enough,' observed Jack; 'he's in Rome or Greece by this time, at some pupil's house; but, wherever he is, I can't send to him. With what face could I do it, even if possible, in the midst of all this fuss about a breakfast?'

'Fuss about white broth, you mean?' said the landlord; 'my Friday spoons are prettily melted by this time; but Mr. Kingsley will fetch all that out.'

'Then he will be an alchemist cunninger than Raymond Lully,' said our hero. 'But what is your charge, pray, after all?'

'False pretences, sir,' said the policeman.

'False pretences!'

'Yes, sir. You comes, you see, into the gentleman's house under the pretence of eating breakfast, and has none; and that's false pretences.'

'That is, supposing I intended them to be false.'

'Yes, sir. In course I don't mean to say as—I only says what the gentleman says.—Every man by law is held innocent till he's found guilty.'

'You are a very civil, reasonable man,' said our warm-hearted hero, grateful at this unlooked-for admittance of something possible in his favour; 'I respect you. I have no money, nor even a spoon to beg your acceptance of; but pray take this book. It's of no use to me; I've another copy.'

'Mayn't take anything in the execution of my office,' said the man, giving a glance at the landlord, as if he might have done otherwise, had he been out of the way. 'Thank'ee all the same, sir; but ain't allowed to have no *turgiwarsation*.'

'Yet your duties are but scantily paid, I believe,' said Jack.

'However, you've a capital breakfast, no doubt, before you set out?'

'Not by the reg'lations, sir,' said the policeman.

'But you have by seven or eight o'clock?' said Jack, smiling at his joke.

'Oh, yes, tight enough, as to that,' answered the policeman, smiling; for the subject of eating rouses the wits of everybody.

'Hot toast, eggs, and all that, I suppose?' said Jack, heaving a sigh betwixt mirth and calamity.

'Can't say I take eggs,' returned the other; 'but I takes a bit o' cold meat, and a good lot o' bread and butter.' And here he looked radiant with the reminiscence.

'Lots of bread and butter,' thought Jack; 'what bliss! I'll have bread and butter when I breakfast, not toast—it's more hearty—and, besides, you get it sooner: bread is sooner spread than toasted—thick, thick—I hear the knife plastering the edge of the crust before it cuts. Agony of expectation! When *shall* I breakfast?'

'The office!' cried the landlord, hurrying forward; and in two minutes our hero found himself in a crowded room; in which presided the all-knowing and all-settling Mr. Kingsley. This gentleman, who died not long after policemen came up, was the last lingering magistrate of the old school. He was a shortish stout man, in powder, with a huge vinous face, a hasty expression of countenance, Roman nose, and large lively black eyes; and he always kept his hat on, partly for the most dignified reason in the world, because he represented the sovereign magistracy, and partly for the most undignified; to wit, a cold in the head; for to this visitation he had a perpetual tendency, owing to the wine he took over-night, and the draughts of air which beset him every morning in the police-office. Irritability was his weak side, like the landlord's; but then, agreeably to the inconsistency in that case made and provided, he was very intolerant of the weakness in others. To sum up his character, he was very loyal to his king; had a great reverence for all the bygone statesmen of his youth, especially such as were orators and lords; indeed, had no little tendency to suppose all rich men respectable, and to let them escape too easily if brought before him; but was severe in proportion with what are called 'decent' men and tradesmen, and very kind to the poor; and if he loved anything better than his dignity, it was a good bottle of port, and an ode of Horace. He had not the wit of a Fielding or Dubois; but he had a spice

of their scholarship; and while taking his wine, would nibble you the beginnings of half the odes of his favourite poet, as other men do a cake or biscuit.

To our hero's dismay, a considerable delay took place before the landlord's charge could be heard. Time flew, hunger pressed, breakfast drew farther off, and the son of the jovial prebendary learned what it was to feel the pangs of the want of a penny, for he could not buy even a roll. 'Immortal Goldsmith!' thought he; 'poor Savage! amazing Chatterton! pathetic Otway! fine old lay-bishop Johnson! venerable, surly man! is it possible that you ever felt this! felt it to-morrow too; and next day; and next! Ill does it become *me* then, Jack Abbott, to be impatient; and yet, O table-cloth! O thick slices! O tea! when *shall* I breakfast?'

The case at length was brought on, and the testimony of the absent witnesses admitted by our hero with a nonchalance which disgusted the magistrate, and began to rouse his bile. What irritated him the more was, that he saw there would be no proving anything, unless the criminal (whom for the very innocence of his looks he took for an impudent offender) should somehow or other commit himself; which he thought not very likely. In fact, as nothing had been eaten, and nothing found on the person, there was no real charge; and Mr. Kingsley had a very particular secret reason, as we shall see presently, why he could not help feeling that there was one point strongly in the defendant's favour. But this only served to irritate him the more.

'Well now, you sir—Mr. What'syourname,' quoth he, in a huffing manner, and staring from under his hat; 'what is your wonderful explanation of this very extraordinary habit of taking three breakfasts: eh, sir? You seem mighty cool upon it.'

'Sir,' answered our hero, whose good nature gifted him with a certain kind of address, 'it is out of no disrespect to yourself that I am cool. You may well be surprised at the circumstances under which I find myself; but in addressing a gentleman and a man of understanding, and giving him a plain statement of the facts, I have no doubt he will discover a veracity in it which escapes eyes less discerning.'

Here the landlord, who instinctively saw the effect which this exordium would have upon Kingsley, could not help muttering the word 'palaver,' loud enough to be heard.

'Silence!' exclaimed the magistrate. 'Keep your vulgar

words to yourself, sir. And hark'ee, sir, take your hat off, sir! How dare you come into this office with your hat on?'

'Sir, I have a very bad cold, and I thought that in a public office ——'

'Sir,' returned Kingsley, who was doubly offended at this excuse about the cold, 'think us none of your thoughts, sir. Public office! Public-house, I suppose you mean. Nobody wears his hat in this office but myself; and I only do it as the representative of a greater power. Hat, indeed! I suppose some day or other we shall all have the privilege of my Lord Kinsale, and wear our hats in the royal presence.'

Jack gave his account of the whole matter, which, from a certain ignorance it exhibited of the ways of the town, did appear a little romantic to his interrogator; but the latter, besides knowing our hero's lawyer, was not unacquainted with the character of Goodall, 'who,' said he, 'is known to everybody.'

'Probably, sir,' observed the landlord; 'but for that reason may not this person have heard of him, and so pretend to be his acquaintance? He calls himself Abbott, but that is not the name in the French book he's got about him.'

'Let me see the book,' cried Kingsley. 'French book! It is a Latin book, and a very good book too, and an Elzevir. "*Ex libris Caroli Gibson*, 1743."—A pretty age for the person before us truly—a very hale, hearty young gentleman, some ninety years old, or thereabouts.' (Here a laugh all over the office; which, together with the sight of the Horace, put Kingsley into the greatest good humour.) 'You are thinking, I guess, Mr.—a —Abbott, of the "*Odi profanum vulgus*," I take it; and wishing you could add, "*et arceo*."'*

'Why, to tell you the truth,' answered Jack, 'I cannot deny a wish to that effect; but my main thought, for these five hours past, has been rather of the "*Nunc est bibendum*," † only substituting teacups for goblets.'

'Very good, sir, very good; and doubtless you admire the "*Persicos odi*," and the "*Quid dedicatum*," and that beautiful ode, the "*Vides ut altâ*"?' ‡

'I do, indeed,' said Jack; 'and I trust that one of your favourites, like mine, is the "*Integer vitæ scelerisque purus*"!'

* 'I hate the profane vulgar,—and drive them away.'

† 'Now for drinking.'

‡ Various beginnings of other odes.

'"*Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu,*"

(added Kingsley, unable to avoid going on with the quotation),

'"*Nec venenatis gravidâ sagittis,*
Fusce, pharetrâ,"

There's something very charming in that "*Fusce, pharetrâ*"—so short and pithy, and elegant; and then the pleasant, social familiarity of *Fusce*.'

'Just so,' said Jack; 'you hit the true relish of it to a nicety!'

'*Fussy fair-eater!*' muttered the landlord. 'A great deal more *fuss* than *fair eating*. My time's lost—that's certain.'

Kingsley could not resist a few more returns to his favourite pages; but suddenly recollecting himself, he looked grand and a little turbulent, and said—

'Well, Mr.—a—Landlord—What'syourname,—what's the charge here, after all? for, on my conscience, I cannot see any; and, for my part, I thoroughly believe the gentleman; and I'll give you another reason for it, besides knowing this Mr. Goodall. It may not be thought very dignified in me to own it, but dignity must give way to justice—"*Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum*"—and to say the truth I, I myself, Mr. Landlord - whatever you may think of the confession—came from home this morning without remembering my purse.'

In short, the upshot was, that the worthy magistrate, seeing Bidds' impatience at this confession, and warming the more towards his Horatian friend, not only proceeded to throw the greatest ridicule on the charge, but gave Jack a note to the nearest tavern-keeper, desiring him to furnish the gentleman with a breakfast at his expense, and stating the reason why. He then proclaimed aloud, as he was directing it, what he had done; and added, that he should be very happy to see so intelligent and very innocent a young gentleman, whenever he chose to call upon him.

With abundance of acknowledgments, and in raptures at the now certain approach of the bread and butter, Jack made his way out of the office, and proceeded for the tavern

'At *last* I have thee!' cried he, internally, 'O most fugacious of meals—what a repast I will make of it! What a breakfast I *shall* have! Never will a breakfast have been so *intensified*.'

Jack Abbott, with the note in his hand, arrived at the tavern,

went up the steps, hurried through the passage. Every inch of the way was full of hope and bliss. He sees the bar in an angle round the corner, and is hastening into it with the magical document, when lo! whom should his eyes light on but the plaintiff, Bidds himself, detailing his version of the story to the new landlord, and evidently poisoning his mind with every syllable.

Our modest, albeit not timid, hero, raging with hunger as he was, could not stand this. A man of more confident face might not unreasonably have presented his note, and stood the brunt of the uncomfortableness; but Jack Abbott, with all his apparent thoughtlessness, had one of those natures which feel for the improprieties of others, even when they themselves have no sense of them; and he had not the heart to outface the vindictiveness of Bidds. To say the truth, Bidds, who was a dull fellow, had some reason to be suspicious; and Jack felt this too, and retreating accordingly, made haste to take the long step to his lawyer's.

'Now the lawyer,' quoth he, soliloquizing, 'I have never seen; but he was an intimate friend of my father's; so intimate, that I can surely take a household liberty with him, and fairly accept his breakfast, if he offers it, as of course he will; and I shall plainly tell him that I prefer breakfast to lunch; in short, that I have made up my mind to have it, even if I wait till dinner-time, or tea-time; and he'll laugh, and we shall be jolly, and so I shall get my breakfast at last. Exquisite moment! What a breakfast I *shall* have!'

The lawyer, Mr. Pallinson, occupied a good large house, with the marks of plenty on it. Jack hailed the sight of the fire blazing in the kitchen. 'Delicious spot!' thought he; 'kettle, pantry, and all that—comfortable maid-servant too; hope she has milk left, and will cut the bread and butter. A home too—good family house. Sure of being comfortable there. Taverns not exactly what I took 'em for—not hospitable—not *fiducial*—don't trust; don't know an honest man when they see him.—What slices!'

But a little baulk presented itself. Jack unfortunately rang at the *office*-bell instead of the *house*, and found himself among a parcel of clerks. Mr. Pallinson was out—not expected at home till evening—had gone to Westminster on special business—and at such times always dined at the Mendip Coffee-house. Jack, in desperation, fairly stated his case. No result but 'Strange, indeed, sir,' from one of the clerks, and a general look-up from

their desks on the part of the others. Not a syllable of 'Won't you stop, sir?' or 'The servant can easily give you breakfast;' or any of those fond succedaneums for the master's presence, which our hero's simplicity had fancied. Furthermore, no Mrs. Pallinson existed, to whom he might have applied; and he had not the face to ask for any minor goddess of the household. Blushing, and stammering a 'Good-morning,' he again found himself in the wide world of pavement and houses. He had got, however, his lawyer's direction at the coffee-house, and thither accordingly he betook himself, retracing great part of his melancholy steps.

Had our hero, instead of having passed his time at college and in the country, been at all used to living in London, he would have set himself down comfortably at once in this or any other coffee-house, ordered what he pleased, and despatched a messenger in the meanwhile to anybody he wanted. But under all the circumstances, he was resolved, for fear of encountering further disappointment, to endure whatsoever pangs remained to him for the rest of the time, and wait till he saw his solicitor come in to dinner. In vain the waiters gave him all encouragement—'Knew Mr. Pallinson well'—'a most excellent gentleman'—had 'recommended many gentlemen to their house.'—Would you like anything, sir, before he comes?'—'Like to look at the paper?' and the paper was laid, huge and crisp, before him.

'Ah!' thought Jack with a sigh, 'I know that sound—no, I'll certainly wait. Five o'clock isn't far off, and then I'm certain. What a breakfast I shall now have, when it *does* come. I'll wait, if I die first, so as to have it in perfect comfort.'

At length five o'clock strikes, and almost at the same moment enters Mr. Pallinson. He was a brisk, good-humoured man, who had the happy art of throwing off business with the occasion for it; and he acknowledged our hero's claims at once, in a jovial voice, 'from his likeness to his excellent friend, the prebendary.'

'Don't say a word more, my dear sir—not a word; your eyes and face tell all. Here, John, plates for two. You'll dine of course with your father's old friend? or would you like a private room?'

Jack's heart felt itself at home at once with this cordiality. He said he was very thankful for the offer of the private room, especially for a reason which he would explain presently. Having entered it, he opened into the history of his morning; and by

laughing himself, warranted Pallinson in the bursts of laughter which he would have had the greatest difficulty to restrain. But the good and merry lawyer, who understood both a joke and a comfort to the depth, entered heartily into Jack's whim of still having his breakfast, and it was accordingly brought up—not, however, without a guarded explanation on the part of the Westminster Hall man, who had a professional dislike to seeing anybody committed in the eyes of the ignorant; so he told the waiter that 'his friend here had got up so late, and kept such fashionable hours, he must needs breakfast while himself was dining.' The waiter bowed with great respect; 'and so,' says the shrewd attorney, 'no harm's done; and now, my dear Mr. Abbott, peg away.'

Jack needed not this injunction to lay his hand upon the prey. The bread and butter was now actually before him; not so thick, indeed, as he had pictured to himself; but there it was, real, right-earnest bread and butter; and since the waiter had turned his back, three slices could be rolled into one, and half of the coy aggregation clapped into the mouth at once. The lump was accordingly made, the fingers whisked it up, and the mouth was ready opened to swallow, when the waiter again throws open the door—

'Mr. Goodall, sir.'

'Breakfast is abolished with me,' thought Jack; 'there's no such thing. Henceforward I shall not attempt it.'

The prebendary, the lawyer, and Goodall were all well known to each other; but this is not what had brought him hither. The waiter at his coffee-house, where he went to read the papers, and where Jack had had his first mischance, had returned home before the old gentleman had finished his morning's journal, and told him what, to his dusty apprehension, appeared the most confused and unaccountable story in the world, of Mr. Abbott having ordered three breakfasts and been taken to jail. In his benevolent uneasiness, he could hardly get through his day's work, which unfortunately called him so far as Hackney; but as soon as it was over, he hastened in a coach to Pallinson's, and coming there just after Jack had gone, had followed him, in less uneasiness of mind, to the tavern.

'Well, sir—eh, sir?—why, my dear Mr. Abbott—John—James I should say—why, what a dance you have led me to find you out! and very glad I am, I'm sure, sir, to find you so comfortably situated, with our good friend here, after the story which

that foolish, half-witted fellow, William, told me at the coffee-house. Well, sir—eh—and now—I beg pardon—but pray what is it, and can I do anything for you? I suppose not—eh—ah? for here's our excellent friend, Mr. Pallinson—*he* does everything of that sort—bailiff and house—yes, sir, and no doubt it's all right—only, if I *am* wanted, you'll say so; and so, sir—eh—ah—well—but don't let me interrupt your *tea*, I beg.'

'Luckiest of innocent fancies!' thought our hero, relieved from a load of misgiving. 'He thinks I'm at *tea*!'

Jack plunged again at the bread and butter, and at last actually realised it in his mouth. His calamities were over! He was in the act of breakfasting!

'I'm afraid, too,' said Goodall,—'eh, my dear sir?—that the very sparing breakfast you took at my chambers—eh—ah—my, my dear Mr. John—must have contributed not a little to—to—yes, sir. Well, but pray now what was the trouble you had, of which that foolish fellow told me such flams? I'm afraid—yes, indeed—I've had great fears sometimes that he ventures to tell me stories—things untrue, sir.'

'God bless him and you, both of you,' thought Abbott. 'You're a delicious fellow.—Why, my dear, good sir,' continued he, always eating, and at the same time racking his brains for an invention,—'I beg your pardon—I'm eating a little too fast ——'

Here he made signs of uneasiness in the throat.

'The fact is,' said Pallinson, coming to the rescue (for he knew that the whole business would fade from Goodall's mind next day, or be remembered so dimly that the waiter would hear no more of it,) 'the fact is, Mr. Abbott met *me* in Temple Lane, where I had been summoned on business so early that I had not breakfasted; and he said he would order breakfast for me at your coffee-house; and I not coming, he came out to look for me, and found me discussing a matter at another tavern door, with a policeman, who had been sent for to take up a swindler; and hence, my good sir, all this stuff about the jail and the two breakfasts, for there were only two; but you know how stories accumulate.'

'Very deplorably, indeed, sir,' said Goodall; 'it always was so, and—eh—ah—yes, sir—I fear always will be.'

'I beg pardon,' interrupted Jack; 'but may I trouble you for that loaf? These slices are very thin, and I'm so ravenously hungry, that——'

'Glorious moment!' The inward ejaculation was at last a true one. The sturdy slices beautifully made their appearance from under the sharp, robust-going, and butter-plastering knife of Jack Abbott. Even the hot toast was called for—Goodall having 'vowed' he'd take his tea also, since they were all three met. The eggs were also contrived, and plump went the spoon upon their tops in the egg-cup. The huge ham furthermore was not wanting. And then the well-filled and thrice-filled breakfast-cup;—excellent was its strong and well-milked tea, between black and green, 'with an eye of tawny in it;' something with a body, although most liquidly refreshing. Jack doubled his thick slices; he took huge bites; he swilled his tea, as he had sworn in thought he would; and he had the eggs on one side of him, and the ham on the other, and his friends before him, and was as happy as a prince escaped into a foreign land (for no prince in possession knows such moments as these); and when he had at length finished, talking and laughing all the while, or hearing talk and laugh, he pushed the breakfast cup aside, and said to himself,

'I'VE HAD IT!—BREAKFAST hath been mine!—And now, my dear Mr. Pallinson, I'll take a glass of your port.'

ON SEEING A PIGEON MAKE LOVE.

'Ut albulus columbus, aut Adoneus?'—CATULLUS.
Which is he? Pigeon, or Adonis?

FRENCH INTERMIXTURE OF PROSE AND VERSE—COURTSHIP OF PIGEONS—A WORD IN PITY FOR RAKES—STORY OF ONE BAFFLED—INSTINCTIVE SAMENESS OF THE CONDUCT OF THE LOWER ANIMALS QUESTIONED—POPE'S OPINION RESPECTING INSTINCT AND REASON—HUMAN IMPROVABILITY—FITNESS OF SOME OF THE LOWER ANIMALS FOR GOING TO HEAVEN NOT LESS CONCEIVABLE THAN THAT OF SOME OTHERS—DOVES AT MAIANO—OVID'S BIRD-ELYSIUM.

THE French have a lazy way, in some of their compositions, of writing prose and verse alternately. The author, whenever it is convenient for him to be inspired, begins dancing away in rhyme. The fit over, he goes on as before, as if nothing had happened. We have essays in prose and verse by Cowley (a delightful book) in which the same piece contains both; but with one exception, they are rather poems with long prefaces.

If ever this practice is allowable, it is to a periodical writer in love with poetry. He is obliged to write prose; he is tormented with the desire of venting himself in rhyme; he rhymes, and has not leisure to go on. Behold us, as a Frenchman would say, with our rhyme and our reason!

The following verses were suggested by a sight of a pigeon making love. The scene took place in a large sitting-room, where a beau might have followed a lady up and down with as bustling a solicitation: he could not have done it with more. The birds had been brought there for sale; but they knew no more of this than two lovers whom destiny has designs upon. The gentleman was as much at his ease as if he had been a Bond Street lounger pursuing his fair in a solitary street. We must add, as an excuse for the abruptness of the exordium, that the house belonged to a poet of our acquaintance, who was in the room at the same time.*

* Lord Byron. The house was the Casa Saluzzi, at Albaro, near Genoa.

Is not the picture strangely like?
Doesn't the very bowing strike?
Can any art of love in fashion
Express a more prevailing passion?
That air—that sticking to her side—
That deference, ill concealing pride,—
That seeming consciousness of coat,
And repetition of one note,—
Ducking and tossing back his head,
As if at every bow he said,
'Madam, by Heaven,'—or 'Strike me dead.'

And then the lady! look at her:
What bridling sense of character!
How she declines, and seems to go,
Yet still endures him to and fro;
Carrying her plumes and pretty clothings,
Blushing stare, and mutter'd nothings,
Body plump, and airy feet,
Like any charmer in a street.

Give him a hat beneath his wing,
And is not he the very thing?
Give her a parasol or plaything,
And is not she the very she-thing?

Our companion, who had run the round of the great world, seemed to be rather mortified than otherwise at this spectacle. It was certainly calculated, at first blush, to damp the pride of the circles: but upon reflection, it seemed to afford a considerable lift to beaux and belles in ordinary. It seemed to show how much of instinct, and of the common unreflecting course of things, there is even in the gallantries of those who flatter themselves that they are vicious. Nobody expects wisdom in these persons; and if they can be found to be less guilty than is supposed, the gain is much: for, as to letting the dignity of human nature depend upon theirs, on the one hand, or expecting to bring about any change in their conduct by lecturing them on their faults, on the other, it is a speculation equally hopeless.

If a man of pleasure 'about town' is swayed by anything, it is by a fear of becoming ridiculous. If he must continue in his old courses, it is pleasant to know him for what he is, and that pigeons are not confined to the gaming-table.

We followed once a young man of fashion in and out a variety of streets at the west end of the town, through which he was haunting a poor blushing damsel, who appeared to be at once distressed by him and endangered. We thought she seemed to

be wishing for something to turn the scale in favour of her self-denial; and we resolved to furnish it. Could the consequences of his success have rested entirely with himself, we saw enough of the *pigeon* in him not to have been so ill-bred as to 'spoil sport;' but considering, as times go, that what is sport to the gentleman in these cases is very often death to the lady, we found ourselves compelled to be rude and conscientious. In vain he looked round every now and then, putting on his best astonishment, and cursing, no doubt, 'the indelicacy of the fellow.' There we were, low and insolent,—sticking to his skirts, wondering whether he would think us of importance enough for a challenge, and by what bon-mot or other ingenious baffling of his resentment, we should contrive at once to save our life and the lady. At length, he turns abruptly across the street, and we followed the poor girl, till she was at a safe distance. We caught but one other glimpse of her face, which was as red as scarlet. We fancied, when all was safe, that some anger against her deliverer might mingle with her blushes, and were obliged to encourage ourselves against a sort of shame for our interference. We wished we could have spoken to her; but this was impossible; nay, considering the mutual tenderness of our virtue at that instant, might have been dangerous. So we made our retreat in the same manner as our gentleman; and have thought of her face with kindness ever since.

To return to our pigeons:—the description given in the verses is true to the letter. The reader must not think it a poetical exaggeration. If he has ever witnessed an exhibition of the kind, he has no conception of the high human hand with which these pigeons carry it. The poets, indeed, time out of mind, have taken amatory illustrations from them; but the literal courtship surpasses them all. One sight of a pigeon paying his addresses would be sufficient to unsettle in our minds all those proud conclusions which we draw respecting the difference between reason and instinct. If this is mere instinct as distinguished from reason, if a bird follows another bird up and down by a simple mechanical impulse, giving himself all the airs and graces imaginable, exciting as many in his mistress, and uttering every moment articulate sounds which we are no more bound to suppose deficient in meaning than a pigeon would be warranted in supposing the same of our own speech, then reason itself may be no more than a mechanical impulse. It has nothing better to show for it. Our mechanism may possess a greater variety of

movements, and be more adapted to a variety of circumstances; but if there is not variety here, and an adaptation to circumstances, we know not where there is. If it be answered, that pigeons would never make love in any other manner, under any circumstances, we do not know that. Have people observed them sufficiently to know that they always make love equally well? If they have varied at any time, they may vary again. Our own modes of courtship are undoubtedly very numerous; and some of them are as different from others, as the courtship of the pigeon itself from that of the hog. But though we are observers of ourselves, have we yet observed other animals sufficiently to pronounce upon the limits of their capacity? We are apt to suppose that all sheep and oxen resemble one another in the face. The slightest observation convinces us that their countenances are as various as those of men. How are we to know that the shades and modifications of their character and conduct are not as various? A well-drilled nation would hardly look more various in the eyes of a bee, than a swarm of bees does in our own. The minuter differences in our conduct would escape them for want of the habit of observing us, and because their own are of another sort. How are we to say that we do not judge them as ill? Every fresh speculation into the habits and manners of that singular little people, produces new and extraordinary discoveries. The bees in *Buffon's time* were in the habit, when they built their hives, of providing for a certain departure from the more obvious rules of architecture, which at a particular part of the construction became necessary. Buffon ingeniously argued, that because they always practised this secret geometry, and never did otherwise, their apparent departure itself was but another piece of instinct; and he concluded that they always had done so, and always would. Possibly they will; but the conclusion is not made out by his argument. A being who knows how to build better than we do, might as well assert, that because we have not arrived at certain parts of his knowledge, we never shall. Observe the vast time which it takes us, with all our boasted reason, to attain to improvements in our own arts and sciences: think how little we know after all; what little certainty we have respecting periods which are but as yesterday, compared with the mighty lapse of time; and judge how much right we have to say, This we never did—This we shall never be able to do.

We have read of some beavers, that when they were put into a situation very different from their ordinary one, and incited to

build a house, they set about their work in a style as ingeniously adapted as possible to their new circumstances. Buffon might say, they had been in this situation before; he might also argue that they were provided with an instinct against the emergency. One argument appears to me as good as the other. But under the circumstances, he might tell us, that they would probably act with stupidity. And what is done by many human beings? Is our reason as good for us all on one occasion as another? The individuals of the same race of animals are not all equally clever, any more than ourselves. The more they come under our inspection (as in the case of dogs), the more varieties we discern in their characters and understandings. The most philosophical thing hitherto said on this subject appears to be that of Pope.

'I shall be very glad,' said Spence, 'to see Dr. Hales, and always love to see him, he is so worthy and good a man.' POPE.—'Yes, he is a very good man; only I'm sorry he has his hands so much imbrued in blood.' SPENCE.—'What! he cuts up rats?' POPE.—'Ay, and dogs too!' (With what emphasis and concern, says the relater, he spoke it.) 'Indeed, he commits most of these barbarities with the thought of being of use to man; but how do we know that we have a right to kill creatures that we are so little above as dogs, for our curiosity, or even for some use to us?' SPENCE.—'I used to carry it too far: I thought they had reason as well as we.' POPE.—'So they have, to be sure. All our disputes about that are only disputes about words. Man has reason enough only to know what is necessary for him to know, and dogs have just that too.' SPENCE.—'But then they have souls too, as imperishable in their nature as ours?' POPE.—'And what harm would that be to us?'

All this passage is admirable, and helps to make us love, as we ought to do, a man who has contributed so much to the entertainment of the world.

That dogs, like men, have 'reason enough only to know what is necessary for them to know,' is, of course, no argument against their acting in a new manner under novel circumstances. It is the same with us. Necessities alter with circumstances. There is a well-authenticated story of a dog, who, having been ill-treated by a larger one, went and brought a still larger dog to avenge his cause, and see justice done him. When does a human necessity reason better than this? The greatest distinction between men and other animals appears to consist in this, that the former make a point of cultivating their reason; and yet it is

impossible to say that nothing of the kind has ever been done by the latter. Birds and beasts in general do not take the trouble of going out of their ordinary course; but is the ambition of the common run of human beings any greater? Have not peasants and mechanics, and even those who flourish and grow learned under establishments, an equal tendency to deprecate the necessity of innovation? A farmer would go on with his old plough, a weaver with his old loom, and a placeman with his old opinions, to all eternity, if it were not for the restlessness of individuals; and these are forced to battle their way against a thousand prejudices, even to do the greatest good. An established critic has not always a right to triumph over the learned pig.

We have been told by some that the 'swinish multitude' are better without books. Now the utmost which the holders of this opinion can say for the superior reason of their species is, that pigs dispense already with a knowledge which is unfit for man. They tell us, nevertheless (and we receive the text with reverence), that a day shall come when 'the lion will lie down with the lamb;' and yet they will laugh in your face, if you suspect that beasts may be improvable creatures, or even that men may deserve to be made wiser. But they will say, that this great event is not to be brought about by knowledge. Some of their texts say otherwise. We believe, that all which they know of the matter is, that it will not be brought about by themselves.

But we must not be led away from the dignity of our subject by the natural tendencies of these gentlemen. Human means are divine means, if the end be divine. Without controverting the spirit of the text in question, it would be difficult, from what we see already of the power of different animals to associate kindly with each other (such as lions with dogs, cats with birds in the same cages, &c.), to pronounce upon the limits of improvability in the brute creation, as far as their organs will allow. We would not venture to assert that, in the course of ages, and by the improved action of those causes which give rise to their present state of being, the organs themselves will not undergo alteration. There is a part in the pectoral conformation of the male human being which is a great puzzle to the anatomists, and reminds us of one of Plato's reveries on the original state of mankind. When the Divine Spirit acts, it may act through the medium of human knowledge and will, as well as any other,—as well as through the trunk of a tree in the pushing out of a

blossom. New productions are supposed to take place from time to time in the rest of the creation: old ones are known to have become extinct.

Be this as it may, we are not to conclude that the world always was and always will be such as it is, simply because the little space of time, during which we know of its existence, offers to us no extraordinary novelty. The humility of a philosopher's ignorance (and there is more humility in his very pride, than in the 'prostration of intellect' so earnestly recommended by some persons) is sufficient to guard him against this conclusion, setting aside Plato and the mammoth.

With respect to other animals going to heaven, our pride smiles in a sovereign manner at this speculation. We have no objection, somehow, to a mean origin; but we insist that nothing less dignified than ourselves can be immortal. We are sorry we cannot settle the question. We confess (if the reader will allow us to suppose that we shall go to heaven, which does not require much modesty, considering all those who appear to be certain of doing so) we would fain have as much company as possible; and He was of no different opinion, who told us that a time should come when the sucking child should play with the asp. We see, that the poet had no more objection to his dog's company in a state of bliss, than the 'poor Indian,' of whom he speaks in his Essay.* We think we could name other celebrated authors, who would as lief take their dogs into the next world as a king or a bishop, and yet they have no objection to either. We may conceive much less pleasant additions to our society than a flock of doves, which, indeed, have a certain fitness for an Elysian state. We would confine our argument to one simple question, which the candid reader will allow us to ask him:—'Does not *Tomkins* go

* 'Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind:
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,—
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire,—
He asks no angel's wings, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.'

to heaven?' Has not the veriest bumpkin of a squire, that rides after the hounds, an immortal soul? If so, why not the whole pack? It may be said that the pack are too brutal and blood-thirsty: they would require a great deal of improvement. Well, let them have it, and the squire along with them. It has been thought by some, that the brutal, or those who are unfit for heaven, will be annihilated. Others conceive that they will be bettered in other shapes. Whatever be the case, it is difficult to think that many beasts and birds are not as fit to go to heaven at once as many human beings,—people, who talk of their seats there with as much confidence as if they had booked their names for them at a box-office. To our humble taste, the goodness and kindness in the countenance of a faithful dog are things that appear almost as fit for heaven as serenity in a human being. The prophets of old, in their visions, saw nothing to hinder them from joining the faces of other animals with those of men. The spirit that moved the animal was everything.

It was the opinion of a late writer, that the immortality of the soul depended on the cultivation of the intellect. He could not conceive how the sots and fools that abound on this earth could have any pretensions to eternity; or with what feelings they were to enter upon their new condition. There appears to be too much of the pride of intellect in this opinion, and too little allowance for circumstances; and yet, if the dispensation that is to take us to heaven is of the exclusive kind that some would make it, this is surely the more noble dogma. The other makes it depend on the mere will of the Divinity, or (to speak plainly) upon a system of favouritism, that would render a human tyranny unbearable. We are not here speaking of the mild tenets inculcated by the spirit of the Church of England, but of those of certain sects. In neither case would the majority of us have much better pretensions to go to heaven than the multitude of other animals; nor, perhaps, a jot more, if we knew all their thoughts and feelings. But we shall stray from our subject, and grow more positive than becomes a waking dream.

To conclude with the pleasant animals with whom we commenced, there is a flock of pigeons in the neighbourhood where we are writing,* whom we might suppose to be enjoying a sort of heaven on earth. The place is fit to be their paradise. There is plenty of food for them, the dovecots are excellent, the scene full

* At Maiano, near Florence.

of vines in summer-time, and of olives all the year round. It happens, in short, to be the very spot where Boccaccio is said to have laid the scene of his *Decameron*. He lived there himself. Fiesole is on the height; the Valley of Ladies in the hollow; the brooks are all poetical and celebrated. As we behold this flock of doves careering about the hamlet, and whitening in and out of the green trees, we cannot help fancying that they are the souls of the gentle company in the *Decameron*, come to enjoy in peace their old neighbourhood. We think, as we look at them, that they are now as free from intrusion and scandal as they are innocent; and that no falcon would touch them, for the sake of the story they told of him.*

Ovid, in one of his elegies,† tells us that birds have a Paradise near Elysium. Doves, be sure, are not omitted. But peacocks and parrots go there also. The poet was more tolerant in his *orni-theology* than the priests in Delphos, who, in the sacred groves about their temple, admitted doves, and doves only.

* The well-known and beautiful story of the *Decameron*. Mr. Proctor has touched it in a high and worthy strain of enthusiasm in his *Dramatic Sketches*.

† *Amorum*, lib. ii. eleg. 6.

THE MONTH OF MAY.

MIGHT NOT THE MAY-HOLIDAYS BE RESTORED?—MELANCHOLY REMNANT OF THEM—RECOLLECTIONS OF A MAY-MORNING IN ITALY.

Those who reasonably object to the feudality of the old times, or the extreme inequalities of their condition, think that the old holidays were essentially connected with these inequalities, and that we could not have them again without renewing the ancient dependency of the poorer classes upon the givers of Christian dinners, and the beggings from door to door for the May garland. But this does not follow. We may surely rejoice in similar ways, by other means. The object of all true advancement is not to get rid of bad and good together, but to retain or restore the good, to increase it, and enjoy it all better than before. The songs of May have been suspended, not merely because the intercourse has grown less between landlord and tenant, or the lord of the manor and the villagers, but because the singers have had to 'pay the piper' for very different tunes blown by trumpets, and blown by their own connivance too, as well as that of the rich. They have grown wiser: all are grown wiser: we blame nobody in these our philosophical pages, any more than we desire ourselves to be blamed. All have had something to be sorry for, during contests carried on with partial knowledge; and all will doubtless do away the wrong part of contest, in proportion as knowledge increases. We blame not even the contests themselves; which in the mysterious working of the operations of this world may have been necessary, for aught we know, to the speedier abolition of the evils mixed up with them. All we mean to say is, that, as knowledge and comfort advance, there is no reason whatever why old good things should not revive, as well as new good ones be created; and, for our parts, if society were wise, comfortable, and in a condition to enjoy itself without hurting the feelings of any portion of it, we do not see how it could *help* following its bursts of delight and congratulation amidst the

beauties of new seasons, any more than it could help seeing them, and knowing how beautiful they are.

Meantime, as certain patient and hopeful politicians, not long ago, kept a certain small fire alive, in the midst of everything that threatened to put it out, which is now lighting all England, and promising better times to the very seasons we speak of, so shall we persist, as we have always done, in keeping up a certain fragrant and flowery belief on the altars of May and June, in these sequestered corners of literature, ready against those better times, and already rewarding us for our perseverance, because the belief is spreading, and the corners beginning to lose their solitude.

'Huc ades:—tibi lilia plenis,
Ecce, ferunt Nymphæ calathis; tibi candida Naïs
Pallentes violas et summa papavera carpens,
Narcissum et florem jungit bene olentis anethi;
Tum, casia atque aliis intexens suavibus herbis,
Mollia luteola pingit vaccinia caltha.'—VIRGIL.

Come, take the presents which the nymphs prepare:
White lilies in full canisters they bring,
With all the purple glories of the spring;
The daughters of the flood have search'd the mead
For violets pale, and cropp'd the poppy's head;
The brief narcissus and fair daffodil,
Pansies to please the sight, and cassia sweet to smell.—DRYDEN.

But where shall we begin, or what authors quote, on the much-quoted subject of May? It is a principle with us, in making a selection from our writings, to repeat as little as possible of what has been extracted into other publications; and thus we are cut off from a heap of books which have contributed their stores to the illustration of the season. We cannot quote Brady; we cannot quote Brand; we cannot quote Aikin; nor Hone, nor Howitt, nor ourselves (which is hard), nor the venerable Stowe, nor Forster, nor Patmore: nor again, in poetry, may we repeat the quotation from Chaucer about May and the Daisy; nor Milton's *Ode to May-morning*; nor Spenser's joyous *dance* on the subject (in his Eclogues); nor his divine personification of the month in the *Fairy Queen*, book vi.; nor Shakspeare's passage in *Henry the Eighth*, about the impossibility of keeping people in their beds on May-morning; nor Moore's *Young May-moon*, ('young' moon for 'new,' thus prettily turning Luna into a girl of fifteen); nor Thomson's rich landscape in the *Castle of*

Indolence 'atween June and May;' nor Mr. Loviband's *Tears of old May-day*; nor Gay on the May-pole; nor Wordsworth's bit about the month, nor Dr. Darwin's ode (which luckily is not worth quoting), nor twenty other poets, great and small; nor Keats (one of the first), who has described a May-bush 'with the bees about it.' And so with this we conclude our list of negations; for even out of things negative, we would show how a positive pleasure may be extracted.

But the poets are not yet exhausted on this subject,—nor a fiftieth part of them. How could they be, and May be what it is, especially in the south? We only wish we had time and space, and a huge library, and could quote all we could think of, the reader should feel as if our pages scented of May-blossom, and ran over with milk and honey. We hope, however, to give him a specimen or two before we close our article. Meantime, in order to get rid of all the melancholy that will force itself into the subject, and make a clear field for our true May-time, we have two observations to make; first, that if the first of the month turn out badly, it is not the fault of the May-day of our ancestors, which was twelve days later, or what is now called Old May-day (the day otherwise does not much signify; for it is a sentiment, and not a date, which is the thing concerned); and second, that the only remnant of the old festivities now left us, like a sorry jest and a smeared face, is that melancholy burlesque the chimney-sweepers,—melancholy, however, not to themselves, and so far, to nobody else; neither would we have them brow-beaten, but made as merry as possible on this their only holiday;—but it is melancholy to think, that all the mirth of the day is left to their keeping. If their trade were a healthy one, it would be another matter; if we were even sure that they were not beaten and bruised when they got home, it would be something. As it is, we can only give money to them (if one has it) and wish them a less horrible mixture of tinsel, dirty skin, dance, and disease. Nevertheless, the dance is something: sacred be the dance, and the desecration thereof; and sacred the laugh of the frightfully red lips amidst that poisonous black. Give them money, for God's sake, all you that inhabit squares and great streets, and then do your utmost, from that day forward, never again to let May-day blossom into those funereal flowers of living and fantastic death.

The last pleasant remnant of a town exhibition in connection with the old May holidays, was the milkmaid's garland. There

was something in that. A set of buxom lasses, breathing of the morning air and the dairy, were a little more native to the purpose than these poor devils of the chimney. But even these have long vanished. They are rarely to be found, even in the exercise of their daily calling. Milkmaids have been turned into milkmen; and when the latter, in their transference of the virgin title to the buyers instead of the sellers of milk, call out (as they do in some quarters of the town), 'Come, pretty maids,' nine old women issue out of the areas in the street, milk-jug in hand, and all hobbling;—all rheumatic, in consequence of not having been in the fields these twenty years.

'My soul, turn from them.' Get not rheumatic thyself, nor do thou, dear reader, consent to be old before thy time, and oppressed with cough and chagrin, especially in spring weather; but get up betimes on a May morning, if it be only in fancy, and send your thoughts wandering among the dewy May-bushes, and the songs of birds. Nay, if you live in the country, or on the borders of it, and if the morning itself be not ungenial, it will do you no harm to venture personally, as well as spiritually, among the haunts of your jovial ancestors,—the men who helped to put blood and spirit into your race; or if cosy old habit is too strong for you to begin at so short a notice, and the united charms of bed and breakfast prevail over the 'raw' air, you are a man too masculine at heart, and too generous, not to wish that your children may grow up in better habits than yourself, or recall the morning hours of your own childhood; and *they* can go forth into the neighbourhood, and see what is to be seen,—what beauteous and odorous May-boughs they can bring home, young and fair as themselves,—the flowery breath of morning—the white virgin blossom—the myrtle of the hedges. The voices of children seem as natural to the early morn as the voice of the birds. The suddenness, the lightness, the loudness, the sweet confusion, the sparkling gaiety, seem alike in both. The sudden little jangle is now here, and now there; and now a single voice calls out to another voice, and the boy is off like the bird.

When we had the like opportunities, not a May did we pass, if we could help it, without keeping up the good old religion of the season, and heaping ourselves and our children with blossom enough to make a bower of the breakfast-room: so that we only preach what we have practised. If we were happy, it added to our happiness, and was like a practical hymn of gratitude. If we were unhappy, it helped to save our unhappiness from the addi-

tion of impatience and despair. We looked round upon the beautiful country, and the world of green and blossom, and said to ourselves, 'We can still enjoy these. We still belong *to the paradise of good-will.*'

Therefore we say to all good-willers, 'Enjoy what you can of May-time, and help others to enjoy it, if it be but with a blossom, or a verse, or a pleasant thought.' Let us all help, each of us, to keep up our spark of the sacred fire—the same, we may dare to believe, which fires the buds themselves, and the song of the birds, and puts the flush into the cheek of delight; and hope, faith, and charity into the heart of man; for if one great cause of love and good-will does not do this, what does, or what can?

May, or the time of the year analogous to it in different countries, is more or less a holiday in all parts of the civilised world, and has been such from time immemorial. Nothing but the most artificial state of life can extinguish or suspend it: it is always ready to return with the love of nature. Hence the vernal holidays of the Greeks and Romans, their songs of the Swallow, and vigils of the Goddess of Love; hence the Beltein of the Celtic nations, and the descent of the god Krishna upon the plains of Indra, where he sported, like a proper Eastern prince, with sixteen thousand milkmaids; a reasonable assortment.

In no place in the world perhaps but in England (which is another reason why so great and beautiful a country should get rid of the disgrace), is the remnant of the May-holiday reduced to so melancholy a burlesque as our soot and tinsel. The necessities of war and trade may have produced throughout Europe a suspension of the main spirit of the thing, and a consciousness that the means of enjoyment must be restored before there can be a proper return to it. We hope and believe, that when they are restored, the enjoyment will be greater than ever, through the addition of taste and knowledge. But meanwhile, we do not believe that the sense of its present imperfection has been suffered anywhere else to fall to a pitch so low. In Tuscany, where we have lived, it has still its guitar and its song; and its jokes are on pleasant subjects, not painful ones. We remember being awakened on May-day morning, at the village of Maiano, near Fiesole, by a noise of instruments and merry voices in the court of the house in which we lodged,—a house with a farm and vineyard attached to it, where the cultivator, or small farmer, lived in a smaller detached dwelling, and accounted to the proprietor for

half the produce,—a common arrangement in that part of the world. The air which was played and sung was a sort of merry chaunt, as old perhaps as the time of Lorenzo de' Medici; the words to it were addressed to the occupiers of the mansion, to the neighbours, or to anybody who happened to show their face; and they turned upon an imaginary connection between the qualities of the person mentioned and the capabilities of the season. We got up, and looked out of the window; and there, in the beautiful Italian morning, under a blue sky, amidst grass and bushes, and the white out-houses of the farm, stood a group of rustic guitar-players, joking good-humouredly upon everyone who appeared, and welcomed as good-humouredly by the person joked on. The verses were in homely couplets; and the burden or leading idea of every couplet was the same. A respectable old Jewish gentleman, for instance, resided there; and he no sooner showed his face, than he was accosted as the patron of the corn-season,—as the genial influence without whom there was to be no bread.

'Ora di Maggio fiorisce il grano,
Ma non può estrarsi senza il Sior Abramo.'

Now in May-time comes the corn; but, quoth he, though come I am,
I should never have been here, but for Signor Abraham.

A lady put forth her pretty laughing face (and a most good-tempered woman she was). She is hailed as the goddess of the May-bush.

'Ora di Maggio viene il fior di spina,
Ma non viene senza la Signora Allegrina.

Now in May-time comes the bush, all to crown its queen-a,
But it never would without Signora Allegrina.

A poor fellow, a servant, named Giuseppino or Peppino (Joe), who was given to drinking (a rare thing in Italy), and was a great admirer of the fair sex (a thing not so uncommon), crosses the court with a jug in his hand. It was curious to see the conscious, but not resentful face, with which he received the banter of his friends.

'Ora di Maggio fiorisce amor e vino,
Ma ni l'un ni l'altro senza il Sior Peppino.'

Now in May-time comes the flower of love and wine alsò;
But there's neither one nor t' other, without Signor Joe.

With this true bit of a taste of May for the reader's ruminations, we close our present article. It would be an 'advancement' to look out of a May-morning in England, and see guitar-players instead of chimney-sweeps.*

* Since this article was written, the condition of the chimney-sweepers has been greatly mitigated.

*THE GIULI TRE.**

SPECIMEN OF SONNETS WRITTEN ON THIS SUBJECT BY THE ABATE CASTI.

THE *Giuli Tre* (Three Juliuses, so called from a head of one of the Popes of that name) are three pieces of money, answering to about fifteenpence of our coin, for which the Italian poet, Casti, says he was pestered from day to day by an inexorable creditor. The poet accordingly had his revenge on him, and incarcerated the man in immortal amber, by devoting to the subject no less than two hundred sonnets. which he published under the above title. The Abate Casti is known to the English public, by means of Mr. Stewart Rose's pleasant abridgment, as the author of the *Animali Parlanti*; and he is also known, to what we suppose must be called the English private, as the writer of a set of Tales in verse, which an acquaintance of ours says 'everybody has read, and nobody acknowledges to have read.' The *Animali Parlanti* is celebrated throughout Europe. The Tales have the undeniable merit which a man of genius puts into whatever work he condescends to execute; but they are a gross mistake in things amatory, and furnish one of those portentous specimens of excess on the side of free writing, which those who refer every detail of the world to Providence could only account for by supposing, that some such addition of fuel was necessary to the ordinary inflammability of the young and unthinking.

The work before us, as the Florentine editor observes, is in every respect unexceptionable. He informs us, that it is not liable to a charge brought against the Abate's other works, of being too careless in point of style, and un-idiomatic. The *Giuli Tre*, according to him, speak the true Italian language; so that the recommendation they bring with them to foreigners is complete.

We proceed to give some specimens. The fertility of fancy

* Pronounced ('for the benefit of the country gentlemen,' and for the sake of the euphony in the perusal of our versions) *Joolee Tray*.

and learned allusion, with which the author has written his two hundred sonnets on a man coming to him every day and asking him for *Tre Giuli*, is inferior only to what Butler or Marvell might have made of it. The very recurrence of the words becomes a good joke.

Nobody that we have met with in Italy could resist the mention of them. The priest did not pretend it. The ladies were glad they could find something to approve in a poet of so erroneous a reputation. The man of the world laughed as merrily as he could. The patriot was happy to relax his mustachios. Even the bookseller, of whom we bought them, laughed with a real laugh, and looked into the book as if he would fain have sat down and read some of it with us, instead of going on with his business.

We shall notice some of the principal sonnets that struck us throughout the work, and wish we could touch upon them all, partly that we might give as much account of it as possible, and partly because the jest is concerned in showing to what a length it is carried. But we are compelled to be brief. It may be as well to mention, that the single instead of double rhymes which the poet uses, and which render the measure exactly similar to that of the translation, have a ludicrous effect to an Italian ear.

In his third sonnet, the poet requests fables and dreams to keep their distance:—

'Lungi, o favole, o sogni, or voi da me,
Or che la Musa mia tessendo va
La vera istoria delli Giuli Tre.'

Ye dreams and fables, keep aloof, I pray,
While this my Muse keeps spinning, as she goes,
The genuine history of the Giuli Tre.

Son. viii.—His Creditor, he says, ought not to be astonished at his always returning the same answer to his demand for the *Giuli Tre*, because if a man who plays the organ or the hautboy were always to touch the same notes, the same sounds would always issue forth.

SONNET X.

'Ben cento volte ho replicato a te
Questa istessa infallibil verità,
Che a conto mio, da certo tempo in quà,
La razza de' quattrini si perdè.

Tu non ostante vieni intorno a me
Con insoffribile importunità,
E per quei maledetti Giuli Tre
Mi perseguiti senza carità.

Forse in disperazion ridur mi vuo',
Ond' io m'appichi, e vuoi vedermi in giù
Pender col laccio al collo? Oh questo no.
Risolverommi a non pagarti più,
E in guisa tal te disperar farò,
E vo' piuttosto che ti appichi tu.'

I've said for ever, and again I say,
And it's a truth as plain as truth can be,
That from a certain period to this day,
Pence are a family quite extinct with me.
And yet you still pursue me, and waylay,
With your insufferable importunity,
And for those everlasting Giuli Tre
Haunt me without remorse or decency.

Perhaps you think that you'll torment me so,
You'll make me hang myself? You wish to say
You saw me *sus. per coll.*—No, Giuli, no.
The fact is, I'll determine not to pay;
And drive *you*, Giuli, to a state so low,
That you shall hang yourself, and I be gay.

Son. xiii.—The poet does not know whether there is a plurality of worlds, whether the moon is inhabited, &c. He is inclined to doubt whether there can be a people who had not Adam for their father. But if there is, he longs to go up there and live among them. Nevertheless, he fears it would be of no avail, as his Creditor would get Father Daniel to show him the way, and come after him.*

Son. xxxi.—When an act has been very often repeated, he says that the organs perform it of their own accord, without any attention on the part of the will. Thus mules go home to the stable, and parrots bid one good morning; and thus, he says, the Creditor has a habit of asking him for the *Giuli Tre*, and he has a habit of answering, 'I haven't got 'em.'

Sonnet xxxv.

'Mai l' uom felice in vita sua non fù.
Fanciullo un guardo sol tremar lo fa;
Quindi trapassa la più fresca età
Intento alle bell' arti e alle virtù.

* Father Daniel is author of a work entitled *Travels through the World of Des Cartes.*

Poi nel fiero bollor di gioventù
Or d' amore or di sdegno ardendo va;
Di quà malanni, e cancheri di là,
E guai cogli anni crescon sempre più.

Alfin vengono i debiti; e allor sì
Che più speme di ben allor non v'è,
E anch' io la vita mia trassi così:
E il debito fatal de' Giuli Tre
Ora ai malanni che passai fin quì
Solennemente il compimento diè.'

No: none are happy in this best of spheres.
Lo: when a child, we tremble at a look:
Our freshest age is wither'd o'er a book;
The fine arts bite us, and great characters.
Then we go boiling with our youthful peers
In love and hate, in riot and rebuke;
By hook misfortune has us, or by crook,
And griefs and gouts come thick'ning with one's years.

In fine, we've debts:—and when we've debts, no ray
Of hope remains to warm us to repose.
Thus has my own life pass'd from day to day;
And now, by way of climax though not close
The fatal debit of the Giuli Tre
Fills up the solemn measure of my woes.

Son. xli.—He says, that as the sun with his genial energy strikes into the heart of the mountains of Golconda and Peru, and hardens substances there into gold and gems, so the hot activity of his Creditor has hardened the poet's heart, till at length it has produced that hard, golden, and adamantine No! which has rendered the *Giuli Tre* precious.

Son. xliv.—He says, that he was never yet bound to the conjugal yoke,—a yoke which is as pleasant to those who have it not, as it is disagreeable to those who have: but that if he were married, his children would certainly resemble the proprietor of the *Giuli Tre*, and that he should see Creditor-kins, or little Creditors, all about him;—*Creditorelli.*

Son. lxxii.—If a man has a little tumour or scratch on his leg or arm, and is always impatiently touching it, the little wound will become a great one. So, he says, it is with his debt of the *Giuli Tre.* The debt, he allows, is in itself no very great thing, but the intolerable importunity of his Creditor,—

Considerabilissimo lo fa,—
Makes it a very considerable one.

Son. lxxviii.—As various climates and countries give rise to a variety of characters among mankind,—as the Assyrian and Persian has been accounted luxurious, the Thracian fierce, and the Roman was once upon a time bold and magnanimous, so he suspects that the climate in which he lives must be eminent for producing hard Creditors.

Son. lxxix.—He wishes that some logician, who understands the art of persuading people, would be charitable enough to suggest to him some syllogism or other form of argument, which may enable him to prove to his Creditor the impossibility of paying money when a man has not got it.

Son. lxxxix.—Philosophers maintain, he says, that if two bodies stand apart from each other, and are distinct, it is impossible they can both stand in the same place. Otherwise one body also might be in several places at once. He therefore wonders how it is, that his Creditor is to be found here and there and everywhere.

Son. xcvi.—He tells us, that his Creditor is fond of accosting him on physical subjects, and wishes to know the nature of lightning, of the winds, colours, &c., and whether the system of Tycho Brahe is better than that of Pythagoras. The poet answers that it is impossible to get at the secrets of Nature; and that all that he knows upon earth is, that a man is perpetually asking him for *Tre Giuli*, and he has not got them.

SONNET XCVIII.

'Non poche volte ho inteso dir da chi
E Galeno ed Ippocrate studiò
Che vi sono fra l'anno alcuni dì,
Ne' quali cavar sangue non si può.
Se ragione vi sia di far così,
Se'l vedano i Dottori, io non lo so;
E luogo non mi par questo ch'è quì
Di dire il mio parer sopra di ciò.

So ben che il Creditor de' Giuli Tre
Tanti riguardi e scrupoli non ha,
Nè osserva queste regole con me;
Ch'anzi ogni giorno procurando va
Da me trarre il denar, ch'è un non so che
Ch' ha col sangue una qualche affinità.'

Often and often have I understood
From Galen's readers and Hippocrates's,
That there are certain seasons in diseases
In which the patient ought n't to lose blood.

Whether the reason that they give be good,
Or doctors square their practice to the thesis,
I know not; nor is this the best of places
For arguing on that matter, as I could.

All that I know is this,—that Giuli Tre
Has no such scruple or regard with me,
Nor holds the rule himself: for every day
He does his best, and that most horribly,
To make me lose my cash; which, I must say,
Has with one's blood some strange affinity.

Son. ci.—The poet alludes to the account of words freezing at the Pole; and says, that if he were there with his Creditor, and a thaw were to take place, nothing would be heard around them but a voice calling for the *Giuli Tre.*

SONNET CXIII.

'Si mostra il Creditor spesso con me
Piacevole ed affabile così,
Come fra amici suol farsi ogni dì,
E par che più non pensi a' Giuli Tre;
E solo vuol saper, se il Prusso Rè
Liberò Praga, e di Boemia uscì;
Se l'armata naval da Brest partì;
Se Annover prese il maresciàl d'Etrè.

E poiche da lontano la pigliò,
A poco a poco al *quia* calando va,
E dice,—"Ebben, quando i Tre Giuli avrò?"
Così talor col sorcio il gatto fa;
Ci ruzza, e scherza, e l'intrattiene un po',
E la fatal graffiata alfin gli dà.'

My Creditor seems often in a way
Extremely pleasant with me, and polite;
Just like a friend:—you'd fancy, at first sight,
He thought no longer of the Giuli Tre.
All that he wants to know is, what they say
Of Frederick now; whether his guess was right
About the sailing of the French that night;
Or, What's the news of Hanover and D'Estrées.

But start from whence he may, he comes as truly,
By little and little, to his ancient pass,
And says, 'Well—when am I to have the Giuli?'
'Tis the cat's way. She takes her mouse, alas!
And having purred, and eyed, and tapp'd him duly,
Gives him at length the fatal *coup de grace.*

SONNET CXXII.

'Oh quanto scioccamente vaneggiò,
Chi Arnaldo, e Lullo, ed il Gebèr seguì,
E lavorò nascosto e notte e dì,
Ed i metalli trasformar pensò;
E intorno ad un crocciuol folle sudò,
In cui mercuri, e solfi, e sali unì,
Ne finalmente mai gli riuscì
Coll'arte oprar ciò che natura oprò.

Ma oh! perchè si bell'arte in noi non è!
Perchè all'uom d'imitar vietato fù
I bei lavori che natura fè!
Studiar vorrei la chimica virtù,
E fatto il capital de' Giuli Tre,
Rompere il vaso, e non pensarvi più.'

Oh, with what folly did they toil in vain,
Who thought old Arnald, Lully, or Geber wise,
And night and day labour'd with anxious eyes
To turn their metals into golden grain!
How did their pots and they perspire again
Over their sulphurs, salts, and mercuries,
And never, after all, could see their prize,
Or do what Nature does, and with no pain!

Yet oh, good heavens! why, why, dear Nature, say,
This lovely art—why must it be despis'd?
Why mayn't we follow this thy noblest way?
I'd work myself; and having realiz'd,
Great heavens! a capital of Giuli Tre,
Break up my tools, content and aggrandiz'd.

Son. cxxiv.—He supposes that there was no such Creditor as his in the time of David, because in the imprecations that are accumulated in the hundred and eighteenth psalm, there is no mention of such a person.

Son. cxxvii.—His Creditor, he tells us, disputed with him one day, for argument's sake, on the immortality of the soul; and that the great difficulty he started was, how anything that had a beginning could be without an end. Upon which the poet asks him, whether he did not begin one day asking him for the *Giuli Tre*, and whether he has left off ever since.

Son. cxxviii.—He says that as Languedoc is still so called from the use of the affirmative particle *oc* in that quarter, as writers in other parts of France used to be called writers of *oui*, and as Italy is denominated the lovely land of *si*, so his own language, from his constant habit of using the negative particle

to the Creditor of the *Giuli Tre*, ought to be called the language of *no*.

Son. cxxxiv.—He informs us, that his Creditor has lately taken to learning French; and conjectures that finding he has hitherto asked for the *Giuli Tre* to no purpose in his own language, he wishes to try the efficacy of the French way of dunning.

SONNET CXL.

'Armato tutto il Creditor non già
Di quell'armi che Achille o Enea vestì,
Onde di tanta poi mortalità
La Frigia l'un, l'altro l'Italia empì;
Ne di quelle onde poscia in altra età
D'estinti corpi Orlando il suol coprì:
Ma di durezza e d'importunità
E d'aspri modi armato ei m'assalì.

Ed improvviso in contro mi lanciò
La richiesta mortal di Giuli Tre;
Io mi schermisco, indi gli scaglio un Nò:
Seguia la pugna ed infieria; ma il piè
Da lui volgendo alfin ratto men vò,
E vincitor la fuga sol mi fe'.'

My Creditor has no such arms, as he
Whom Homer trumpets, or whom Virgil sings
Arms which dismiss'd so many souls in strings
From warlike Ilium and from Italy.
Nor has he those of later memory,
With which Orlando did such heaps of things;
But with hard hints, and constant botherings,
And such rough ways,—with these he warreth me.

And suddenly he launcheth at me, lo!
His terrible demand, the Giuli Tre;
I draw me back, and thrust him with a No!
Then glows the fierce resentment of the fray,
Till turning round, I scamper from the foe;
The only way, I find, to gain the day.

Son. cxlii.—The first time the seaman hears the horrible crashing of the tempest, and sees the fierce and cruel rising of the sea, he turns pale, and loses both his courage and his voice; but if he lives long enough to grow grey in his employment, he sits gaily at the stern, and sings to the accompaniment of the winds. So it is with the poet. His Creditor's perpetual song of the *Giuli Tre* frightened him at first; but now that his ears

have grown used to it, he turns it into a musical accompaniment like the billows, and goes singing to the sound.

Son. cxlviii.—A friend takes him to see the antiquities in the Capitol, but he is put to flight by the sight of a statue resembling his Creditor.

Son. clxxxv.—He marks out to a friend the fatal place where his Creditor lent him the *Giuli Tre*, showing how he drew out and opened his purse, and how he counted out to him the Giuli with a coy and shrinking hand. He further shows, how it was not a pace distant from this spot that the Creditor began to ask him for the Giuli: and finishes with proposing to purify the place with lustral water, and exorcise its evil genius.

Son. clxxxix.—He laments that happy age of the world, in which there was a community of goods; and says that the avidity of individuals and the invention of *meum* and *tuum* have brought an immense number of evils among mankind, his part of which he suffers by reason of the *Giuli Tre.*

Son. cc.—Apollo makes his appearance, and rebukes the poet for wasting his time, advising him to sing of things that are worthy of immortality. Upon which the poet stops short in a song he was chanting upon his usual subject, and bids good-night for ever to his Creditor and the *Giuli Tre.*

Not a word of payment.

A FEW REMARKS ON THE RARE VICE CALLED LYING;

OR,

AN APPEAL TO THE MODESTY OF ANTI-BALLOTMEN.

IMPOSSIBILITY OF FINDING A LIAR IN ENGLAND — LYING, NEVERTHELESS, ALLOWED AND ORGANISED AS A MUTUAL ACCOMMODATION, EXCEPT IN THE CASE OF VOTERS AT ELECTIONS—REASON OF THIS, A WISH TO HAVE ALL THE LIES ON ONE SIDE—THE RIGHT OF LYING ARROGATED BY THE RICH AS A PRIVILEGE—VINDICATION, NEVERTHELESS, OF THE RICH AS HUMAN BEINGS—SOCIAL ROOT OF APPARENTLY UNSOCIAL FEELINGS—CONVENTIONAL LIARS NOT LIARS OUT OF THE PALE OF CONVENTIONALITY—FALSEHOOD SOMETIMES TOLD FOR THE SAKE OF TRUTH AND GOOD—FINAL APPEAL TO THE CONSCIENCES OF ANTI-BALLOTMEN.

THE great argument against the Ballot is, that it teaches people duplicity, that the elector will promise his vote to one man, and give it to another. In short, that he will lie. Lying is a horrid vice,—*un*-English. It must not be suffered to pollute our shores. People lie in France. They lie in Italy. They lie in Spain and Portugal. They lie in Africa, in Asia, and America. But in England, who ever heard of such a thing?

'What *is* lying?' says the English courtier.
'Can't say indeed, sir,' says the footman.
'Nor I,' says the government spy.
'Never heard of it,' says the tradesman.
'Never borough-mongered with it,' says the peer.
'Never bribed with it,' says the member of parliament.
'Never subscribed the 39 articles with it,' says the collegian.
'Never pretended to a call with it,' says the clergyman.
'Never *nolo-episc-pari'd* with it,' says the bishop.
'Never played a *ruse de guerre* with it,' says the general.
'Never told it to a woman,' says the man of gallantry.
'Never argued for it,' says the barrister.
'Never sent in a medicine with it,' says the apothecary.
'Never jockeyed with it,' says the turf-man.
'Never dealt with it,' says the man at Crockford's.
'Never wrote great A with it,' says the underwriter.

'Never took in the custom-house with it,' says the captain.
'Never doctor'd my port with it,' says the wine-merchant.
'Never praised or condemned with it,' says the critic.
'Never concealed a motive with it,' says the partisan.
'Never puff'd with it,' says the bookseller.
'Nor I,' says the manager.
'Nor I,' says the auctioneer.
'Nor I,' says the quack-doctor.
'Never used it in my bread,' says the baker.
'Nor I in a bill,' says the tailor.
'Nor I in a measure,' says the coalman.
'Can't conceive how anybody ever thought of it,' says the innkeeper.
'Never made an excuse with it,' says the fine lady.
'Nor I,' says the lady's-maid.
'Nor I,' says the milliner.
'Am a horrible sinner, but never went so far as that,' says the methodist.
'Never uttered one to my wife, pretty jealous soul,' says the husband.
'Nor I to my husband, poor man,' says the wife.
'Nor I to my mother,' says the little boy.
'Nor I in one of my speeches,' says the king.
'Nor I in mine,' says the minister.
'Nor I at a foreign court,' says the diplomatist.
'Should never forgive myself such a thing,' says the pickpocket.
'Couldn't live under it,' says the beggar.
'Never saved myself from starvation by it,' says the Irishman.
'Nor I got a bawbee,' says the Scotchman.
'Nor I a penny,' says ALL ENGLAND.

O spirits of Lucian, of Rabelais, of Molière, of Henry Fielding, of Sterne,—look down upon boroughmongers and their anti-ballot men, in the shopkeeping nation of England, and in the nineteenth century, protesting against the horrible innovation of encouraging *the bribed and misrepresented to say one thing in self-defence, and intend another!*

Lying is the commonest and most conventional of all the vices. It pervades, more or less, every class of the community, and is fancied to be so necessary to the carrying on of human affairs, that the practice is tacitly agreed upon; nay, in other terms, openly avowed. In the monarch, it is *king-craft*. In the statesman, *expediency*. In the churchman, *mental reservation*. In the lawyer, *the interest of his client*. In the merchant, manufacturer, and shopkeeper, *secrets of trade*. It was the opinion of King James, that without the art of lying, a king was not worthy to reign. This was his boasted 'king-craft,' which brought his son to the block; for if poor Charles was a 'martyr,' it was certainly not to the spirit of truth. Lord Bacon was of opinion

that lying, like alloy in metals, was a debasement, but good for the working. It worked him, great as he was, into a little and ruined man. Pleasant Sir Henry Wotton (himself an ambassador) defined an ambassador to be, 'An honest man sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country.' Paley openly defends the 'mental reservation' of the churchman,—of the subscriber to the thirty-nine articles, &c.; and his is the great text book of the universities. If you go into a shop for any article, you know very well that you cannot be secure of having it genuine; nor do you expect the shopkeeper to tell you the truth. The grocer notoriously sells Jamaica coffee for Mocha, the tobacconist his own snuff for Latakia and Macubau, the linen-draper cotton for thread, and British goods for India.

Well, granting all this,—says the boroughmonger,—don't you see that it overdoes your argument, and that if we all lie and cheat one another at this rate, we in reality do not cheat, and that the practice becomes comparatively innocent?

Excuse me—we answer—you *are* cheated, or how could you cheat? and what would be the use of the practice? You know the fact is general, and may often detect it in the particular; but still you are cheated in the gross. And supposing the case to be otherwise, or that the practice becomes comparatively innocent by its universality (which is to be granted), *why not make the duplicity charged against the Ballot equally innocent, by the same process, and for the same general accommodation?*

If it were understood that the elector had the same right and necessity to prevaricate for *his* convenience, as the candidate has to bribe or cajole for his,—if the thing were understood on both sides, and the voter's promise came to be of no more account than the great man's, or than the pretty things said to the voter's wife and children, *where would be the harm of it,* ACCORDING TO YOUR OWN SHOWING? or where the greater vice of it, than that of the famous 'king-craft,' or of the minister's 'expediency,' or of the thirty-nine article-man's 'mental reservation'?

The truth is, that such would and *will* be the result; so much so, that candidates will at least cease to practise their tricks and tell *their* lies, out of a hopelessness of doing anything with the voters. But we will tell the anti-balloter, what the harm will be in the meanwhile. The harm will be that *lies will no longer be told for his sake exclusively*; AND THIS IS THE WHOLE REAL AMOUNT OF HIS GRIEVANCE. His grievance is precisely what the prince's is, who likes to have all the 'craft' to himself, and not be

deceived by his ministers. It is what the minister's is, who complains of want of truth in the opposition;—what the opposition's is, when they cry 'Oh! oh!' against the same things which they did when in place;—what the wholesale dealer's cry is against the retail, and the master manufacturer's against the workman. The weapons of state and expediency will at length be turned against expediency itself,—against power and monopoly,—and used in behalf of the Many; and this is what the virtuous indignation of the Few cannot bear.

But an insidious compliment may be paid to 'us youth' of the press,—us 'philosophic radicals;' and it may be asked us, 'What! do *you* advocate lying? You advocate it under *any* circumstances? *You* wish a man to say one thing and intend another? Is the above *your* picture of society and of human nature? We thought you had a better opinion of it;—were believers in the goodness of the human heart, and did not take all your fellow-creatures for such a parcel of hypocrites.'

'My dear sir,' we answer, 'we do not see you, and we know not who you may be. We know not whether you are one of the greatest liars under the sun, or only a conventional liar, like our friends the statesman and the baker (good and true fellows perhaps out of the pale of their offices and bakehouses). We are also totally ignorant whether you are a man who has a regard for truth at the expense of conventionalities. Perhaps you are. Perhaps you are even a martyr to those virtues, with the possession of which you are pleased to compliment ourselves. But this we can tell you; first, that if you were the greatest liar that ever breathed, and ourselves were lovers of the truth to an extent of which you have no conception, and if you were to come to us for help against a murderer, or a bailiff, or a tax-gatherer, or a lying boroughmonger, we should make no scruple to tell a lie for your sake; and we can tell you, secondly, that our above picture of society, and our opinion of human nature, are two very different things; because we believe the vices of society to result entirely from its imperfect knowledge, education, and comfort; whereas we believe human nature to be capable of all good and true things, and to be ever advancing in them, the Ballot itself notwithstanding; for the very worst of the Ballot is, that it exchanges a lie for the sake of an individual, into a lie for the sake of the country; and the best of it is, that it will ultimately do away the necessity of either. With the Ballot must come extended suffrage (*that* is what you are afraid of). From

extended suffrage must come Universal Suffrage. And from Universal Suffrage must come universal better treatment of man by his fellows;—universal *wiser* treatment;—universal comforts;—food for all, fire and clothing for all; education for all, monopolies for *none*;—hence no necessity for lying; which is only the resource of the unequally treated against those whose lies, in pretending a right so to treat them, are far greater and more vicious.

O love of truth! believer in all good and beautiful things! believer even in one's self, and therefore believer in others, and such as are far better than one's self! putter of security into the heart, of solidity into the ground we tread upon, of loveliness into the flowers, of hope into the stars! retainer of youth in age, and of comfort in adversity! bringer of tears into the eyes that look upon these imperfect words, to think how large and longing the mind of man is, compared with his frail virtues and his transitory power, and what mornings of light and abundance thou hast in store, nevertheless, for the whole human race, preparing to ripen for them in accordance with their belief in its possibility, and their resolution to work for it in loving trust! Oh! shall they be thought guilty of deserting thee, because, out of the very love of truth they feel themselves bound to proclaim to what extent it does not exist? because, out of the very love of truth, they will not suffer those who care nothing for it to pretend to a religious zeal in its behalf, when the lie is to be turned against themselves?

One of the bitterest sights in the world to a lover of equal dealing, is the selfish and conceited arrogance *with which the rich demand virtues on the side of the poor, which they do not exercise themselves.* The rich man lies through his lawyer—through his dependant—through his footman; lies when he makes '*civil speeches*;'—lies when he subscribes articles;—lies when he goes to be married (*vide* Marriage Service);—lies when he takes 'the oaths and his seat;'—but that the *poor* man should lie! that *he* should give a false promise!—that he should risk the direful, and unheard-of, and unparliamentary crime of political perjury! Oh, it is not to be thought of! Think of the example—think of the want of principle—think of the harm done to the poor man's 'own mind'—to his sense of right and wrong—to his eternal salvation. Nay, not that either:—they have seldom the immodesty to go as far as that. But what enormous want of modesty to go so far as they do! Why should

the poor man be expected to have scruples which the rich laugh at? Why deny him weapons which they make use of against himself?—in this respect, as in too many others, resembling their 'noble' feudal ancestors, who had the nobleness to fight in armour, while the common soldier was allowed none.

Yet let us not be supposed to think ill of the rich or of anybody, beyond the warrant of humanity—beyond all modesty of our own, or sense of the frailties which we possess plentifully in common with our fellow-creatures. We think ill, in fact, of no one, in the only bad and deplorable sense of the term,—that sense which would make him out to be something wicked from sheer preference of evil to good, or of harm to others without impulse or excuse. We are of opinion, that all classes and descriptions of men are modified as they are by circumstances; and instead of lamenting that there is so much vice during their advancement towards a wiser condition, we rejoice that there is so much virtue,—so much indelible and hopeful good. Nay, we can see a certain large and gallant healthiness of social constitution in man, in the very circumstance of vice's taking so gay or indifferent an air during what it supposes to be a necessity, or a condition of human nature; and the gayer it is, in some respects, the better; not only because of its having the less uneasy or mean conscience, but because it is the less given to cant and hypocrisy, and is ashamed of putting on a grave face of exaction upon others. The very worst of all vices (cruelty excepted)—that pride which seems to make the rich and prosperous hold their fellow-creatures in such slight regard,—is often traceable only to a perverted sense of that identical importance in their eyes, which is grounded in a social feeling, and which, under a wiser education, would make them proud of sympathizing with the humblest. Those courtiers—those Whigs and Tories—those lawyers—those tradesmen we have been talking of,—how shocked would not many, perhaps most of them be, and what a right would they not have to resent it,—if you treated them as liars beyond the pale of their conventional duplicity? Take the grocer or the linendraper from behind his counter—apply to him in any concern but that of his shop,—and most likely he is as great a truth-teller as the rest. There is nothing you may not take his word for. And then see what affections all these people have; what lovers they are of their families; what anxious providers for their children; what 'good fellows' as friends and helpers; and what a fool and coxcomb you are to consider yourself, if

you dared to set yourself up, and pretend that you were a bit better than any one of them, even though circumstances might enable you to be free from some of their errors,—perhaps with greater of your own. Falsehood itself is sometimes almost pure virtue,—at least it contemplates anything but the ordinary and unjust results of falsehood; as in the case of a jury, who deliberately tell a lie when, in order to save a man from transportation, or a poor child from the jail, they bring in a verdict of Not Guilty on the principal charge, knowing him to be otherwise. Here the law is violated for the sake of justice, and a lie told for the sake of the beautiful truth that we ought to be humane to one another. But the law should be changed? True: and so should ALL LAWS be changed which force just feelings upon falsehood in self-defence;—and as the rich advance in their notions of justice, and the poor get better fed and taught, all such laws WILL be changed.

In short, dear anti-Ballot people, whoever you are, and granting for the sake of the argument, that all which you say about the voter's prevarication will be true (for in innumerable instances we deny that it will, and in all it must eventually come to nothing in the hopelessness of applying to him), but granting for the sake of the argument, that all which you anticipate in that respect will come to pass, we have two short things to say to you, which appear to us to sum up all that is necessary for the refutation of your reasoning: first, that before you have a right to ask the voter not to be false to you, you must get rid of your own falsehoods, great and small; and second, that when you do get rid of them, *you will be such very conscientious men, that you will not have the face to ask him to violate* HIS *conscience.*

CRITICISM ON FEMALE BEAUTY.

I.—HAIR, FOREHEAD.

FAULT-FINDING OF THE OLD STYLE OF CRITICISM RIDICULED—PAINTING WITH THE PEN—UGLINESS OF BEAUTY WITHOUT FEELING—THE HAND OF THE POISONER—HAIR—UNDER WHAT CIRCUMSTANCES IT IS ALLOWABLE TO USE ARTIFICIAL HELPS TO BEAUTY—RED AND GOLDEN HAIR—HAIR OF LUCRETIA BORGIA—FOREHEAD.

CRITICISM, for the most part, is so partial, splenetic, and pedantic, and has such little right to speak of what it undertakes to censure, that the words 'criticism on beauty' sound almost as ill as if a man were to announce something unpleasant upon something pleasant.

And, certainly, as criticism, according to its general practice, consists in an endeavour to set the art above its betters, and to render genius amenable to want of genius (particularly in those matters which, by constituting the very essence of it, are the least felt by the men of line and rule), so critics are bound by their trade to object to the very pleasantest things. Delight, not being their business, 'puts them out.' The first reviewer was Momus, who found fault with the Goddess of Beauty.*

We have sometimes fancied a review set up by this anti-divinity in heaven. It would appear, by late discoveries in the history of the globe, that, as one species of production has become extinct, so new ones may have come into being. Now, imagine the gods occasionally putting forth some new work, which is

* Since the remarks in this exordium were written, periodical criticism has for the most part wholly changed its character. Instead of fault-finding, it has become beauty-finding. This extreme, of course, has also its wrong side; but, upon the whole, is unquestionably on the higher side of the art. There are few poor books, however indulgently treated, that will not soon die; but the very best books sometimes require aid, because of their depth and originality. It is observable that the indulgent spirit of criticism has increased with its profundity.

criticised in the *Olympian Review*. Chloris, the goddess of flowers, for instance, makes a sweetbrier:—

'The Sweetbrier, a new bush, by Chloris, Goddess of Flowers. Rain and Sun, 4104.

'This is another hasty production of a lady, whom we are anxious to meet with a more satisfied face. Really, we must say, that she tires us. The other day we had the *pink*. It is not more than a year ago that she flamed upon us with the *heartsease* (pretty names these); then we were all to be sunk into a bed of luxury and red leaves by the *rose*; and now, *ecce iterum Rosina*, comes a new edition of the same effeminate production, altered, but not amended, and made careless, confused, and full of harsh points. These the fair author, we suppose, takes for a dashing variety! Why does she not consult her friends? Why must we be forced to think that she mistakes her talents, and that she had better confine herself to the production of daisies and dandelions? Even the *rose*, which has been so much cried up in certain quarters, was not original. It was clearly suggested by that useful production of an orthodox friend of ours,—the *cabbage*; which has occasioned it to be pretty generally called the *cabbage-rose*. The *sweetbrier*, therefore, is imitation upon imitation, *crambe* (literally) *bis cocta*;* a think not to be endured. To say the truth, which we wish to do with great tenderness, considering the author's sex, this *sweetbrier-bush* is but a *rifacimento* of the *rose-bush*. The only difference is, that everything is done on a pettier scale, the flowers hastily turned out, and a superabundance of those startling points added, which so annoyed us in the *rose* yclept *moss*; for there is no end to these pretty creatures the *roses*. Let us see. There is the *cabbage-rose*, the *moss-rose*, the *musk-rose*, the *damask-rose*, the *hundred-leaved-rose*, the *yellow-rose*, and earth only knows how many more. Surely these were enough, in all conscience. Most of them rank little above extempore effusions, and were hardly worth the gathering; but after so much trifling, to go and alter the style of a commonplace in a spirit of mere undoing and *embrouillement*, and then palm it upon us for something *free*, forsooth, and original, is a desperate evidence of falling off! We cannot consent to take mere wildness for invention; a hasty and tangled piece of business, for a regular work of art. What is called nature will never do. Nature is

* Cabbage twice cooked.

unnatural. The best production by far of the fair author, was the *auricula*, one of those beautiful and regular pieces of composition, the right proportions of which are ascertained, and reducible to measurement. But *tempora mutantur*. Our fair florist has perhaps got into bad company. We have heard some talk about zephyrs, bees, wild birds, and such worshipful society. Cannot this ingenious person be content with the hot-house invented by Vulcan and Co. without gadding abroad in this disreputable manner? We have heard that she speaks with disrespect of ourselves; but we need not assure the reader that this can have no weight with an honest critic. By-the-by, why this brier is called sweet, we must unaffectedly and most sincerely say, is beyond our perceptions.'

We were about to give a specimen of another article, by the same reviewer, on the subject of our present paper:—'WOMAN, being a companion to MAN,' &c. But the tone of it would be intolerable. We shall therefore proceed with a more becoming and grateful criticism, such as the contemplation of the subject naturally produces. O Pygmalion, who can wonder (no artist surely) that thou didst fall in love with the work of thine own hands! O Titian! O Raphael! O Apelles! We could almost fancy this sheet of paper to be one of your tablets, our desk an easel, our pen a painting-brush; so impossible does it seem that the beauty we are about to paint should not inspire us with a *gusto* equal to your own!

'Come, then, the colours and the ground prepare.'

This inkstand is our palette. We handle our pen as if there were the richest bit of colour in the world at the end of it. The reds and whites look as if we could eat them. Look at that pearly tip at the end of the ear. The very shade of it has a glow. What a light on the forehead! What a moisture on the lip! What a soul, twenty fathom deep, in the eyes! Look at us, madam, if you please. The eye right on ours. The forehead a little more inclined. Good. What an expression! Raphael,—it is clear to me that you had not the feeling we have: for you could paint such a portrait, and we cannot. We cannot paint after the life. Titian, how could you contrive it? Apelles, may we trouble you to explain yourself? It is lucky for the poets that their mistresses are not obliged to sit to them. They would never write a line. Even a prose-writer is baffled. How

Raphael managed in the Palazzo Chigi,—how Sacchini contrived, when he wrote his *Rinaldo and Armida*, with Armida by his side,—is beyond our comprehension. We can call to mind, but we cannot copy. Fair presence, avaunt! We conjure you out of our study, as one of our brother-writers, in an agony of article, might hand away his bride, the printer having sent to him for copy. Come forth, our tablets. Stand us instead of more distracting suggestions, our memorandums.

It has been justly observed, that heroines are best painted in general terms, as in *Paradise Lost*,—

'Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,' &c.,

or by some striking instance of the effects of their beauty, as in Homer, where old age itself is astonished at the sight of Helen, and does not wonder that Paris has brought a war on his country for her sake. Particular description divides the opinion of the readers, and may offend some of them. The most elaborate portrait of the heroine of Italian romance could say nothing for her, compared with the distractions that she caused to so many champions, and the millions that besieged her in Albracca.

'Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
When Agrican with all his northern powers
Besieged Albracca, as romances tell,
The city of Gallaphrone, from whence to win
The fairest of her sex, Angelica.'

Even Apuleius, a very 'particular fellow,' who is an hour in describing a chambermaid, enters into no details respecting Psyche. It was enough that the people worshipped her.

The case is different when a writer describes a real person, or chooses to acquaint us with his particular taste. In the *Dream of Chaucer* is an admirable portrait of a woman, supposed to be that of Blanche, Duchess of John of Gaunt. Anacreon gives us a whole length of his mistress, in colours as fresh as if they were painted yesterday. The blue eye is moist in its sparkling; the cheek, which he compares to milk with roses in it, is young for ever. Oh, Titian, even thy colours are dry compared with those of poetry!

It happens luckily for us, on the present occasion, that we can reconcile particulars with generals. The truth is, we have no particular taste. We only demand that a woman should be womanly; which is not being exclusive. We think also that any-

body who wishes to look amiable, should be so. The detail, with us, depends on a sentiment. For instance, we used to think we never could tolerate flaxen hair; yet meeting one day with a lovely face that had flaxen locks about it, we thought for a good while after, that flaxen was your only wear. Harriet O—— made us take to black; and yet, if it had not been for a combination of dark browns, we should the other night have been converted to the superiority of light brown by Harriet D——. Upon the whole, the dark browns, chesnuts, &c. have it with us; but this is because the greatest number of kind eyes that we have met, have looked from under locks of that colour. We find beauty itself a very poor thing unless beautified by sentiment. The reader may take the confession as he pleases, either as an instance of abundance of sentiment on our part, or as an evidence of want of proper ardour and impartiality; but we cannot (and that is the plain truth) think the most beautiful creature beautiful, or be at all affected by her, or long to sit next her, or go to a theatre with her, or listen to a concert with her, or walk in a field or a forest with her, or call her by her Christian name, or ask her if she likes poetry, or tie (with any satisfaction) her gown for her, or be asked whether we admire her shoe, or take her arm even into a dining-room, or kiss her at Christmas, or on April-fool day, or on May-day, or on any other day, or dream of her, or wake thinking of her, or feel a want in the room when she has gone, or a pleasure the more when she appears,—unless she has a heart as well as a face, and is a proper good-tempered, natural, sincere, honest girl, who has a love for other people and other things, apart from self-reference and the wish to be admired. Her face would pall upon us in the course of a week, or even become disagreeable. We should prefer an enamelled teacup; for we should expect nothing from it. We remember the impression made on us by a female plaster-cast hand, sold in the shops as a model. It is beautifully turned, though we thought it somewhat too plump and well-fed. The fingers, however, are delicately tapered: the outline flowing and graceful. We fancied it to have belonged to some jovial beauty, a little too fat and festive, but laughing withal, and as full of good-nature. The possessor told us it was the hand of Madame Brinvilliers, the famous poisoner. The word was no sooner spoken, than we shrank from it as if it had been a toad. It was now literally hideous; the fat seemed sweltering and full of poison. The beauty added to the deformity. You resented the grace: you shrank from the look

of smoothness, as from a snake. This woman went to the scaffold with as much indifference as she distributed her poisons. The character of her mind was insensibility. The strongest of excitements was to her what a cup of tea is to other people. And such is the character, more or less, of all mere beauty. Nature, if one may so speak, does not seem to intend it to be beautiful. It looks as if it were created in order to show what a nothing the formal part of beauty is, without the spirit of it. We have been so used to it with reference to considerations of this kind, that we have met with women generally pronounced beautiful, and spoken of with transport, who took a sort of ghastly and witch-like aspect in our eyes, as if they had been things walking the earth without a soul, or with some evil intention. The woman who supped with the Goule in the *Arabian Nights*, must have been a beauty of this species.

But to come to our portrait. Artists, we believe, like to begin with the eyes. We will begin, like Anacreon, with the hair.

Hair should be abundant, soft, flexible, growing in long locks, of a colour suitable to the skin, thick in the mass, delicate and distinct in the particular. The mode of wearing it should differ. Those who have it growing low in the nape of the neck, should prefer wearing it in locks hanging down, rather than turned up with a comb. The gathering it, however, in that manner is delicate and feminine, and suits many. In general, the mode of wearing the hair is to be regulated according to the shape of the head. Ringlets hanging about the forehead suit almost everybody. On the other hand, the fashion of parting the hair smoothly, and drawing it tight back on either side, is becoming to few. It has a look of vanity, instead of simplicity. The face must do everything for it, which is asking too much; especially as hair, in its freer state, is the ornament intended for it by nature. Hair is to the human aspect, what foliage is to the landscape. This analogy is so striking, that it has been compared to flowers, and even to fruit. The Greek and other poets talk of hyacinthine locks, of clustering locks (an image taken from grapes), of locks like tendrils. The favourite epithet for a Greek beauty was 'well-haired;' and the same epithet was applied to woods. Apuleius says, that Venus herself, if she were bald, would not be Venus. So entirely do we agree with him, so much do we think that the sentiment of anything beautiful, even where the real beauty is wanting, is the best part of it, that we prefer

the help of artificial hair to an ungraceful want of it. We do not wish to be deceived. We should like to know that the hair was artificial; or at least that the wearer was above disguising the fact. This would show her worthy of being allowed it. We remember, when abroad, a lady of quality, an Englishwoman, whose beauty was admired by all Florence; but never did it appear to us so admirable, as when she observed one day, that the ringlets that hung from under her cap were not her own. Here, thought we, it is not artifice that assists beauty; it is truth. Here is a woman who knows that there is a beauty in hair beyond the material of it, or the pride of being thought to possess it. O wits of Queen Anne's day, see what it is to live in an age of sentiment, instead of your mere periwigs, and reds and whites!—The first step in taste is to dislike all artifice; the next is to demand nature in her perfection; but the best of all is to find out the hidden beauty, which is the soul of beauty itself, to wit, the sentiment of it. The loveliest hair is nothing, if the wearer is incapable of a grace. The finest eyes are not fine, if they say nothing. What is the finest harp to us, strung with gold, and adorned with a figure of Venus, if it answer with a discordant note, and hath no chords in it fit to be wakened? Long live, therefore, say we, lovely natural locks at five-and-twenty, and lovely artificial locks, if they must be resorted to, at five-and-thirty or forty. Let the harp be new strung, if the frame warrant it, and the sounding-board hath a delicate utterance. A woman of taste should no more scruple to resort to such helps at one age, than she would consent to resort to them at an age when no such locks exist in nature. Till then, let her not cease to help herself to a plentiful supply. The spirit in which it is worn gives the right to wear it. Affectation and pretension spoil everything: sentiment and simplicity warrant it. Above all things cleanliness. This should be the motto of personal beauty. Let a woman keep what hair she has, clean, and she may adorn or increase it as she pleases. Oil, for example, is two different things, on clean hair and unclean. On the one, it is but an aggravation of the dirt: to the other, if not moist enough by nature, it may add a reasonable grace. The best, however, is undoubtedly that which can most dispense with it. A lover is a little startled, when he finds the paper, in which a lock of hair has been enclosed, stained and spotted as if it had wrapped a cheesecake. Ladies, when about to give away locks, may as well omit the oil that time, and be content with the washing. If they

argue that it will not look so glossy in those eyes in which they desire it to shine most, let them own as much to the favoured person, and he will never look at it but their candour shall give it a double lustre.

'Love adds a precious seeing to the eye;'

and how much does not sincerity add to love! One of the excuses for oil is the perfume mixed with it. The taste for this was carried so far among the ancients, that Anacreon does not scruple to wish that the painter of his mistress's portrait could convey the odour breathing from her delicate oiled tresses. Even this taste seems to have a foundation in nature. A little black-eyed relation of ours (often called Molly, from a certain dairy-maid turn of hers and our regard for old English customs) has hair with a natural scent of spice.

The poets of antiquity, and the modern ones after them, talk much of yellow and golden tresses, tresses like the morn, &c. Much curiosity has been evinced respecting the nature of this famous poetical hair; and as much anxiety shown in hoping that it was not red. May we venture to say, in behalf of red hair, that we are not of those in whose eyes it is so very shocking? Perhaps, as 'pity melts the soul to love,' there may be something of such a feeling in our tenderness for that Pariah of a colour. It must be owned that hair of this complexion appears never to have been in request; and yet, to say nothing of the general liking of the ancients for all the other shades of yellow and gold, a good red-headed commentator might render it a hard matter to pronounce, that Theocritus has not given two of his beautiful swains hair amounting to a positive fiery. *Fire-red* is the epithet, however it may be understood.

'Both fiery-tressed heads, both in their bloom.'*

We do not believe the golden hair to have been red; but this we believe, that it was nearer to it than most colours, and that it went a good deal beyond what it is sometimes supposed to have been, auburn. The word yellow, a convertible term for it, will not do for auburn. Auburn is a rare and glorious colour, and we suspect will always be more admired by us of the north, where the fair complexions that recommended golden hair are as easy to be met with, as they are difficult in the south. Both Ovid and

* Ἄμφω τώγ' ἤτην πυῤῥοτρίχω, ἄμφω ἀνάβω.—Idyll. vii.

Anacreon, the two greatest masters of the ancient world in painting external beauty, seemed to have preferred it to golden, notwithstanding the popular cry in the other's favour; unless, indeed, the hair they speak of was too dark in its ground for auburn. The Latin poet, in his fourteenth love-elegy, speaking of tresses which he says Apollo would have envied, and which he prefers to those of Venus as Apelles painted her, tells us, that they were neither black nor golden, but mixed, as it were, of both. And he compares them to cedar on the declivities of Ida, with the bark stripped. This implies a dash of tawny. We have seen pine-trees in a southern evening sun take a lustrous burnished aspect between dark and golden, a good deal like what we conceive to be the colour he alludes to. Anacreon describes hair of a similar beauty. His touch, as usual, is brief and exquisite:—

'Deepening inwardly, a dun;
Sparkling golden, next the sun.'*

Which Ben Jonson has rendered in a line—

'Gold upon a ground of black.'

Perhaps, the true auburn is something more lustrous throughout, and more metallic than this. The cedar with the bark stripped looks more like it. At all events, that it is not the golden hair of the ancients has been proved in our opinion beyond a doubt by a memorandum in our possession, worth a thousand treatises of the learned. This is a solitary hair of the famous Lucretia Borgia, whom Ariosto has so praised for her virtues, and whom the rest of the world is so contented to think a wretch.† It was given us by a lamented friend ‡ who obtained it from a lock of her hair preserved in the Ambrosian Library at Milan. On the envelope he put a happy motto—

'And beauty draws us with a single hair.'

If ever hair was golden, it is this. It is not red, it is not yellow, it is not auburn: it is golden, and nothing else; and, though

* Τὰ μὲν ἔνδοθεν, μελαίνας,
Τὰ δ' ἐς ἄκρον, ἠλιῶσας.

† Mr. Roscoe must be excepted, who has come into the field to run a tilt for her. We wish his lance may turn out to be the Golden Lance of the poet, and overthrow all his opponents. The greatest scandal in the world is the readiness of the world to believe scandal.

‡ Lord Byron.

natural-looking too, must have had a surprising appearance in the mass. Lucretia, beautiful in every respect, must have looked like a vision in a picture, an angel from the sun. Everybody who sees it, cries out, and pronounces it the real thing. We must confess, after all, we prefer the auburn, as we construe it. It forms, we think, a finer shade for the skin; a richer warmth; a darker lustre. But Lucretia's hair must have been still divine. Mr. Landor, whom we had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with over it, as other acquaintances commence over a bottle, was inspired on the occasion with the following verses:—

> 'Borgia, thou once wert almost too august
> And high for adoration;—now, thou'rt dust!
> All that remains of thee these plaits infold—
> Calm hair, meand'ring with pellucid gold!'

The sentiment implied in the last line will be echoed by every bosom that has worn a lock of hair next it, or longed to do so. Hair is at once the most delicate and lasting of our materials; and survives us, like love. It is so light, so gentle, so escaping from the idea of death, that with a lock of hair belonging to a child or a friend, we may almost look up to heaven, and compare notes with the angelic nature; may almost say, 'I have a piece of thee here, not unworthy of thy being now.'

Forehead.—There are fashions in beauty as well as dress. In some parts of Africa, no lady can be charming under twenty stone:

> 'King Chihu put nine queens to death;
> Convict on Statute, *Ivory Teeth.*'

In Shakspeare's time it was the fashion to have high foreheads, partly out of compliment to Queen Elizabeth. They were thought equally beautiful and indicative of wisdom: and if the portraits of the great men of that day are to be trusted, wisdom and high foreheads were certainly often found together. Of late years, physiognomists have declared for the wisdom of strait and compact foreheads, rather than high ones. We must own we have seen very silly persons with both. It must be allowed, at the same time, that a very retreating forehead is apt to be no accompaniment of wit. With regard to high ones, they are often confounded with foreheads merely bald; and baldness, whether natural or otherwise, is never handsome; though in men it some-

times takes a character of simplicity and firmness. According to the Greeks, who are reckoned to have been the greatest judges of beauty, the high forehead never bore the palm. A certain conciseness carried it. 'A forehead,' says Junius, in his 'Treatise on Ancient Art,' should be smooth and even, white, delicate, short, and of an open and cheerful character.' The Latin is briefer.* Ariosto has expressed it in two words, perhaps in one.

'Di *terso* avorio era la fronte lieta.'—*Orlan. Fur.* canto vii.

Terse ivory was her forehead glad.

A large bare forehead gives a woman a masculine and defying look. The word effrontery comes from it. The hair should be brought over such a forehead, as vines are trailed over a wall.

II.—EYES, EYEBROWS, NOSE.

EYES—EYEBROWS—FROWNING WITHOUT FROWNING—EYEBROWS MEETING—SHAPE OF HEAD, FACE, EARS, CHEEKS, AND EARRINGS—NOSE—A PERPLEXITY TO THE CRITICS—QUESTION OF AQUILINE NOSES—ANGELS NEVER PAINTED WITH THEM.

Eyes.—The finest eyes are those that unite sense and sweetness. They should be able to say much and all charmingly. The look of sense is proportioned to the depth from which the thought seems to issue; the look of sweetness to an habitual readiness of sympathy, an unaffected willingness to please and be pleased. We need not be jealous of—

'Eyes affectionate and glad,
That seem to love whate'er they look upon.'
—*Gertrude of Wyoming.*

They have always a good stock in reserve for their favourites;

* 'Frons debet esse plana, candida, tenuis, brevis, pura.'—Junius *De Pictura Veterum*, lib. iii. cap. 9. The whole chapter is very curious and abundant on the subject of ancient beauty. Yet it might be rendered a good deal more so. A treatise on Hair alone might be collected out of Ovid.

especially if, like those mentioned by the poet, they are conversant with books and nature. Voluptuaries know not what they talk about, when they profess not to care for sense in a woman. Pedantry is one thing; sense, taste, and apprehensiveness, are another. Give us an eye that draws equally from head above and heart beneath; that is equally full of ideas and feelings, of intuition and sensation. If either must predominate, let it be the heart. Mere beauty is nothing at any time but a doll, and should be packed up and sent to Brobdingnag. The colour of the eye is a very secondary matter. Black eyes are thought the brightest, blue the most feminine, grey the keenest. It depends entirely on the spirit within. We have seen all these colours change characters; though we must own, that when a blue eye looks ungentle, it seems more out of character than the extremest contradiction expressed by others. The ancients appear to have associated the idea of gladness with blue eyes; which is the colour given to his heroine's by the author just quoted. Anacreon attributes a blue or a grey eye to his mistress, it is difficult to say which: but he adds, that it is tempered with the moist delicacy of the eye of Venus. The other look was Minerva's, and required softening. It is not easy to distinguish the shades of the various colours anciently given to eyes; the blues and greys, sky-blues, sea-blues, sea-greys, and even *cat*-greys.* But it is clear that the expression is everything. The poet demanded this or that colour, according as he thought it favourable to the expression of acuteness, majesty, tenderness, or a mixture of all. Black eyes were most lauded; doubtless, because in a southern country the greatest number of beloved eyes must be of that colour. But on the same account of the predominance of black, the abstract taste was in favour of lighter eyes and fair complexions. Hair being of a great variety of tint, the poet had great licence in wishing or feigning on that point. Many a head of hair was exalted into gold, that gave slight colour for the pretension; nor is it to be doubted that auburn, and red and yellow, and sand-colour, and brown with the least surface of gold, all took the same illustrious epithet on occasion. With regard to eyes, the ancients insisted

* *Cæsio veniam obvius leoni.*—Catullus. See *glaucus*, *cærulous*, &c., and their Greek correspondents. Χαροπὸς, glad-looking, is also rendered in the Latin, blue-eyed: and yet it is often translated by *ravus*, a word which at one time is made to signify blue, and at another something approximating to hazel. *Cæsius*, in like manner, appears to signify both grey and blue, and a tinge of green.

much on one point, which gave rise to many happy expressions. this was a certain mixture of pungency with the look of sweetness. Sometimes they call it severity, sometimes sternness, and even acridity, and terror. The usual word was gorgon-looking. Something of a frown was implied, mixed with a radiant earnestness. This was commonly spoken of men's eyes. Anacreon, giving directions for the portrait of a youth, says—

'Μέλαν ὄμμα γοργὸν ἔστω,
Κεκερασμένον γαλήνῃ.'

Dark and *gorgon* be his eye,
Tempered with hilarity.

A taste of it, however, was sometimes desired in the eyes of the ladies. Theagenes, in Heliodorus's *Æthiopics*, describing his mistress Chariclea, tells us, that even when a child, something great, and with a divinity in it, shone out of her eyes, and encountered his, as he examined them, with a mixture of the *gorgon* and the alluring.* Perhaps the best word for translating *gorgon* would be *fervent*: something earnest, fiery, and pressing onward. Anacreon, we see, with his usual exquisite taste, allays the fierceness of the term with the participle 'tempered.' The nice point is, to see that the terror itself be not terrible, but only a poignancy brought in to assist the sweetness. It is the salt in the tart; the subtle sting of the essence. It is to the eye intellectual, what the apple of the eye is to the eye itself, – the dark part of it, the core, the innermost look; the concentration and burning-glass of the rays of love. We think, however, that Anacreon did better than Heliodorus, when he avoided attributing this look to his mistress, and confined it to the other sex. He tells us, that she had a look of Minerva as well as Venus; but it was Minerva without the gorgon. There was sense and apprehensiveness, but nothing to alarm.

Large eyes were admired in Greece, where they still prevail. They are the finest of all, when they have the internal look; which is not common. The stag or antelope eye of the orientals is beautiful and lamping, but is accused of looking skittish and indifferent. 'The epithet of stag-eyed,' says Lady Wortley Montagu, speaking of a Turkish love-song, 'pleases me extremely; and I think it a very lively image of the fire and indifference in his mistress's eyes.' We lose in depth of expression,

* *Æthiop* lib. xi., apud Junium.

when we go to inferior animals for comparisons with human beauty. Homer calls Juno ox-eyed; and the epithet suits well with the eyes of that goddess, because she may be supposed, with all her beauty, to want a certain humanity. Her large eyes look at you with a royal indifference. Shakspeare has kissed them, and made them human. Speaking of violets, he describes them as being—

'Sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes.'

This is shutting up their pride, and subjecting them to the lips of love. Large eyes may become more touching under this circumstance than any others, because of the field which the large lids give for the veins to wander in, and the trembling amplitude of the ball beneath. Little eyes must be good-tempered, or they are ruined. They have no other resource. But this will beautify them enough. They are made for laughing, and should do their duty. In Charles the Second's time, it was the fashion to have sleepy, half-shut eyes, sly and meretricious. They took an expression, beautiful and warrantable on occasion, and made a commonplace of it, and a vice. So little do 'men of pleasure' understand the business from which they take their title. A good warm-hearted poet shall shed more light upon voluptuousness and beauty in one verse from his pen, than a thousand rakes can arrive at, swimming in claret, and bound on as many voyages of discovery.

In attending to the hair and eyes, we have forgotten the eyebrows, and the shape of the head. They shall be despatched before we come to the lips; as the table is cleared before the dessert. This is an irreverent simile, nor do we like it; though the pleasure even of eating and drinking, to those who enjoy it with temperance, may be traced beyond the palate. The utmost refinements on that point are, we allow, wide of the mark on this. The idea of beauty, however, is lawfully associated with that of cherries and peaches; as Eve set forth the dessert in Paradise.

Eyebrows.—Eyebrows used to obtain more applause than they do. Shakspeare seems to jest upon this eminence, when he speaks of a lover

'Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow.'

Marot mentions a poem on an eyebrow, which was the talk of the

court of Francis the First.* The taste of the Greeks on this point was remarkable. They admired eyebrows that almost met. It depends upon the character of the rest of the face. Meeting eyebrows may give a sense and animation to looks that might otherwise be too feminine. They have certainly not a foolish look. Anacreon's mistress has them :—

'Taking care her eyebrows be
Not apart, nor mingled neither,
But as hers are, stol'n together;
Met by stealth, yet leaving too
O'er the eyes their darkest hue.'

In the Idyl of Theocritus before mentioned, one of the speakers values himself upon the effect his beauty has had on a girl with joined eyebrows.

"Κῆμ' ἐκ τῷ ἄντρῳ σύνοφρυς κόρα ἐχθὲς ἰδοίσα,
Τὰς ἁμάλας παρελεύντα, καλὸν καλὸν ἦμες ἔφασκεν,
Οὐ μὲν οὐδὲ λόγων ἐκρίθην ἄπο τὸν πικρὸν αὐτὰ,
Ἀλλὰ κατὼ βλέψας τὰν ἀμέτεραν ὅδον εἶρπον."

Passing a bower last evening with my cows,
A girl look'd out,—a girl with meeting brows,
'Beautiful! beautiful!' cried she. I heard,
But went on, looking down, and gave her not a word.

This taste in female beauty appears to have been confined to the ancients. Boccaccio, in his *Ameto*, the precursor of the *Decameron*, where he gives several pictures of beautiful women, speaks more than once of disjoined eyebrows.† Chaucer, in the *Court of Love*, is equally express in favour of 'a due distance.' An arched eyebrow was always in request; but we think it is doubtful whether we are to understand that the eyebrows were always desired to form separate arches, or to give an arched character to the brow considered in unison. In either case the curve should be very delicate. A straight eyebrow is better than a very arching one, which has a look of wonder and silliness. To have it immediately over the eye, is preferable, for the same reason, to its being too high and lifted. The Greeks liked eyes leaning upward towards each other; which indeed is a rare beauty, and the reverse of the animal character. If the brows over these took a similar direction, they would form an arch

* In one of his Epistles beginning—'Nobles esprits de France poetiques.'

† *L'Ameto* di Messer Giovanni Boccaccio, pp. 31, 32, 39. Parma, 1802.

together. Perhaps a sort of double curve was required, the particular one of the eye, and the general one in the look altogether.* But these are unnecessary refinements. Where great difference of taste is allowed, the point in question can be of little consequence. We cannot think, however, with Ariosto, that fair locks with black eyebrows are desirable. We see, by an article in an Italian catalogue, that the taste provoked a discussion.† It is to be found, however, in *Achilles Tatius*, and in the poem beginning

'Lydia, bella puella, candida,'

attributed to Gallus. A moderate distinction is desirable, especially where the hair is very light. Hear Burns, in a passage full of life and sweetness—

'Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
Twa laughing een o' bonny blue.'

It is agreed on all hands that a female eyebrow ought to be delicate, and nicely pencilled. Dante says of his mistress's, that it looked as if it was painted.

'Il ciglio
Pulito, e brun, talchè dipinto pare.'—*Rime*, lib. v.
The eyebrow,
Polished and dark, as though the brush had drawn it.

Brows ought to be calm and even.

'Upon her eyelids many graces sat,
Under the shadow of her even brows.'—*Fairy Queen.*

Eyelids have been mentioned before. The lashes are best when they are dark, long, and abundant without tangling.

Shape of Head and Face, Ears, Cheeks, &c.—The shape of the head, including the face, is handsome in proportion as it inclines from round into oval. This should particularly appear, when the face is looking down The skull should be like a noble cover to a beautiful goblet. The principal breadth is at the temples, and over the ears. The ears ought to be small, delicate, and compact. We have fancied that musical people have fine

* See the *Amato*, p. 32.

† Barrotti, Gio. Andrea: *Le Chiome bionde e Ciglia nere d'Alcina, Discorso Accademico.* Padova, 1746.

ears in that sense, as well as the other. But the internal conformation must be the main thing with them. The same epithets of small, delicate, and compact, apply to the jaw; which loses in beauty, in proportion as it is large and angular. The cheek is the seat of great beauty and sentiment. It is the region of passive and habitual softness. Gentle acquiescence is there; modesty is there; the lights and colours of passion play tenderly in and out its surface, like the Aurora of the northern sky. It has been seen how Anacreon has painted a cheek. Sir Philip Sidney has touched it with no less delicacy, and more sentiment:—'Her cheeks blushing, and withal, when she was spoken to, a little smiling, were like roses when their leaves are with a little breath stirred.'—*Arcadia*, book i. Beautiful-cheeked is a favourite epithet with Homer. There is an exquisite delicacy, rarely noticed, in the transition from the cheek to the neck, just under the ear. Akenside has observed it; but he hurts his feeling, as usual, with commonplace epithets:—

> 'Hither turn
> Thy grateful footsteps; hither, gentle maid,
> Incline thy polish'd forehead; let thy eyes
> Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn;
> And may the fanning breezes waft aside
> Thy radiant locks, disclosing, as it bends
> With airy softness from the marble neck,
> The cheek fair blooming.'—*Pleasures of Imagination.*

The 'marble neck' is too violent a contrast; but the picture is delicate.

> 'Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn'

is an elegant and happy verse.

We may here observe, that rakes and men of sentiment appear to have agreed in objecting to ornaments for the ears. Ovid, Sir Philip Sidney, and, we think, Beaumont and Fletcher, have passages against earrings; but we cannot refer to the last.

> 'Vos quoque non caris aures onerate lapillis,
> Quos legit in viridi decolor Indus aqua.'—*Artis Amor.* lib. iii.
>
> Load not your ears with costly jewelry,
> Which the swart Indian culls from his green sea.

This, to be sure, might be construed into a warning against the abuse, rather than the use, of such ornaments; but the context is in favour of the latter supposition. The poet is recommending simplicity, and extolling the age he lives in for being

sensible enough to dispense with show and finery. The passage in Sidney is express, and is a pretty conceit. Drawing a portrait of his heroine, and coming to the ear, he tells us, that

> 'The tip no jewel needs to wear;
> The tip is jewel to the ear.'

We confess that when we see a handsome ear without an ornament we are glad it is not there; but if it has an ornament, and one in good taste, we know not how to wish it away. There is an elegance in the dangling of a gem suitable to the complexion. We believe the ear is better without it. Akenside's picture, for instance, would be spoiled by a ring. Furthermore, it is in the way of a kiss.

Nose.—The nose in general has the least character of any of the features. When we meet with a very small one, we only wish it larger; when with a large one, we would fain request it to be smaller. In itself it is rarely anything. The poets have been puzzled to know what to do with it. They are generally contented with describing it as straight, and in good proportion. The straight nose, quoth Dante—'*Il dritto naso.*' 'Her nose directed streight,' saith Chaucer. 'Her nose is neither too long nor too short,' say the *Arabian Nights*. Ovid makes no mention of a nose. Ariosto says of Alcina's (not knowing what else to say), that envy could not find fault with it. Anacreon contrives to make it go shares withthe cheek. Boccaccio, in one of his early works, the *Ameto* above mentioned, where he has an epithet for almost every noun, is so puzzled what to say of a nose, that he calls it *odorante*, the smelling nose. Fielding, in his contempt for so unsentimental a part of the visage, does not scruple to beat Amelia's nose to pieces, by accident; in order to show how contented her lover can be, when the surgeon has put it decently to rights. This has been reckoned a hazardous experiment. Not that a lover, if he is worth anything, would not remain a lover after such an accident, but that it is well to have a member uninjured, which has so little character to support its adversity. The commentators have a curious difficulty with a line in Catullus. They are not sure whether he wrote

> 'Salve, nec *nimio* puella naso—'
> Hail, damsel, with by no means too much nose;

or,

> 'Salve, nec *minimo* puella naso—'
> Hail, damsel, with by no means nose too little.

It is a feature generally to be described by negatives. It is of importance, however, to the rest of the face. If a good nose will do little for a countenance otherwise poor, a bad one is a great injury to the best. An indifferent one is so common that it is easily tolerated. It appears, from the epithets bestowed upon that part of the face by the poets and romance writers, that there is no defect more universal than a nose a little wry, or out of proportion. The reverse is desirable, accordingly. A nose should be firmly, yet lightly cut, delicate, spirited, harmonious in its parts, and proportionate with the rest of the features. A nose merely well-drawn and proportioned, can be very insipid. Some little freedom and delicacy is required to give it character. The character which most becomes it is that of taste and apprehensiveness. And a perfectly elegant face has a nose of this sort. Dignity, as regards this feature, depends upon the expression of the rest of the face. Thus a large aquiline nose increases the look of strength in a strong face, and of weakness in a weak one. The contrast—the want of balance—is too great. Junius adduces the authority of the sophist, Philostratus, for *tetragonal* or *quadrangular noses*,—noses like those of statues; that is to say, broad and level on the bridge, with distinct angles to the parallelogram. These are better for men than women. The genders of noses are more distinct than those of eyes and lips. The neuter are the commonest. A nose a little aquiline is not unhandsome in a woman. Cyrus's Aspasia had one, according to Ælian. 'She had very large eyes,' quoth he, 'and a nose somewhat aquiline;' *ὀλίγον δὲ ἦν καὶ ἐπίγρυπος.** But a large aquiline nose is bad. It trenches upon the other sex, and requires all the graces of Aspasia to carry it off. Those, indeed, will carry off anything. There are many handsome and even charming women with such noses; but they are charming in spite of them, not by their assistance. Painters do not give them to their ideal beauties. We do not imagine angels with aquiline noses. Dignified men have them. Plato calls them royal. Marie Antoinette was not the worse for an aquiline nose; at least in her triumphant days, when she swam through an antechamber like a vision and swept away the understanding of Mr. Burke. But if a royal nose has anything to do with a royal will, she would have been the better, at last, for one of a less dominant description. A Roman nose may establish a tyranny:—

* *Var. Hist.* lib. xii. cap. 1.

according to Marmontel, a little turn-up nose overthrew one. At all events, it is more feminine; and La Fontaine was of Marmontel's opinion. Writing to the Duchess of Bouillon, who had expressed a fear that he would grow tired of Château Thierry, he says,—

'Peut-on s'ennuyer en des lieux
Honorés par les pas, éclairés par les yeux
D'une aimable et vive Princesse,
A pied blanc et mignon, à brune et longue tresse?
Nez troussé, c'est un charme encore selon mon sens.
C'en est même un des plus puissants.
Pour moi, le temps d'aimer est passé, je l'avoue;
Et je mérite qu'on me loue
De ce libre et sincère aveu,
Dont pourtant le public se souciera très peu.
Que j'aime ou n'aime pas, c'est pour lui même chose.
Mais s'il arrive que mon cœur
Retourne à l'avenir dans sa première erreur,
Nez aquilins et longs n'en seront pas la cause.

How can one tire in solitudes and nooks,
Graced by the steps, enlighten'd by the looks,
Of the most piquant of Princesses,
With little darling foot, and long dark tresses?
A turn-up nose too, between you and me,
Has something that attracts me mightily.
My loving days, I must confess, are over,
A fact it does me honour to discover;
Though, I suppose, whether I love or not,
That brute, the public, will not care a jot:—
The dev'l a bit will their hard hearts look to it.
But should it happen some fine day,
That anything should lead me round that way,
A long and beaky nose will certainly not do it.

III.—MOUTH, CHIN, TEETH, BOSOM.

MOUTH AND CHIN—MOUTH THE PART OF THE FACE THE LEAST ABLE TO CONCEAL THE EXPRESSION OF TEMPER, ETC.—HANDSOME SMILES IN PLAIN FACES—TEETH—DIMPLES—NECK AND SHOULDERS—PERFECTION OF SHAPE—BOSOM—CAUTION AGAINST THE MISCONSTRUCTIONS OF THE COARSE-MINDED.

Mouth and Chin.—The mouth, like the eyes, gives occasion to so many tender thoughts, and is so apt to lose and supersede itself in the affectionate softness of its effect upon us, that the

first impulse, in speaking of it, is to describe it by a sentiment and a transport. Mr. Sheridan has hit this very happily—see his *Rivals*:

'Sir Anth. Absolute.—Nay but, Jack, such eyes! such eyes! so innocently wild! so bashfully irresolute! not a glance but speaks and kindles some thought of love!—Then, Jack, her cheeks! her cheeks, Jack! so deeply blushing at the insinuations of her tell-tale eyes!—Then, Jack, her lips!—lips smiling at their own discretion; and if not smiling, more sweetly pouting; more lovely in sullenness!'

We never met with a passage in all the poets that gave us a livelier and softer idea of this charming feature, than a stanza in a homely old writer of our own country. He is relating the cruelty of Queen Eleanor to the Fair Rosamond:—

'With that she dash'd her on the lips,
So dyëd double red:
Hard was the heart that gave the blow,
Soft were those lips that bled.'
—Warner's *Albion's England*, book viii. chap. 41.

Sir John Suckling, in his taste of an under lip, is not to be surpassed:—

'Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compared with that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly.'

The upper lip, observe, was only comparatively thin. Thin lips become none but shrews or niggards. A rosiness beyond that of the cheeks, and a good-tempered sufficiency and plumpness, are the indispensable requisites of a good mouth. Chaucer, a great judge, is very peremptory in this matter:—

'With pregnant lippès, thick to kiss percase;
For lippès thin, not fat, but ever lean,
They serve of naught; they be not worth a bean;
For if the base be full, there is delight.'—*The Court of Love.*

For the consolation, however, of those who have thin lips, and are not shrews or niggards, we must give it here as our opinion, founded on what we have observed, that lips become more or less contracted, in the course of years, in proportion as they are accustomed to express good-humour and generosity, or peevishness and a contracted mind. Remark the effect which a moment of ill-temper or grudgingness has upon the lips, and judge what may be expected from an habitual series of such moments. Remark the reverse, and make a similar judgment.

The mouth is the frankest part of the face. It can the least conceal the feelings. We can hide neither ill-temper with it nor good. We may affect what we please; but affectation will not help us. In a wrong cause, it will only make our observers resent the endeavour to impose upon them. The mouth is the seat of one class of emotions, as the eyes are of another; or rather, it expresses the same emotions, but in greater detail, and with a more irrepressible tendency to mobility. It is the region of smiles and dimples, of a trembling tenderness, of sharp sorrow, of a full and breathing joy, of candour, of reserve, of a carking care, of a liberal sympathy. The mouth, out of its many sensibilities, may be fancied throwing up one great expression into the eyes; as many lights in a city reflect a broad lustre into the heavens. On the other hand, the eyes may be supposed the chief movers, influencing the smaller details of their companion, as heaven influences earth. The first cause in both is internal and deep-seated.

The more we consider beauty, the more we recognise its dependence on sentiment. The handsomest mouth, without expression, is no better than a mouth in a drawing-book. Any ordinary one, on the other hand, with a great deal of expression, shall become charming. One of the handsomest smiles we ever saw in a man, was that of a celebrated statesman who is reckoned plain. How handsome Mrs. Jordan was when she laughed; who, nevertheless, was not a beauty. If we only imagine a laugh full of kindness and enjoyment, or a 'little giddy laugh,' as Marot calls it—*un petit ris folâtre*—we imagine the mouth handsome as a matter of course; at any rate, for the time. The material obeys the spiritual. Anacreon beautifully describes a lip as 'a lip like Persuasion's,' and says it calls upon us to kiss it. 'Her lips,' says Sir Philip Sidney, 'though they were kept close with modest silence, yet with a pretty kind of natural swelling, they seemed to invite the guests that looked on them.'—*Arcadia*, book i.

Let me quote another passage from that noble romance, which was written to fill a woman's mind with all beautiful thoughts, and which we never met with a woman that did not like, notwithstanding its faults, and in spite of the critics. 'Her tears came dropping down like rain in sunshine; and she not taking heed to wipe the tears, they hung upon her cheeks and lips, as upon cherries, *which the dropping tree bedeweth*.'—Book the Third. Nothing can be more fresh and elegant than this picture.

A mouth should be of good natural dimensions, as well as plump in the lips. When the ancients, among their beauties, make mention of small mouths and lips, they mean small only as opposed to an excess the other way; a fault very common in the south. The sayings in favour of small mouths, which have been the ruin of so many pretty looks, are very absurd. If there must be an excess either way, it had better be the liberal one. A petty, pursed-up mouth is fit for nothing but to be left to its self-complacency. Large mouths are oftener found in union with generous dispositions, than very small ones. Beauty should have neither; but a reasonable look of openness and delicacy. It is an elegance in lips, when, instead of making sharp angles at the corner of the mouth, they retain a certain breadth to the very verge, and show the red. The corner then looks painted with a free and liberal pencil.

Beautiful teeth are of a moderate size, even, and white, not a dead white, like fish-bones, which has something ghastly in it, but ivory or pearly white with an enamel. Bad teeth in a handsome mouth present a contradiction, which is sometimes extremely to be pitied; for a weak or feverish state of body may occasion them. Teeth, not kept as clean as possible, are unpardonable. Ariosto has a celebrated stanza upon a mouth:—

'Sotto quel sta, quasi fra due vallette,
La bocca sparsa di natio cinabro;
Quivi due filze son di perle elette,
Che chiude ed apre un bello e dolce labro:
Quindi escon le cortesi parolette
Da render molle ogni cor rozzo e scabro;
Quivi si forma quel suave riso,
Ch'apre a sua posta in terra il paradiso.'

—*Orlan. Fur.* canto vii.

Next, as between two little vales, appears
The mouth, where spices and vermilion keep:
There lurk the pearls, richer than sultan wears,
Now casketed, now shown, by a sweet lip:
Thence issue the soft words and courteous prayers,
Enough to make a churl for sweetness weep:
And there the smile taketh its rosy rise,
That opens upon earth a paradise.

To the mouth belong not only its own dimples, but those of the cheek:—

'le pozzette
Che forma un dolce riso in bella guancia.'—Tasso.

The delicate wells
Which a sweet smile forms in a lovely cheek.

The chin, to be perfect, should be round and delicate, neither advancing nor retreating too much. If it exceed either way, the latter defect is on the side of gentleness. The former anticipates old age. A rounded and gentle prominence is both spirited and beautiful; and is eminently Grecian. It is an elegant countenance (affectation of course apart), where the forehead and eyes have an inclined and over-looking aspect, while the mouth is delicately full and dimpled, and the chin supports it like a cushion, leaning a little upward. A dimple in the chin is a favourite with the poets, and has a character of grace and tenderness.

Neck and Shoulders.—The shoulders in a female ought to be delicately plump, even, and falling without suddenness. Broad shoulders are admired by many. It is difficult not to like them, when handsomely turned. It seems as if 'the more of a good thing the better.' At all events, an excess that way may divide opinion, while of the deformity of pinched and mean-looking shoulders there can be no doubt. A good-tempered woman, of the order yclept buxom, not only warrants a pair of expansive shoulders, but bespeaks our approbation of them. Nevertheless they are undoubtedly a beauty rather on the masculine than feminine side. They belong to manly strength. Achilles had them. Milton gives them to Adam. His

> 'Hyacinthine locks
> Round from his parted forelock manly hung
> Clustering; but not beneath his shoulders broad.

Fielding takes care to give all his heroes huge calves and Herculean shoulders,—graces, by the way, conspicuous in himself. Female shoulders ought rather to convey a sentiment of the gentle and acquiescent. They should lean under those of the other sex, as under a protecting shade. Looking at the male and female figure with the eye of a sculptor, our first impression with regard to the one should be, that it is the figure of a noble creature, prompt for action, and with shoulders full of power;—with regard to the other, that it is that of a gentle creature, made to be beloved, and neither active nor powerful, but fruitful:—the mould of humanity. Her greatest breadth ought not to appear to be at the shoulders. The figure should resemble the pear on the tree,—

> 'Winding gently to the waist.

Of these matters, and of the bosom, it is difficult to speak: but *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* This essay is written neither for the prudish nor the indelicate; but for those who have a genuine love of the beautiful, and can afford to hear of it. It is not the poets and other indulgers in a lively sense of the beautiful that are deficient in a respect for it; but they who suppose that every lively expression must of necessity contain a feeling of the gross and impertinent. We do not regard these graces, as they pass in succession before us, with the coarse and cunning eye of a rake at a tavern-door. We will venture to say, that we are too affectionate and even voluptuous for such a taste; and that the real homage we pay the sex deserves the very best construction of the best people, and will have it.—

> 'Fathers and husbands, I do claim a right
> In all that is called lovely. Take my sight
> Sooner than my affection from the fair.
> No face, no hand, proportion, line, or air
> Of beauty, but the muse hath interest in.'—BEN JONSON.

A bosom is most beautiful when it presents *none* of the extremes which different tastes have demanded for it. Its only excess should be that of health. This is not too likely to occur in a luxurious state of society. Modern customs and manners too often leave to the imagination the task of furnishing out the proper quantity of beauty, where it might have existed in perfection. And a tender imagination will do so. The only final ruin of a bosom in an affectionate eye, is the want of a good heart. Nor shall the poor beauty which the mother has retained by dint of being no mother, be lovely as the ruin. O Sentiment! Beauty is but the outward and visible sign of thee; and not always there, where thou art most. Thou canst supply her place when she is gone. Thou canst remain, and still make an eye sweet to look into; a bosom beautiful to rest the heart on.

A favourite epithet with the Greek poets, lyrical, epic, and dramatic, is *deep-bosomed.* A Greek meant to say, that he admired a chest truly feminine. It is to be concluded, that he also demanded one left to its natural state, as it appeared among the healthiest and loveliest of his countrywomen; neither compressed, as it was by the fine ladies; nor divided and divorced in that excessive manner, which some have accounted beautiful.*

* See an epigram in the Greek Anthology, beginning

'Ἐκμαίνει χείλη μὲ ῥοδόχροα, ποικιλόμυθα.'

It was certainly nothing contradictory to grace and activity which he demanded.

'Crown me then, I'll play the lyre,
Bacchus, underneath thy shade:
Heap me, heap me, higher and higher;
And I'll lead a dance of fire,
With a dark deep-bosom'd maid.'—ANACREON, Ode V.

Rosy-bosom'd is another Greek epithet. Milton speaks in *Comus* of

'The Graces and the rosy-bosom'd Hours.'

Virgil says of Venus,

She said,
And turn'd, refulgent with a rosy neck.*

'O'er her warm neck and rising bosom move
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.'—GRAY.

Which is a couplet made up of this passage in Virgil and another. Virgil follows the Greeks, and the Greeks followed nature. All this bloom and rosy refulgence, which are phrases of the poets, mean nothing more than that healthy colour which appears in the finest skin. We shall see more of it when we come to speak of Hands and Arms.

A writer in the *Anthology* makes use of the pretty epithet, '*vernal-bosom'd*.'† The most delicate painting of a vernal bosom is in Spenser:—

'And in her hand a sharp boar-spear she held,
And at her back a bow and quiver gay
Stuft with steel-headed darts, wherewith she quell'd
The savage beasts in her victorious play,
Knit with a golden bauldrick, which forelay
Athwart her snowy breast, and did divide
Her dainty paps; which, like young fruit in May,
Now little gan to swell; and being tied,
Through their thin weeds their places only signified.'

Dryden copies after Spenser, but not with such refinement. His passage, however, is so beautiful, and has a gentleness and movement so much to the purpose, that I cannot resist the pleasure of quoting it. He is describing Boccaccio's heroine in the story of *Cymon and Iphigenia*:—

'By chance conducted, or by thirst constrain'd,
The deep recesses of the grove he gain'd;

* 'Dixit; et avertens, rosea cervice refulsit.'
† Εἰαρόμασθος.

Where, in a plain defended by the wood,
Crept through the matted grass a crystal flood,
By which an alabaster fountain stood:
And on the margin of the fount was laid,
Attended by her slaves, a sleeping maid;
Like Dian and her nymphs, when, tired with sport,
To rest by cool Eurotas they resort.
The dame herself the goddess well express'd,
Not more distinguish'd by her purple vest,
Than by the charming features of her face,
And e'en in slumber a superior grace.
Her comely limbs composed with decent care,
Her body shaded with a slight cymar,
Her bosom to the view was only bare;
Where two beginning paps were scarcely spied,
For yet their places were but signified.
The fanning wind upon her bosom blows;
To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose;
The fanning wind, and purling streams, continue her repose.'

This beautiful conclusion, with its repetitions, its play to and fro, and the long continuous line with which its terminates, is delightfully soft and characteristic. The beauty of the sleeper and of the landscape mingle with one another. The wind and the bosom are gentle challengers.

'Each smoother seems than each, and each than each seems smoother.'

Even the turn of Dryden's last triplet is imitated from Spenser. —See the divine passage of the concert in the *Bower of Bliss*, *Fairy Queen*, book ii. canto 12, stanza 71. 'The sage and serious Spenser,' as Milton called him, is a great master of the beautiful in all its branches. He also knew, as well as any poet, how to help himself to beauty out of others. The former passage imitated by Dryden was, perhaps, suggested by one in Boccaccio.* The simile of 'young fruit in May' is from Ariosto.

'Bianca neve è il bel collo, e'l petto latte;
Il collo è tondo, il petto colmo e largo:
Due pome acerbe, e pur d'avorio fatte,
Vengono e van come onda al primo margo,
Quando piacevole aura il mar combatte.'

—*Orlan. Fur.* canto vii.

Her bosom is like milk, her neck like snow;
A rounded neck; a bosom, where you see
Two crisp young ivory apples come and go,
Like waves that on the shore beat tenderly,
When a sweet air is ruffling to and fro.

* *L'Ameto*, as above, pp. 31, 33.

But Ariosto has been also to Boccaccio, and he to Theocritus; in whom, we believe, this fruitful metaphor is first to be met with. It is very suitable to his shepherds, living among the bowers of Sicily.—See *Idyl* xxvii. v. 49. Sir Philip Sidney has repeated it in the *Arcadia*. But poets in all ages have drawn similar metaphors from the gardens. *Solomon's Song* abounds with them. There is a hidden analogy, more than poetical, among all the beauties of nature.

We quit this tender ground, prepared to think very ill of any person who thinks we have said too much of it. Its beauty would not allow us to say less; but not the less do we 'with reverence deem' of those resting-places for the head of love and sorrow—

'Those dainties made to still an infant's cries.'

IV.—HAND, ARM, WALK, VOICE.

HAND AND ARM—ITALIAN EPITHET 'MORBIDA'—FIGURE CARRIAGE, &c.—PERILS OF FASHION—VICE OF TIGHT-LACING—HIPS—LEGS AND FEET—WALK—CARRIAGE OF ROMAN AND ITALIAN WOMEN—THAT OF ENGLISH PREFERRED—VOICE DITTO—REASON WHY THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN ARE IN GENERAL NOT THE MOST CHARMING.

HAND AND ARM.—A beautiful arm is of a round and flowing outline, and gently tapering; the hand long, delicate, and well turned, with taper fingers, and a certain buoyancy and turn upwards in their very curvature and repose. We fear this is not well expressed. We mean, that when the hand is at rest on its palm, the wrist a little bent, and the other part of it, with the fingers, stretching and dipping forwards with the various undulations of the joints, it ought, however plump and in good condition, to retain a look of promptitude and lightness. The spirit of the guitar ought to be in it; of the harp and the pianoforte, of the performance of all elegant works, even to the dairy of Eve, who 'tempered dulcet creams.'—See a picture in Spenser, not to be surpassed by any Italian pencil:—

'In her left hand a cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
Whose sappy liquor, that with fulness swell'd,
Into her cup she scruz'd with dainty breach
Of her fine fingers, without foul impeach
That so fair wine-press made the wine more sweet.
—Book ii. canto 12.

It is sometimes thought that hands and arms cannot be too white. A genuine white is very beautiful, and is requisite to give them perfection; but shape and spirit are the first things in all beauty. Complexion follows. A hand and arm may be beautiful, without being excessively fair: they may also be very fair and not at all beautiful. Above all, a sickly white is not to be admired, whatever may be thought of it by the sallow Italian, who praises a white hand for being *morbid*. We believe, however, he means nothing more than a contradiction to his yellow. He would have his mistress's complexion unspoilt by oil and maccaroni. These excessive terms, as we have before noticed, are not to be taken to the letter. A sick hand has its merits, if it be an honest one. It may excite a feeling beyond beauty. But sickliness is not beauty. In the whitest skin there ought to be a look of health.'* The nails of the fingers ought to be tinged with red. When the Greeks spoke of the *rosy-fingered* Morn, it was not a mere metaphor, alluding to the ruddiness of the time of day. They referred also to the human image. The metaphor was founded in Nature, whether the goddess's office or person was to be considered.

Wherever a genuine and lasting beauty is desired, the blood must be circulated.

FIGURE, CARRIAGE, &c.—The beauty of the female figure consists in being gently serpentine. Modesty and luxuriance, fulness and buoyancy; a rising, as if to meet; a falling, as if to retire; spirit, softness, apprehensiveness, self-possession, a claim on protection, a superiority to insult, a sparkling something enshrined in gentle proportions and harmonious movement, should all be found in that charming mixture of the spiritual and material. Mind and body are not to be separated, where real beauty exists. Should there be no great intellect, there will be an intellectual instinct, a grace, an address, a naturally wise amiableness. Should intellect unite with these, there is nothing upon earth so powerful, except the spirit whom it shall call master.

Beauty too often sacrifices to fashion. The spirit of fashion is not the beautiful, but the wilful; not the graceful, but the fantastic; not the superior in the abstract, but the superior in the worst of all concretes, the vulgar. It is the vulgarity that can afford to shift and vary itself, opposed to the vulgarity that longs to do so, but cannot. The high point of taste and elegance

* 'Candidis tamen manibus rosei ruboris aliquid suffundatur.'—JUNIUS, cap. ix. sect. 56.

is to be sought for, not in the most fashionable circles, but in the best bred, and such as can dispense with the eternal necessity of never being the same thing. Beauty there, both moral and personal, will do all it can to resist the envy of those who would deface, in order to supersede it. The highest dressers, the highest face-painters, are not the loveliest women, but such as have lost their loveliness, or never had any. The others know the value of their natural appearance too well. It is these that inspire the mantua-maker or milliner with some good thought. The herd of fashion take it up, and spoil it. A hundred years ago it was the fashion for ladies to have long waists like a funnel. Who would suppose that this originated in a natural and even rustic taste? And yet the stomachers of that time were only caricatures of the bodice of a country beauty. Some handsome women brought the original to town; fashion proceeded to render it ugly and extravagant; and posterity laughs at the ridiculous portaits of its grandmothers. The poet might have addressed a beauty forced into this fashion, as he did his heroine in the celebrated lines:—

> 'No longer shall the bodice, aptly laced,
> From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
> That air and harmony of shape express,
> Fine by degrees, and beautifully less.'
>
> —Prior's *Henry and Emma.*

No: it was

> 'Gaunt all at once, and hideously little.'

It was like a pottle of strawberries, instead of a human waist. Some years ago it was the fashion for a lady to look like an hour-glass, or a huge insect, or anything else cut in two, and bolstered out at head and feet. A fashion that gracefully shows the figure is one thing: a fashion that totally conceals it may have its merits; but voluntarily to accept puffed shoulders in lieu of good ones, and a pinch in the ribs for a body like that of the Venus de' Medici, is what no woman of taste should put up with who can avoid it. They are taking her in. The levelling rogues know what they are about. They are for rendering their own crooked backs and unsatisfactory waists indistinguishable. If the levelling stopped here, it might be pardonable. Fair play is a jewel that one wishes to see everybody enriched by. But as fashion is too often at variance with beauty, it is also at variance with health. The more a woman sacrifices of the one, the more she loses of the other. Thick legs are the least result of these

little waists. Bad lungs, bad livers, bad complexions, deaths, melancholy, and worse than all, rickety and melancholy children, are the consequences of the tricks that fashion plays with the human body.

It is a truism to say that a waist should be neither pinched in nor shapeless, neither too sudden nor too shelving, &c., but a natural, unsophisticated waist, properly bending when at rest, properly falling in when the person is in motion. But truisms are sometimes as necessary to repeat in writing, as to abide by in painting or sculpture. The worst of it is, they are not always allowed to be spoken of. For instance, there is a truism called a hip. It is surely a very modest and respectable joint, and of great use to the rising generation. A sculptor could no more omit it in a perfect figure, than he could omit a leg or an arm. And yet, by some very delicate train of reasoning, known only to the double-refined, not merely the word, but the thing, was suppressed about twenty years back. The word vanished: the joint was put under the most painful restrictions: it seemed as if there was a Society for the Suppression of Hips. The fashion did not last, or there is no knowing what would have become of us. We should have been the most melancholy, hipped, unhipped generation that ever walked without our proper dimensions. *Moore's Almanac* would have contained new wonders for us. Finally, we should have gone out, have wasted, faded, old-maided-and-bachelored ourselves away, grown

'Fine by degrees, and beautifully less,'

till a Dutch jury (the only survivors) brought in the verdict of the polite world,—Died for want of care in the mother. At present a writer may speak of hips, and live. Nay, the fancies of the men seem to have been so wrought upon by the recollection of those threatening times, that they have amplified into hips themselves, and even grown pigeon-breasted. Such are the melancholy consequences of violating the laws of Nature.

A true female figure, then, is falling and not too broad in the shoulders; moderate, yet inclining to fulness rather than deficiency, in the bosom; gently tapering, and without violence of any sort, in the waist; naturally curving again in those never-to-be-without-apology-alluded-to hips; and, finally, her buoyant lightness should be supported upon natural legs, not at all like a man's; and upon feet which, though little, are able to support all the rest.

Ariosto has described a foot,—

'Il breve, asciutto, e ritondetto piede.'
The short, and neat, and little rounded foot.

The shortness, however, is not to be made by dint of shoes. It must be natural. It must also be not too short. It should be short and delicate, compared with that of the other sex; but sufficient for all purposes of walking, and running, and dancing, and dispensing with tight shoes: otherwise it is neither handsome in itself, nor will it give rise to graceful movements. It is better to have the sentiment of grace in a foot, than a forced or unnatural smallness. The Chinese have three ideas in their heads:—tea, the necessity of keeping off ambassadors, and the beauty of small feet. The way in which they caricature this beauty is a warning to all dull understandings. We make our feet bad enough already by dint of squeezing. Nations with shoes have no proper feet, like those who wear sandals. But the Chinese out-pinch an inquisitor. We have seen a model of a lady's foot of that country, in which the toes were fairly turned underneath. They looked as if they were almost jammed into and made part of the sole. In the British Museum, if we remember, there is a pair of shoes that belonged to such a foot as this, which are shown in company with another pair, the property of Queen Elizabeth. Her Majesty stood upon no ceremony in that matter, and must have stamped to some purpose.

But what are beautiful feet, if they support not, and carry about with them, other graces? What are the most harmonious proportions, if the soul of music is not within? Graceful movement, an unaffected elegance of demeanour, is to the figure what sense and sweetness are to the eyes. It is the soul looking out. It is what a poet has called the 'thought of the body.' The ancients, as the moderns do still in the south, admired a stately carriage in a woman: though the taste seems to have been more general in Rome than in Greece. It is to be observed, that neither in Greece nor Rome had the women at any time received that truly feminine polish, which renders their manners a direct, though not an unsuitable, contrast to those of the other sex. It was reserved for the Goths and their chivalry to reward them with this refinement; and their northern descendants have best preserved it. The walk which the Latin poets attribute to their beauties, is still to be seen in all its stateliness at Rome. 'Shall I be treated in this manner?' says Juno, complaining of her

injured dignity,—'I, who *walk* the queen of the gods, the sister and the wife of Jove?' *—Venus, meeting Æneas, allows herself to be recognised in departing:—

> ——'Pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,
> Et vera incessu patuit Dea.'
>
> In length of train descends her sweeping gown,
> And by her graceful walk the queen of love is known.—DRYDEN.

A stately verse;—but *known* is not strong enough for *patuit*, and Virgil does not say 'the queen of love,' but simply the goddess—the divinity. The walk included every kind of superiority. It is the step of Homer's ladies—

> 'Of Troy's proud dames whose garments sweep the ground.'—POPE.

The painting has more of Rubens than Raphael; and we could not help thinking, when in Italy, that the walk of the females had more spirit than grace. They know nothing of the swimming voluptuousness with which our ladies at court used to float into the drawing-room with their hoops; or the sweet and modest sway hither and thither, a little bending, with which a young girl shall turn and wind about a garden by herself, half serious, half playful. Their demeanour is sharper and more vehement. The grace is less reserved. There is, perhaps, less consciousness of the sex in it, but it is not the most modest or touching on that account. The women in Italy sit and sprawl about the doorways in the attitudes of men. Without being viragos, they swing their arms as they walk. There is infinite self-possession, but no subjection of it to a sentiment. The most graceful and modest have a certain want of retirement. Their movements do not play inwards, but outwards: do not wind and retreat upon themselves, but are developed as a matter of course. If thought of, they are equally suffered to go on, with an unaffected and crowning satisfaction, conquering and to conquer. This is the walk that Dante admired:—

> 'Soave a guisa va di un bel pavone;
> Diritta sopra se, come una grua.'
>
> Sweetly she goes, like the bright peacock; straight
> Above herself, like to the lady crane.

This is not the way we conceive Imogen or Desdemona to have walked.

The carriage of Laura, Petrarch's mistress, was gentle; but

> 'Ego, quæ divûm *incedo* regina,' &c.

she was a Provençal, not an Italian. He counts it among the four principal charms which rendered him so enamoured. They were all identified with a sentiment. There was her carriage or walk; her sweet looks; her dulcet words; and her kind, modest, and self-possessed demeanour.

'E con l'andar, e col soave sguardo,
S' accordan le dolcissime parole,
E l'atto mansueto, umile, e tardo.
Di tai quattro faville, e non già sole,
Nasce 'l gran foco di ch' io vivo ed ardo:
Che son fatto un augel notturno al sole.'—*Sonnet* cxxxi.

From these four sparks it was, and not the sun,
Sprung the great fire, that makes me ever burn,—
A nightingale whose song affronts that sun.

In this sonnet is the origin of a word of Milton's, not noticed by the commentators.

'With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence.'—*L'Allegro.*

'Da begli occhi un piacer sì caldo *piove.*'

'So warm a pleasure *rains* from her sweet eyes.'

And in another beautiful sonnet, where he describes her sparkling with more than her wonted lustre, he says,

'Non era l'andar suo cosa mortale,
Ma d' angelica forma.'—*Sonnet* lxviii.

Her going was no mortal thing; but shaped
Like to an angel's.

Now this is the difference between the walk of the ancient and modern heroine; of the beauty classical and Provençal, Italian and English. The one was, like a goddess's, stately, and at the top of the earth: the other is like an angel's, humbler, but nearer heaven.

It is the same with the voice. The southern voice is loud and uncontrolled; the women startle you, bawling and gabbling in the summer air. In the north, the female seems to bethink her of a thousand delicate restraints; her words issue forth with a sort of cordial hesitation. They have a breath and apprehensiveness in them, as if she spoke with every part of her being.

'Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low,
An excellent thing in woman.'—SHAKSPEARE.

As the best things, however, are the worst when spoiled, it is not easy to describe how much better the unsophisticated bawling of

the Italian is, than the affectation of a low and gentle voice in a body full of furious passions. The Italian nature is a good one, though run to excess. You can pare it down. A good system of education would make it as fine a thing morally, as good training renders Italian singing the finest in the world. But a furious Englishwoman affecting sweet utterance!—'Let us take any man's horses,' as Falstaff says.

It is an old remark, that the most beautiful women are not always the most fascinating. It may be added, we fear, that they are seldom so. The reason is obvious. They are apt to rely too much on their beauty; or to give themselves too many airs. Mere beauty ever was, and ever will be, but a secondary thing, except with fools. And fools admire it for as little time as anybody else; perhaps not so long. They have no fancies to adorn it with. If this secondary thing fall into disagreeable ways, it becomes but a fifth or sixth rate thing, or nothing at all, or worse than nothing. We resent the unnatural mixture. We shrink from it as we should from a serpent with a beauty's head. The most fascinating women are those that can most enrich the everyday moments of existence. In a particular and attaching sense, they are those that can partake our pleasures and our pains in the liveliest and most devoted manner. Beauty is little without this. With it, she is indeed triumphant.

OF DECEASED STATESMEN WHO HAVE WRITTEN VERSES.

UNIVERSALITY OF POETRY, AND CONSEQUENT GOOD EFFECT OF A TASTE FOR IT—THE GREATER THE STATESMAN, THE MORE UNIVERSAL HIS MIND—ALMOST ALL GREAT BRITISH STATESMEN HAVE WRITTEN VERSES—SPECIMEN OF VERSES BY WYATT, BY ESSEX, BY SACKVILLE. RALEIGH, MARVELL, PETERBOROUGH, AND LORD HOLLAND.

The love of moral beauty, and that retention of the spirit of youth, which is implied by the indulgence of a poetical taste, are evidences of good disposition in any man, and argue well for the largeness of his mind in other respects. For this is the boast of poetry above all other arts: that, sympathising with everything, it leaves no corner of wisdom or knowledge unrecognised; which is a universality that cannot be predicated of any science, however great. But in a statesman this regard for the poetical is doubly pleasing, from the supposed dryness of his studies, and the character he is apt to obtain for worldliness. We are delighted to see that, sympathising with poetry, he sympathises with humanity; and that, in attributing to him a mere regard for expedience and success, we do him injustice. In truth, most men do injustice to one another when they think ill of what is at their heart's core; nay, even when they take for granted those avowals of cunning and misbelief, which are themselves generated by an erroneous principle of sociality, and a regard for what their neighbours will think of them. If it were suddenly to become the fashion for men to have faith in one another, Bond Street and Regent Street would be crowded to-morrow with poetry and sentiment; not because fashion is fashion (for that is a child's reason), but because fashion itself arises from the social principle, however narrowly exercised, and goes upon the ground of our regard for one another's opinion. Statesmen are too often unjustly treated in men's minds, as practisers of mere cunning and expedience, and lovers of power. Much self-love is doubtless among them, and much love of power. Where is it not? But higher aspirations are oftener mingled with the very cunning and

expedience than the narrow-minded suppose. Indeed, the very position which statesmen occupy, and the largeness of the interests in which they deal, tend to create such aspirations where they do not very consciously exist; for a man cannot be habitually interested, even on his own account, with the concerns of nations and the welfare of his fellow-creatures, without having his nature expanded. Statesmen learn to feel as 'England,' and as 'France,' or at least as the influential portion of the country, and not as mere heads of a party, however the partisanship may otherwise influence them, or be identified with their form of policy. By-and-by we hope they may feel, not as 'England' or as 'France,' but as the whole world; and they will so, as the world advances in knowledge and influence. Now poetry is the breath of beauty, flowing around the spiritual world, as the winds that wake up the flowers do about the material; and in proportion as statesmen have a regard for poetry, and for what the highest poetry loves, they 'look abroad,' as Bacon phrases it, 'into universality,' and the universe partakes of the benefit. Bacon himself wrote verses, though he had not heart enough to write good ones; but his great knowledge told him that verses were good things to write.

We must compress our recollections on this tempting subject into the smallest possible compass, and therefore shall confine ourselves to the most truly poetical instances we can call to mind; that is to say, such as imply the most genuine regard for what is imaginative and unworldly,—the most childlike spirit retained in the maturest brains and manliest hearts. We must confine ourselves also to our own country. For it is a very curious and agreeable fact, that scarcely any name of eminence can be mentioned in the political world, from Solon and Lycurgus down to the present moment, that has not, at one period of the man's life or another, been connected with some tribute to the spirit of grace and fancy in the shape of verse. Perhaps there is not a single statesman in the annals of Great Britain that will not be found to have written something in verse,—some lines to his mistress, compliment to his patron, jest on his opponent, or elegy or epithalamium on a court occasion. Even Burleigh, in his youth, wrote verses in French and Latin: Bacon versified psalms:*

* Here is one of the couplets, not to be surpassed in the annals of Grub Street:—

'With wine, man's spirit *for to* recreate;
And oil, man's face *for to* exhilarate!!'

and Clarendon, when he was Mr. Hide, and one of the 'wits about town,' wrote complimentary verses to his friends the poets. There are some on a play of Randolph's—the concluding couplet of which may be thought ominous, or auspicious (as the reader pleases) of the future historian's royalism,—

'Thus much, where *King* applauds' [that is to say, *the* king!] 'I dare be bold
To say,—'Tis petty treason to withhold.'—EDWARD HIDE.

Wyatt, Essex, Sackville, Raleigh, Falkland, Marvell, Temple, Somers, Bolingbroke, Pulteney, Burke, Fox, Sheridan, Canning, &c. &c., all wrote verses; many of them late in life. Pope's Lord Oxford wrote some, and very bad they were. They were suggested by some displeasure with the court after his attempted assassination by Guiscard.

'To serve with *love*,
And shed your *blood*,
Approvèd is *above*;
But here below,
The examples show,
'Tis fatal to be good!'

Lord Chatham wrote Latin verses at college. Pitt, his son, wrote English ones in his youth, and assisted his brothers and sisters in composing a play. Even that caricature of an intriguing and servile statesman, Bubb Dodington, had a poetical vein of tender and serious grace.

Our first statesman, whose verses are worth quoting, is Sir Thomas Wyatt, a diplomatist of exquisite address in the service of Henry the Eighth. He was rather a great man than a great poet, and his most important pieces in verse are imitations from other languages. But he was very fond of the art, and was accounted a rival in his day of his illustrious friend, the Earl of Surrey. The following '*Description*' is in the highest moral taste, and reminds us of some of the sweet quiet faces in the Italian masters, or the exquisite combination of 'glad and sad' in the female countenances of Chaucer:—

DESCRIPTION OF SUCH A ONE AS HE WOULD LOVE.

'A face that should content me wond'rous well,
Should not be fair, but lovely to behold;
With gladsome chere, all grief for to expell;
With sober looks so would I that it should

Speak without words, such words as none can tell;
The tress also should be of crisped gold.
With wit, and these, might chance I might be tied,
And knit again the knot that should not slide.'

The reader may be amused with the following specimen of the pleasantness with which a great man can trifle. It is

A RIDDLE OF A GIFT GIVEN BY A LADY.

'A lady gave me a gift she had not;
And I received her gift I took not;
She gave it me willingly, and yet she would not;
And I received it, albeit I could not.
If she give it me, I force not;
And if she take it again, she cares not;
Construe what this is, and tell not;
For I am fast sworn, I may not.'

The solution is understood to be a Kiss.

Our next poetical statesman is Queen Elizabeth's Earl of Essex; and of a truly poetical nature was he, though with this unfortunate drawback,—that he had a will still stronger in him than love, and thrusting itself in front of his understanding,—to the daring of all opposition, good as well as bad, and downbreak of himself and fortunes. He was more of a lover of poets, it is true, than a poet; but he himself was a poem and a romance. The man who could even think that he could wish to 'hold in his heart the sorrows of all his friends' (for such is a beautiful passage in one of his letters) must have had a noble capability in his nature, that makes us bleed for his bleeding, and wish that he had partaken less of the stormier passions. He died on the scaffold for madly attempting to dictate to his Sovereign by force of arms; and Elizabeth, as fierce as he, and fuller of resentment, is thought by some to have broken her heart for the sentence. Here follow some most curious verses, which show the simplicity, and love of gentleness, in one of the corners of the man's mind. They were the close of a despatch he sent to Elizabeth when he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland! Imagine such a winding up of a state paper now!

'Happy is he could finish forth his fate
In some unhaunted desert most obscure,
From all society, from love and hate,
Of worldly folk; then should he sleep secure,
Then wake again, and yield God ever praise,

Content with hips and haws and bramble-berry,—
In contemplation passing out his days,
And change of holy thoughts to make him merry;
Who when he dies, his tomb may be a bush
Where harmless robin dwells with gentle thrush.'

We never could understand how it was that Sackville, Lord Dorset (in the time of Elizabeth), who wrote the fine Induction to the *Mirror of Magistrates*, as well as the tragedy of *Gorboduc*, never wrote anything more—at least of any consequence, and as far as we know. It is true, he became a busy statesman; but what surprises us is, that so genuine a poet could refrain from his poetical vocation. We have made up our minds that he must have written a good deal which is lost; for we can as little imagine a poet passing the greater part of his life without writing poetry, as a lark who never sings.

The Induction to the *Mirror of Magistrates* is a *look in* at the infernal regions, and is like a portal to the allegorical part of the *Fairy Queen*, or rather to the sadder portion of that part; for it has none of the voluptuousness, and but little intimation of the beauty; nor is the style anything nearly so rich. Perhaps a better comparison would be that of the quaint figures of the earliest Italian painters, compared with those of Raphael. Or it is a bit of a minor Dante. But the poetry is masterly of its kind—full of passion and imagination—true, and caring for nothing but truth. The poet's guide in his visit is Sorrow:—

'Ere I was ware, into a desart wood,
We now were come; where hand in hand embraced,
She led the way, *and through the thick so traced*
As, but I had been guided by her might,
It was no way for any mortal wight.

But lo! while thus amidst the desart dark
We passed on, with steps and pace unmeet,
A rumbling roar, confused with howl and bark
Of dogs, *shook all the around under our feet,*
And struck the din within our ears so deep,
As, half distraught, unto the ground I fell,
Besought return, *and not to visit hell.*
But she, forthwith, uplifting me apace,
Removed my dread, and with a steadfast mind,
Bade me come on, for here was now the place.

* * * *

Next saw we Dread, all trembling how he shook,
With foot uncertain, *proffered* here and there;
Benummed of speech, and, with a ghastly look,

Scarched every place, all pale and dead with fear,
His cap borne up with staring of his hair.
* * * *
By him lay heavy Sleep, cousin of Death
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone;
A very corpse save yielding forth a breath.—
The body's rest, the quiet of the heart,
The travail's ease, the still night's feer * was he,
And of our life in earth the better part,
Reaver of sight, and yet in whom we see
Things oft that tide, and oft that never be;
Without respect esteeming equally
King Crœsus' pomp, and Irus' poverty.
* * * *
On her (Famine) while we thus firmly fixed our eyes,
That bled for ruth of such a dreary sight,
Lo! suddenly she shrieked in so huge wise,
As made hell gates to shiver with the might.'

Observe the line marked in italics in the following passage. It may be called the sublime of mud and dirt! Perhaps Shakspeare took from it his 'hell-broth' that 'boils and bubbles:' but the consistency is here thicker and more horrid,—a bog of death:—

'Hencefrom when scarce I could mine eyes withdraw
That filled with tears as doth the springing well,
We passed on so far forth till we saw
Rude Acheron, a loathsome lake to tell,
That boils and bubs up swelth as black as hell.
* * * *
Thence came we *to the horror and the hell*,
The *large great* kingdoms, and the dreadful reign
Of Pluto in his throne where he did dwell,
The wide waste places, and the *hugie* plain,
The wailings, shrieks, and sundry sorts of pain,
The sights, the sobs, the deep and deadly groan,
Earth, air, and all, resounding plaint and moan.'

Sackville has been gathered into collections of British poetry. So ought Sir Walter Raleigh, whose poems have been lately republished. Raleigh was a genuine poet, spoilt by what has spoilt so many men otherwise great—his rival Essex included—the ascendancy of his will. His will thrust itself before his understanding,—the imperious part of his energy before the rational or the loving; and hence the failure, even in his worldly views, of one of the most accomplished of men. We cannot say

* Companion.

that, like Bacon, he had no heart; otherwise he could not have been a poet; but like Bacon, he over-estimated worldly cunning; which is a weapon for little men, not for great; and like Bacon he fell by it. In short, he wanted the highest point of all greatness,—truth. Raleigh's poems contain some interesting cravings after that repose and quiet, which great restlessness so often feels, and to which the poetical part of his nature must have inclined him; but a writer succeeds best in that which includes his entire qualities; and the best productions of this lawless and wilful genius is the fine sonnet on the *Fairy Queen* of his friend Spenser; which, not content with admiring as its greatness deserved, he violently places at the head of all poems, ancient and modern, sweeping Petrarch into oblivion, and making Homer himself tremble. It is one of the noblest sonnets in the language. Warton justly remarks, that the allegorical turn of it gives it a particular beauty, as a compliment to Spenser. Petrarch's paragon of fame and chastity, it is to be observed, is displaced for Queen Elizabeth; who is implied in the character of the *Fairy Queen*:—

'Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay
Within that temple, where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn; and passing by that way
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept,
All suddenly I saw the Fairy Queen;
At whose approach the *soul of Petrarch wept,*
And from henceforth those Graces were *not seen,*
For they this Queen attended; in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse:—
Hereat the hardest stones *were seen to bleed,*
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did perse;
Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief,
And cursed the access of that celestial thief.'

We have marked some of these lines in Italics; but indeed the whole might have been so marked.

Sir Henry Wotton, James the First's ambassador to Venice, afterwards Provost of Eton College, really united those two extremes of a taste for business and retirement, which Sir Walter's less tender nature could only combine in fancy. He was author of the famous definition of an ambassador ('An honest man sent to *lie abroad* for the good of his country'), and of the no less true epitaph which he desired to be put on his tombstone, *Hic jacet hujus sententiæ*, &c. Here lies the first

author of this sentence, 'The itch of disputation is the scab of the church;'—one of those rare sayings, the apparent coarseness of which is vindicated by the refinement and worthiness of the feeling. This statesman, who was among the first to hail the genius of Milton, was author of several graceful poems, touching for their thoughtfulness and goodness. One of the most admired, which is to be found in many collections, begins

'How happy is he born and taught,
Who serveth not another's will.'

Lord Falkland, the romantic adherent of Charles the First, but friend of all parties, and tender-hearted desirer of peace, left some poems which are to be found in *Nichols's Collection*, vol. i. p. 236, and vol. viii. p. 247. The memory of Sir Richard Fanshaw's diplomatic talents would have been swallowed up in the reputation of the translator of Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, had not an account of him been written by that sweet amazon, his wife, who (unknown to him) fought by his side on board-ship in the disguise of a cabin-boy. But we now come to the great wit and partisan, Andrew Marvell, whose honesty baffled the arts of the Stuarts, and whose pamphlets and verses had no mean hand in helping to put an end to their dynasty. Marvell unites wit with earnestness and depth of sentiment, beyond any miscellaneous writer in the language. His firm partisanship did not hinder him being of the party of all mankind, and doing justice to what was good in the most opposite characters. In a panegyric on Cromwell he has taken high gentlemanly occasion to record the dignity of the end of Charles the First:

'So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Urgèd his active star;
And, like the threefold lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
Did thorough his own side
His fiery way divide;
Then burning through the air he went,
And palaces and temples rent,
And Cæsar's head at last
Did, through his laurels, blast.
'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of angry Heaven's flame;
And if we would speak true,
Much to the man is due,

Who from his private garden, where
He liv'd reservèd and austere,
(As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot,)

Could by industrious valour climb
To ruin the great work of time,
And cast the kingdoms old
Into another mould.
* * * *

What field of all the civil wars,
Where his were not the deepest scars?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art:

Where twining subtle fears with hope
He wove a net of such a scope,
That Charles himself might chase
To Clarisbrook's narrow case;

That thence the royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn,
While round the armèd bands
Did clap their bloody hands.

He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try;

Nor call'd the gods with vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpless right,
But bow'd his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.'

The emphatic cadence of this couplet,

'Bow'd his comely head
Down, as upon a bed,'

is in the best taste of his friend Milton.

Sir William Temple wrote verses with a spirit beyond the fashion of his time, as may be seen by some translations from Virgil in *Nichols's Collection*, fresher, to our taste, than Dryden's. Halifax has got into the *British Poets*. Somers was among the translators of Garth's *Ovid*. Even miserly Pulteney was a verse-man;—to say nothing of flighty Hanbury Williams and crawling Dodington. Bolingbroke, among other small poems, addressed one of singularly good advice for a man of his character to a mistress of his,—probably the same of whom a strange affecting

anecdote is told in the *Memoirs of the late Bishop of Norwich*, recently published.*

Take the melancholy taste of this anecdote out of your mouth, dear reader, with the following effusion from the pen of the great Lord Peterborough, full of those animal spirits which he retained at the age of seventy-seven, and of a love which manifested itself to nearly as late a period. It is on the celebrated Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk, supposed mistress of George the Second,—famous among her friends for the union of sweet temper with sincerity :—

'I said to my heart, between sleeping and waking,
"Thou wild thing, that always are leaping or aching,
What black, brown, or fair, in what clime, in what nation,
By turns has not taught thee a pit-a-patation?"

Thus accused, the wild thing gave this sober reply:—
"See the heart without motion, though Celia pass by!
Not the beauty she has, not the wit that she borrows,
Give the eye any joys, or the heart any sorrows.

"When our Sappho appears—she, whose wit so refined
I am forced to applaud with the rest of mankind—
Whatever she says is with spirit and fire;
Ev'ry word I attend, but I only admire.

"Prudentia as vainly would put in her claim,
Ever gazing on Heaven, though man is her aim;
'Tis love, not devotion, that turns up her eyes—
Those stars of this world are too good for the skies.

"But Chloe so lively, so easy, so fair,
Her wit so genteel, without art, without care;
When she comes in my way—the motion, the pain,
The leapings, the achings, return all again."

O wonderful creature! a woman of reason!
Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season;
When so easy to guess, who this angel should be,
Would one think Mrs. Howard ne'er dreamt it was she?'

Poetical quotations so soon carry an article to great length, that we are sorry we must cut the present one short; which we shall do with one of the most interesting as well as latest speci-

* She came to his house one day, would not be denied by the porter, and bursting into his room, threw down a purse full of gold, exclaiming in tears, 'There are my wretched earnings – take them—and may God bless you.' Saying which she departed. There is a mystery in the story; for what could Bolingbroke want with a purse of gold, and from such a quarter? But there is possibly a truth of some kind in it, and evidence that he had a better heart to deal with than his own.

mens of our subject, produced in advanced life by a nobleman who possessed and deserved the good opinion of all parties, for he combined the good qualities of all,—the political energy and generous hospitality of the Tories, the liberal opinions of the best of the Whigs, and the universal sympathy of the Radical. We hardly need add, for anyone's information, that we mean Lord Holland. The more than elegant, the cordial *vers de société* of his uncle, Charles Fox (we allude particularly to his lines on Mrs. Crewe), the art and festivity of those of Sheridan, and the witty mockery of Canning's, are too well known to warrant repetition; and, generally speaking, they belong also to the conventionalities of a time gone by, and not likely to return. But there is a higher and more lasting aspiration in the modest effusion of the noble lord; nor do we know anything more touching in the sophisticated life to which such men must be more or less subject, than this evidence, on the part of a statesman of his years and experience, of his having preserved a young heart and a thoughtful conscience :—

SONNET BY LORD HOLLAND, ON READING 'PARADISE REGAINED.'
1830.

'Homer and Dryden, nor unfrequently
The playful Ovid or the Italian's song
That held entranced my youthful thoughts so long
With dames and loves and deeds of chivalry,
E'en now delight me. From the noisy throng
Thither I fly to sip the sweets that lie
Enclosed in tend'rest folds of poesy,
Oft as for ease my weary spirits long.
But when, recoiling from the fouler scene
Of sordid vice or rank atrocious crime,
My sickening soul pants for the pure serene
Of loftier regions, quitting tales and rhyme,
I turn to Milton; *and his heights sublime,*
By me too long unsought, I strive to climb.'*

* The present administration is more literary and poetical than any which the nation has seen. The public are familiar with some distinguished proofs of it; and others of a graceful and interesting nature might easily be adduced. But though to omit all allusion to the circumstance, at the close of an article like the foregoing, might have been thought strange and invidious, to dwell upon it might subject the writer at this moment to very painful suspicions.

FEMALE SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND.

REAL CHARACTER OF LADY JANE GREY—EXCUSES FOR 'BLOODY MARY'—ELIZABETH, WHEN YOUNG—ANNE AND THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH—ACCESSION OF HER PRESENT MAJESTY.

THE accession of a young Queen to the throne,* especially under existing circumstances, renders it not uninteresting to glance at the history and characters of her female predecessors. A word also, though it be a word only (for how, either in delicacy, or without better knowledge, can we say more?) cannot but be said of the youthful Monarch herself, whose interest was summed up the other day in an admirable and statesmanlike article in the *Morning Chronicle*, as consisting in being to Political Reformation what Elizabeth was to Religious,—its willing and glorious star, not its foolish torch, attempting to frighten it back. If volumes were written on the subject, they could not say more than that single analogy. Our feelings, however, will lead us to add another word or two before we conclude; but we shall observe the order of time, and look back first.

The females who have reigned in this country previously to her Majesty, are Mary, Elizabeth, and Anne; for though the second Mary, wife of William the Third, was Queen in her own right, circumstances and her disposition left the exercise of power entirely to her husband; and as to poor Lady Jane Grey, to whom Mr. Turner in his *History of England* has not improperly devoted a chapter as 'Queen Jane,' she did but reign long enough (ten or eleven days) to undo the romance of her character and quarrel with her husband. The world, with an honourable credulity, have been in the habit of taking Lady Jane Grey and Lord Guildford Dudley for a pair of mere innocent lovers and victims. Victims they were, but not without a weakness little amiable on one side, if not on both.†

* Written in 1837.

† 'Mild and modest, and young, as she unquestionably was,' says Turner, 'the spirit of royalty and power had within twenty-four hours gained such an ascendancy in her studious mind, that she heard the intimation of her husband being elevated to the same dignity as herself with

Of the first Mary, long and too deservedly known by the title of 'Bloody Mary' (which the truer justice of a right Christian philosophy has latterly been the means of discontinuing) we confess we can never think without commiseration. Unamiable she certainly was, and deplorably bigoted. She sent two hundred and eighty-four people to the stake during a short reign of five years and four months; which, upon an average, is upwards of four a week! She was withal plain, petty of stature, ill-coloured, and fierce-eyed, with a voice almost as deep as a man's; had a bad blood; and ended with having nobody to love her, not even the bigots in whose cause she lost the love of her people.* But let us recollect whose daughter she was, and under what circumstances born and bred. She inherited the tyrannical tendencies of her father Henry the Eighth, the melancholy and stubbornness of her mother Katherine; and she had the misfortune, say rather the unspeakable misery, of being taught to think it just to commit her fellow-creatures to the flames, for doing no more than she stubbornly did herself; namely, vindicate the right of having

vexation and displeasure. As soon as she was left alone with him, she remonstrated against this measure; and after much dispute, he agreed to wait till she herself should make him king, and by an act of Parliament. But even this concession, to take this dignity as a boon from her, did not satisfy the sudden expansion of her new-born ambition. She soon sent for the Earls of Arundel and Pembroke, and informed them that she was willing to create her husband a Duke, but would never consent to make him king. This declaration brought down his mother in great fury to her, with all the force of enraged language and imperious disdain. The violent duchess scolded her young queen, and roused the mortified Dudley to forsake her chamber of repose, and avow that he would accept no title but the regal honour.'—*History of England*, as quoted further on, p. 186. Jane's best claim to the respect of posterity must remain with her taste for literature. She had the good sense to feel, and avow, that there was no comfort like her books in adversity. Her nature seems in other respects to have had a formal insipidity, excitable only by stimulants which did not agree with it.

* Michele, the Venetian Ambassador, in the account which he wrote of her (see Ellis's *Letters*, mentioned a little further on), describes her as 'moderately pretty,' according to the translator. But there is reason to doubt the correctness of a version which, in speaking of Elizabeth's complexion, renders 'olivastro' by 'sallow;'—at least that is not the usual English acceptation of the meaning of the word 'olive-coloured.' It is also opposed by the context, as will be seen presently; and if Michele really meant to say that Mary was 'moderately pretty,' and did not use the words as good-naturedly implying something different, he goes counter to all which is understood of her face in history, and certainly to the prints of it, which are those of a melancholy and homely vixen. It is a pity the rest of the original had not been quoted, as well as a few sentences.

their own opinion. Recollect above all, that she was not happy;—that it was not in gaiety or sheer unfeelingness that she did what she thus frightfully thought to be her duty. She suffered bitterly herself; and suffered too, not merely for herself and her own personal sorrows, but sharply for her sense of the public welfare, and that of men's very souls. In sending people to the stake, she fancied (with the dreadful involuntary blasphemy taught her by her creed) that the measure was necessary, in order to save millions from eternal wretchedness; and if in this perverted sense of duty there was a willing participation of the harsher parts of her character, she had sensibility enough to die of a broken heart.—Peace and pardon to her memory. Which of us might not have done the same, had we been as unhappily situated?

Both Mary and her sister Elizabeth passed the earlier portion of their lives in singular vicissitudes of quiet and agitation,—each unwelcome to their father,—each at times tranquilly pursuing their studies, and each persecuted for their very different opinions;—Mary by her Protestant brother Edward, and Elizabeth by her Catholic sister Mary. At one time they were treated like princesses, at another as if they were aliens in blood, or had been impudently palmed upon it. Now they were brought before councils to answer for opinions that put their lives in jeopardy; now riding about with splendid retinues, and flattered by courtly expectants. How different from the retired and apparently beautiful manner in which the present Queen has been brought up, safe in her pleasant home in Kensington Gardens, and whenever she moves about, moving in unostentatious comfort, and linked with a loving mother. Oh! never may she forget that it was free and reforming opinions which brought her this great good; and that if Elizabeth had gone back with her age instead of advancing with it, and succumbed to the anti-popular part of the priesthood and the aristocracy, she, the secure, and tranquil, and popular Victoria, might this moment have been dragged before councils as Elizabeth was, or been forced to struggle with insurrections and public hatred, like Mary.*

* The following (abridged by Ellis from Hollinshed) is a specimen of the treatment to which heiresses to the throne were liable in those days:—'The day after the breaking out of Wyat's rebellion was known at court,' he says, 'the Queen sent three of her council, Sir Richard Southwell, Sir Edward Hastings, and Sir Thomas Cornwallis, to Ashbridge, with a strong guard, to escort the Princess Elizabeth, who lay sick there, to London.

There are not so many records of Mary's youth as of that of her sister. She was brought up in the same accomplishments of music and scholarship, but had not so many; and she underwent similar disadvantages of occasional neglect, but not to such extent.

Elizabeth, to use an old phrase, we can 'fetch' almost 'from her cradle;' indeed quite so, if we go to Hollinshed or to Shakspeare, who have recorded her christening. After her mother's

When they arrived, at ten o'clock at night, the Princess had gone to rest, and refused to see them: they, however, entered her chamber rudely, when her Grace, being not a little amazed, said unto them, "Is the haste such that it might not have pleased you to come to-morrow in the morning?" They made answer, that they were right sorry to see her in such a case. "And I," quoth she, "am not glad to see you here at this time of night." Whereunto they answered that they came from the Queen to do their message and duty; that it was the Queen's pleasure that her Grace should be in London on a given day, and that the orders were to bring her "quick or dead." The Princess complained of the harshness of their commission; but Dr. Owen and Dr. Wendie deciding that she might travel without danger of life, her Grace was informed that the Queen had sent her own litter for her accommodation, and that the next morning she would be removed. She reached Redburne in a very feeble condition the first night; on the second she rested at Sir Ralph Rowlet's house, at St. Albans; on the third at Mr. Dod's, at Mimmes; and on the fourth at Highgate, where she stayed a night and a day. She was thence conveyed to the Court, where, remaining a close prisoner for a whole fortnight, she saw neither king, nor queen, nor lord, nor friend. On the Friday before Palm Sunday, Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, with nineteen others of the council, came from the Queen, and charged her with being concerned not only in Wyat's conspiracy, but in the rebellion of Sir Peter Carew. They then declared unto her the Queen's pleasure that she should go to the Tower till the matter could be further traced and examined. Against this she remonstrated, protesting her innocence, but the lords answered that there was no remedy. Her own attendants were then dismissed, and those of the Queen placed about her. * * * * *

'Upon the succeeding day, Palm Sunday, an order was issued throughout London that every one should keep the church and carry his palm; during which time the Princess was carried to the Tower.

'The landing at the traitor's gate she at first refused; but one of the lords stepped back into the barge to urge her coming out, "and because it did then rain," says Hollinshed, "he offered to her his cloak, which she (putting it back with her hand with a good dash) refused. Then coming out, with one foot upon the stair, she said, 'Here landeth as true a subject, being prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs; and before thee, O God, I speak it, having none other friends but thee alone."

'To her prison-chamber, it is stated, she was brought with great reluctance; and the locking and bolting the doors upon her caused dismay. She was, moreover, for some time denied even the liberty of exercise.

downfall she was very carelessly treated. In Ellis's *Letters** is one from her governess, Lady Brian, to Lord Cromwell, asking for instructions concerning her, and complaining that she is 'put from her degree,' and has neither gown nor petticoat, 'nor no maner of linnin for smokes.' She was taught to write by the famous Ascham; and her penmanship was accounted beautiful. From what we have seen of it, it looks more masculine than beautiful. Indeed her signature is tall and tremendous enough to have been that of a giantess.

At the age of fourteen, in her brother Edward's reign, Elizabeth was under the care of her father's widow, Catherine Parr, who then lived at Chelsea in one of the royal manor-houses, occupying part of the site of the present Cheyne Row; a spot that has become curious from the boisterous gallantry that she seems to have permitted from Catherine's husband, the Lord Admiral Seymour, brother of the Protector Somerset—a couple of ambitious men, who both lost their heads in those beautiful aristocratic times. Mr. Turner, agreeably to his very Protestant but doubtless sincere good opinion of Elizabeth, revolts from the unceremonious love-making of Seymour, and betwixt partiality and modesty, suppresses the more awkward details;† Dr. Lingard, the Catholic historian, sternly brings them forth, and does not disguise his faith in them.‡ As we have no claim in this place to the court-of-law privileges of history, we shall not repeat these passages; neither do we hold with either of these respectable writers, in the view they take of Elizabeth's character

Early in the following May the Lord Chandos, who was then the Constable of the Tower, was discharged of his office, and Sir Henry Bedingfield appointed in his room. "He brought with him," says the historian, "an hundred souldiers in blue coats, wherewith the Princess was marvellously discomfited, and demanded of such as were about whether the Lady Jane's scaffold were taken away or no—fearing by reason of their coming, least she should have played her part." Warton says she asked this question "with her usual liveliness;" but there was probably less in it of vivacity than he supposed. Sixty years before, upon the same spot, Sir James Tyrell had been suddenly substituted for Sir Robert Brackenbury, preparatory to the disappearance of the Princes of the House of York. Happily for Elizabeth her fears were groundless; Sir Henry Bedingfield accompanied her to a less gloomy prison in the Palace of Woodstock.'

* *Original Letters, illustrative of English History*, &c. With Notes and Illustrations. By Henry Ellis, &c. &c. Second Series. Vol. ii. p. 78.

† *History of the Reigns of Edward the Sixth, Mary, and Elizabeth.* By Sharon Turner. Vol. iv. p. 148.

‡ *History of England*, &c. By the Rev. John Lingard. Vol. iv. p. 401.

in reference to matters of this nature. Times are to be considered,—manners—customs,—and a thousand questions still existing, too important to discuss here, but all very necessary before we arrive at the candid conclusions of a philosophy which sees justice done to all. If Elizabeth partook of more of the weakness common to human nature than her eulogisers are willing to allow, she possessed more virtues than are granted her by her enemies; and whatever may be the pettier details of her history, it is not to be disputed that she was a great Queen, fit to be surrounded with the men whose merit she had the sense to discern. She perceived the statesman in Cecil before she came to the throne, and she retained him with her till he died. She partook of her father's imperiousness, and of her mother's gayer blood; but she inherited also the greater brain of her grandfather Henry the Seventh, to whom she is said to have borne a likeness; and the mixture of all three produced a Sovereign, not indeed free from very petty defects (for she was excessively fond of flattery, jealous even of a fine gown, and so fond of dress herself that she would change it daily for months together), but great in the main, able to understand the true interests of her country, and sovereign mistress even of the favourites who touched her heart, and who could bring tears into her proud eyes.

Elizabeth, when she came to the throne, was not older than five-and-twenty, and what would now be familiarly called 'a fine girl.' She is thus described, just before that event, by the Venetian ambassador:—

'My Lady Elizabeth, the daughter of Henry VIII. and Ann Boleyne, was born in the year 1533. She is a lady of great elegance both of body and mind, although her face may rather be called pleasing than beautiful; she is tall and well made; her complexion fine, though rather sallow;* her eyes, but above all her hands, which she takes care not to conceal, are of superior beauty. In her knowledge of the Greek and Italian languages she surpasses the Queen. Her spirits and understanding are admirable, as she has proved by her conduct in the midst of suspicion and danger, when she concealed her religion and comported herself like a good Catholic. She is proud and dignified in her manners; for though her mother's condition is well known to her, she is also aware that this mother of hers was united to the King in wedlock, with the sanction of the holy church, and

* '*Bella carne, ancorche olivastra.*' But how can a fine complexion be thought 'sallow'? and why should not *olivastro* mean 'swarthish, olive-coloured' (the colour of the fruit, not the tree), as the good old Italian dictionary has it? We should thus recognise a clear brown complexion, quite compatible with the epithet 'fine.'

the concurrence of the primate of the realm: and though misled with regard to her religion, she is conscious of having acted with good faith: nor can this latter circumstance reflect upon her birth, since she was born in the same faith with that professed by the Queen. Her father's affection she shared at least in equal measure with her sister, and the King considered them equally in his will, settling on both of them 10,000 scudi per annum. Moreover, the Queen, though she hates her most sincerely, yet treats her in public with every outward sign of affection and regard, and never converses with her but on pleasing and agreeable subjects. She has also contrived to ingratiate herself with the King of Spain, through whose influence the Queen is prevented from bastardising her, as she certainly has it in her power to do by means of an act of Parliament, and which would exclude her from the throne. It is believed that, but for this interference of the King, the Queen would, without remorse, chastise her in the severest manner; for whatever plots against the Queen are discovered, my lady Elizabeth, or some of her people, may always be sure to be mentioned among the persons concerned in them.'

It may be added, as a matter not without its interest in the present moment, that Elizabeth and Victoria are the only Queens who have come to the throne young. Mary was thirty-seven years of age, and Anne thirty-eight.

Anne was more the daughter of her mother Anne Hide, Clarendon's daughter, than of her father James the Second. In the portrait of her sister Queen Mary, the wife of William the Third, you can trace a likeness to the melancholy countenance of James. Anne was the daughter of her mother's joviality, at least as far as the indulgence of the senses was concerned,—round and fat, and inclined by enjoyment to be good-humoured and indulgent. She had brown hair and a fresh complexion: in short, was a regular Hide, with the exception of the pride, irritability, and superior intellect of that family; and only possessing enough of her father's stubbornness to enable her to turn round against excess of presumption, and rescue herself from the last consequences of a habit of acquiescence. Lady Stafford, the wild daughter of a wild father (Rochester), talked of 'orgies' in her palace,—most likely an extravagant misrepresentation; but whatever the orgies amounted to, they must have arisen from the weak moments generated too often in the Queen's latter years by a habit, which it is unpleasant to allude to in connection with a woman, and which care and temperament, and perhaps her very easiness of intercourse, conspired to bring upon her. Drinking of some kind or other is resorted to as a refuge from care in millions of more instances than the world is aware of; and perhaps, till things right themselves in society to more final

purpose, the wonder is that the habit, however dangerous and degrading, is not still more extensive.

Of Anne's early years some curious accounts have been left us by the wife of the great Duke of Marlborough,—for a long time her imperious favourite, if two such words can go properly together. The truth is, Anne's heaviness and luxuriousness of temperament made her glad of a dictatress, so long as the jurisdiction only supplied it with what it wanted. It helped out her slowness of speech, and saved her a world of trouble and management. The Duchess reigned in this way so long, that she at length forgot she had a queen for her slave; and, in spite of habit, good-nature, and fear, royalty turned round in anger, and got rid of its tyrant by dint of a singular exercise of one of Anne's very defects,—paucity of words. The favourite had unluckily intimated in one of her angry letters, that she did not want an answer to a remonstrance made by her; and the Queen, seizing hold of this expression at their final interview, kept repeating it to all which the Duchess alleged:—'*You desired no answer, and you shall have none.*' This doggedness, in James the Second's style, so exasperated the once all-powerful favourite (though it was in reality nothing but a desperate refuge from want of words) that she ventured to threaten her Majesty with the consequences of her 'inhumanity;' and so they parted for ever. This is the whole real amount of the matter, without its being necessary to enter into those would-be political circumstances which, in almost all such cases, are only the apparent, not real causes of action.

The Duchess in her old age, with the unabated overweeningness of her character, gave the world what she called an 'Account of her Conduct;' purely, as she said, to save her fair fame after death; but the consequence was, as it always must be when such things are written by such persons (for their character is sure to break through all disguises), that the world were confirmed in the opinion which they entertained of her vanity and presumption. There is no doubt, however, that all the facts we are about to quote are true, however different were the conclusions they suggested to the world from what the writer expected. And after being in possession of Anne's general character, we feel that we are here made spectators of it at its earliest and most candid period:—

'The beginning of the Princess's kindness for me,' says the Duchess, 'had a much earlier date than my entrance into her service. My promo-

tion to this honour was wholly owing to impressions she had before received to my advantage; we had used to play together when she was a child, and she even then expressed a particular fondness for me. This inclination increased with our years. I was often at court, and the Princess always distinguished me by the pleasure she took to honour me preferably to others, with her conversation and confidence. In all her parties for amusement, I was sure, by her choice, to be one; and so desirous she became of having me always near her, that, upon her marriage with the Prince of Denmark in 1683, it was, at her own earnest request to her father, I was made one of the ladies of her bed-chamber.

'What conduced to render me the more agreeable to her in this station was, doubtless, the dislike she had conceived to most of the other persons about her; and particularly to her first lady of the bed-chamber, the Countess of Clarendon –a lady whose discourse and manner (though the Princess thought they agreed very well together) could not possibly recommend her to so young a mistress, for she looked like a mad woman, and talked like a scholar. Indeed, her Highness's court was throughout so oddly composed, that I think it would be making myself no great compliment if I should say, her choosing to spend more of her time with me than with any of her other servants did no discredit to her taste. Be that as it will, it is certain she at length distinguished me by so high a place in her favour as perhaps no person ever arrived at a higher with Queen or Princess. And, if from hence I may draw any glory, it is, that I both obtained and held this place without the assistance of flattery—a charm which, in truth, her inclination for me, together with my unwearied application to serve and amuse her, rendered needless; but which, had it been otherwise, my temper and turn of mind would never have suffered me to employ.

'Young as I was when I first became this high favourite, I laid it down for a maxim, that flattery was falsehood to my trust, and ingratitude to my greatest friend; and that I did not deserve so much favour if I could not venture the loss of it by speaking the truth, and by preferring the real interest of my mistress before the pleasing her fancy or the sacrificing to her passion. From this rule I never swerved. And though my temper and my notions in most things were widely different from those of the Princess, yet, during a long course of years, she was so far from being displeased with me for openly speaking my sentiments, that she sometimes professed a desire, and even added a command, that it should always be continued, promising never to be offended at it, but to love me the better for my frankness. * * * * *

'Kings and princes, for the most part, imagine they have a dignity peculiar to their birth and station, which ought to raise them above all connection of friendship with an inferior. Their passion is, to be admired and feared, to have subjects awfully obedient and servants blindly obsequious to their pleasure. Friendship is an offensive word: it imports a kind of equality between the parties—it suggests nothing to the mind of crowns or thrones, high titles or immense revenues, fountains of honour or fountains of riches, prerogatives which the possessors would have always uppermost in the thoughts of those who are permitted to approach them.

'The Princess had a different taste. A friend was what she most coveted; and for the sake of friendship (a relation which she did not disdain to have with me) she was fond even of that *equality* which she thought

belonged to it. She grew uneasy to be treated by me with the form and ceremony due to her rank, nor could she bear from me the sound of words which implied in them distance and superiority. It was this turn of mind which made her one day propose to me that, whenever I should happen to be absent from her, we might in all our letters write ourselves by feigned names, such as would import nothing of distinction or rank between us. Morley and Freeman were the names her fancy hit upon, and she left me to choose by which of them I would be called. My frank, open temper naturally led me to pitch upon Freeman, and so the Princess took the other; and from this time Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman began to converse as equals, made so by affection and friendship. * *

'During her father's whole reign she kept her court as private as she could, consistent with her station. What were the designs of that unhappy prince everybody knows. They came soon to show themselves undisguised, and attempts were made to draw his daughter into them. The King, indeed, used no harshness with her. He only discovered his wishes by putting into her hands some books and papers, which he hoped might induce her to a change of religion; and, had she any inclination that way, the chaplains about her were such divines as could have said but little in defence of their own religion, or to secure her against the pretences of Popery, recommended to her by a father and a King. * *

'Upon the landing of the Prince of Orange, in 1688, the King went down to Salisbury to his army, and the Prince of Denmark with him; but the news quickly came from thence that the Prince of Denmark had left the King and was gone over to the Prince of Orange, and that the King was coming back to London. This put the Princess into a great fright. She sent for me, told me her distress, and declared, *that rather than see her father she would jump out at window.* This was her very expression.

'A little before, a note had been left with me to inform me where I might find the Bishop of London (who in that critical time absconded), if her Royal Highness should have occasion for a friend. The Princess, on this alarm, immediately sent me to the Bishop. I acquainted him with her resolution to leave the court, and to put herself under his care. It was hereupon agreed that, when he had advised with his friends in the city, he should come about midnight in a hackney-coach to the neighbourhood of the Cockpit, in order to convey the Princess to some place where she might be private and safe.

'The Princess went to bed at the usual time, to prevent suspicion. I came to her soon after; and by the back-stairs which went down from her closet, her Royal Highness, my Lady Fitzharding, and I, with one servant, walked to the coach, where we found the Bishop and the Earl of Dorset. They conducted us that night to the Bishop's house in the city, and the next day to my Lord Dorset's at Copt Hall. From thence we went to the Earl of Northampton's, and from thence to Nottingham, where the country gathered about the Princess; nor did she think herself safe till she saw that she was surrounded by the Prince of Orange's friends.'

The Duchess of Marlborough's influence over Anne, beginning thus in childhood, lasted perhaps for thirty years, terminating only in the year 1707, which was the forty-third of the Queen's age. Doubtless the course of time, and the shifting interests of

policy, conspired to render the Queen more uneasy under her dictation. Royalty naturally loves what inclines most to royalty, when its apprehensions of danger from the Tory principle are gone by; and Anne did not live in times when to side with the propensity was as perilous as it would be now. Nor if it had been, did she possess brain enough to discern it. Accordingly, in proportion as the Whigs and the Duke of Marlborough ceased to be necessary to her, the Duchess's long domination became less endurable, and we have seen how it terminated. But still the main cause lay in the favourite's inability to make those concessions to circumstances, which she exacted of everybody else. Anne's tone of fondness continued almost till the moment of rupture; nor is it easy to assert, though it is impossible to help concluding, that the fear of discontinuing it was mixed up with its apparent sincerity. The following are specimens of the curious letters written by 'Mrs. Morley,' from first to last, which the Duchess gave to the world:—

'Dear Mrs. Freeman—farewell. I hope in Christ you will never think more of leaving me, for I would be sacrificed to do you the least service, and nothing but death can ever make me part with you.'

* * * * *

'I really long to know how my dear Mrs. Freeman got home; and now I have this opportunity of writing, she must give me leave to tell her, if she should ever be so cruel as to leave her faithful Mrs. Morley, she will rob her of all the joy and quiet of her life; for if that day should come I could never enjoy a happy minute, and I swear to you I would shut myself up, and never see a creature.'

* * * * *

The following is an entire letter which appears to have been written in the course of the year in which they separated:—

'Saturday night.

'My dear Mrs. Freeman—

'I cannot go to bed without renewing a request that I have often made, that you would banish all unkind and unjust thoughts of your poor, unfortunate, faithful Morley, which I saw by the glimpse I had of you yesterday, you were full of. Indeed, I do not deserve them; and if you could see my heart, you would find it as sincere, as tender, and as passionately fond of you as ever, and as truly sensible of your kindness in telling me your mind freely upon all occasions. Nothing shall ever alter me. Though we have the misfortune to differ in some things, I will ever be the same to my dear, dear Mrs. Freeman, who, I do assure you once more, I am more tenderly and sincerely hers than it is possible ever to express.'

But Mrs. Freeman had discovered that her Majesty ventured to have some regard for an humble cousin of hers (Mrs. Masham)

as well as for herself, which she pronounced, on both sides, to be the most ungrateful and amazing enormity ever heard of. Hence she fell in a rage, and the rage roused the poor Queen, and so came the catastrophe.

The nation has now another Queen on the throne, whom it has hitherto known in youth, and youth only. It knows her but publicly, however; it cannot be said to know anything of her real character; and probably that character is known to very few, if completely even to those; so truly feminine is the retirement in which her Majesty has been brought up. If the report, however, of her mother's intellectual and moral qualities be well founded (and the fact of that tranquil education says much for it), we may hope that England will experience the advantage, for the first time, of having a Queen brought up in a mother's arms, and in a manner at once feminine and wise. We may, in that case, look to seeing Womanhood on the throne in its best character, such as may give life and advancement to what is best and manliest in the hopes of the world. But upon this prospect must rest, for some time at any rate, the awful doubt arising from all that is hitherto know of the unhappy chances of royal spoiling; which chances, however, should not prevent us from hoping and thinking the best, as long as we are prepared for disappointment, and commit no offences ourselves, either of adulation or the reverse. Her Majesty's position, at all events, is a very serious one, both as regards us and herself; and her youth, her sex, her manifest sensibility (whether for good or evil), her common nature as a fellow-creature, and all those circumstances which will make her reign so blest beyond example, if she turn out well, and so very piteous and unpopular if otherwise, but of which neither she nor anyone else will, or can, have been responsible for the first causes (those lying hidden in the mystery of all things), combine to make every reflecting heart regard her with a mixture of pitying tenderness and hopeful respect, and cordially to pray, that in the only good and final, that is to say, peaceful sense of the word, it may see her fair figure continually hovering over the advancing orb, like the embodied angel of the meaning of her name.*

* Since this article was written, we need not say how happily the nation's wishes have been confirmed.

SOCIAL MORALITY.

SUCKLING AND BEN JONSON.

CURIOUS INSTANCE OF VARIABILITY IN MORAL OPINION—POPE'S TRADITION OF SIR JOHN SUCKLING AND THE CARDS—NEW EDITION OF BEN JONSON, AND SAMPLES OF THE GENIUS AND ARROGANCE OF THAT WRITER, WITH A SUMMARY OF HIS POETICAL CHARACTER.

It is curious to see the opinion entertained in every successive age respecting the unimprovability or unalterableness of its prevailing theory of morals, compared with their actual fluctuation. The 'philosopher owns with a sigh' (as Gibbon would have phrased it,—for we believe there is an ultimate preferment for mankind in this tendency to follow a fashion), that a court, a king, the example of a single ruling individual, can affect the virtues of an age far beyond the whole mass of their ordinary practisers,—at least, so as to give the moral colour to the period, and throw the bias in favour of this or that tendency. The staid habits of George III., in certain respects, produced a corresponding profession of them throughout the country; but the case was different in the reigns of the Georges before him, who, dull individuals as they were, kept mistresses like their sprightlier predecessors. Even William III. had a mistress. In Cromwell's time, the prevailing moral strength, or *virtus*, consisted in a sense of religion. It may be answered, that these fashions, as far as they were such, did not influence either the practice or opinions of conscientious men; but our self-love would be mistaken in that conclusion. Our remote ancestors were not the less cannibals because we shudder at the idea of dining upon Jones; neither would some very near ones fail to startle us with their opinions upon matters which, we take it for granted, they regarded in the same light as ourselves. No longer than a hundred years back, and in the mouth of no less a moralist than Pope, we find the following puzzling bit of information respecting Sir John Suckling:—

'Suckling was an immoral man, *as well as* debauched.'

Now, where is the distinction, in our present moral system,

between immorality and debauchery? All immorality is not debauchery, but all debauchery we hold to be immoral. What could Pope mean?

Why, he meant that Sir John cheated at cards. Neither his drinking nor his gallantry were to be understood as affecting his moral character. It was the use of cards with marks upon them that was to deprive debauchery of its good name! 'The story of the French cards,' continues Pope, in explanation of his above remark, 'was told me by the late Duke of Buckingham; and he had it from old Lady Dorset herself.'

We are by no means convinced, by the way, that Suckling gave into such a disgraceful practice, merely because the Duke of Buckingham was told so by 'old Lady Dorset.'

'That lady,' resumes the poet (he is talking to Spence, and these stories are from Spence's *Anecdotes*), 'took a very old pride in boasting of her familiarities with Sir John Suckling. She is the mistress and goddess in his poems; and several of those pieces were given by herself to the printer. This the Duke of Buckingham used to give as one instance of the fondness she had to let the world know how well they were acquainted.'

> 'To be taken, to be seen,
> These have crimes accounted been.'

The age was not scrupulous about the fact, but it was held very wrong to mention it; and hence Lady Dorset was accounted a loose speaker, and doubtless not to be quite trusted. The dishonest cards themselves did not affect the pride she took in the card-player. Query, how far such a woman was to be believed in anything? But the most curious part of the business remains what it was—to wit, Pope's own discrepation of immorality from debauchery. And as the Reverend Mr. Spence expresses no amazement at the passage, it will be hardly unfair to conclude that *he* saw nothing in it to surprise him. We believe we have already observed somewhere, that Swift, who was a dignitary of the church, was intimate with the reputed mistresses of two kings,—the Countess of Suffolk, George the Second's favourite, and the Countess of Orkney, King William's. The latter he pronounced to be 'the wisest woman he ever knew,' as the former was declared by all her friends to be one of the most amiable. But we may see how little gallantry was thought ill of, in the epistolary correspondences of those times, Pope's included,

and in the encouraging banter, for instance, which he gives on the subject to his friend Gay, whose whole life appears to have been passed in a good-humoured sensualism. See also how Pope and Swift, and others, trumped up Lord Bolingbroke for a philosopher!—a man who, besides being profound in nothing but what may be called the elegant extracts of common-place, was one of the most debauched of men of the world.

As we have touched upon Spence's *Anecdotes*, we might as well look farther into the book, since it is a very fit one to notice in these articles, and occasions many a pleasant chat at a fireside. The late republication of the works of Ben Jonson has given a fresh interest to such remarks as the following:—

'It was a general opinion (says Pope) that Ben Jonson and Shakspeare lived in enmity against one another. Betterton has assured me often, that there was nothing in it, and that such a supposition was founded only on the two parties, which in their lifetime listed under one, and endeavoured to lessen the character of the other mutually. Dryden used to think, that the verses Jonson made on Shakspeare's death had something of satire at the bottom; for my part, I can't discover anything like it in them.'

We are now reading Ben Jonson through in Mr. Moxon's beautiful edition, and having finished nearly all his dramas, and not long since read his miscellaneous poems, and our memory serving us pretty well for what remains to be re-perused, our impression of him is, at all events, fresh upon us.

A critic in the 'Times,'* whose pen is otherwise so good as to make us regret its party bias, appears to us to have treated Jonson's new editor, Mr. Barry Cornwall, with a very unjustifiable air of scorn and indignation, both as if he had no right to speak of Ben Jonson at all, and as if he possessed no merit as a writer himself. It is not necessary to the reputation of Mr. Cornwall that we should undertake to defend what such critics as Lamb and Hazlitt have admired. The writer of the beautiful *Dramatic Sketches* (which were the first to restore the quick impulsive dialogue of the old poets), and a greater number of excellent songs than have been written by any man living except Mr. Moore, has surely every right in the world, dramatic and lyrical, to speak of Ben Jonson, unless you were to except that sympathy with his coarseness and his love of the caustic, which, saving a poor verbal tact, and a worship of authority, was

* 1839.

the only qualification for a critical sense of him possessed by the petulant and presumptuous Gifford. But the 'Times' critic has been led perhaps to this depreciation of the new editor, by thinking he has greatly undervalued a favourite author; while, on the other hand, we ourselves cannot but think that Mr. Cornwall, with all his admiration of him, has yet somewhat depreciated Ben Jonson in consequence of his over-valuement by others. It appears to us, that he does not do justice to the serious part of him,—to the grandeur, for example, which is often to be found in his graver writing, both as to thought and style, sometimes, we think, amounting even to the 'sublime,'—which is a quality our poet totally denies him. We would instance that answer of Cethegus to Catiline, when the latter says—

'Who would not fall, with all the world about him?
CETHEGUS.—*Not I, that would stand on it, when it falls.*'

Also the passage where it is said of Catiline, advancing with his army,

'The day grew black with him,
And Fate descended nearer to the earth;'

and the other in which he is described as coming on

'Not with the face
Of *any man*, but of *a public ruin*;'

(though we think we have read that in some Latin author, and indeed it is at all times difficult to say where Jonson has not been borrowing). The vindictive quietness of Cicero's direction to the lictors to put Statilius and Gabinius to death, is very like a sublimation above the highest ordinary excitability of human resentment. Marlowe might have written it—

'Take them
To your *cold hands*, and let them *feel death* from you.'

And the rising of the ghost of Sylla, by way of prologue to this play, uttering, as he rises,

'*Dost thou not feel me*, ROME?'

appears to us decidedly sublime,—making thus the evil spirit of one man equal to the great city, and to all the horrors that are about to darken it. Nor is the opening of the speech of Envy, as prologue to the *Poetaster*, far from something of a like eleva-

tion. The accumulated passion, in her shape, thinks herself warranted to insult the light, and her insult is very grand :—

> 'Light, I salute thee, but with wounded nerves,
> Wishing thy golden splendour pitchy darkness.'

Milton has been here, and in numerous other places, imitating his learned and lofty-tongued predecessor.

On the other hand, besides acknowledging the greatness of his powers in general, and ranking him as second only in his age to Shakspeare (which might surely propitiate the fondest partisan), Mr. Cornwall has done ample and eloquent justice to Jonson's powers as a satirist, to his eloquent learning, and his profuse and graceful fancy; and if he objects to his tediousness, coarseness, and boasting, and to the praise emphatically bestowed on him for 'judgment,' we are compelled to say, in spite of our admiration and even love of the old poet (for it is difficult to help loving those to whom we are indebted for great pleasures) that we think he might have spoken more strongly on all those points, and not been either unjust or immodest. If Jonson, in spite of his airs of independence, had not been a Tory poet and a court flatterer, the Tory critics (we do not say the present one, but the race in general,) would have trampled upon him for his arrogance, quite as much as they have exalted him. Even Gifford would have insulted him, though he evidently liked him out of a vanity of self-love, as well as from the sympathies above mentioned. The right equilibrium in Jonson's mind was so far overborne by his leaning to power in preference to the beautiful (which is an inconsistency, and, so to speak, unnaturalness in the poetical condition), that while he was ever huffing and lecturing the very audiences that came to hear him, he could not help consulting the worst taste of their majorities, and writing whole plays, like *Bartholomew Fair*, full of the absolutest, and sometimes loathsomest, trash, to show that he was as strong as their united vulgar knowledges; and, he might have added, as dull in his condescension to boot. And as to the long-disputed question, whether he was arrogant or not, and a 'swaggerer' (which indeed, as Charles Lamb has intimated, might be shown, after a certain sublimated fashion, in the very characters in which he chiefly excelled—Sir Epicure Mammon, Bobadil, &c., and, it may be added, Catiline and Sejanus too), how anybody, who ever read his plays, could have doubted, or affected to doubt it, is a

puzzle that can only be accounted for, upon what accounts for any critical phenomenon,—party or personal feeling.

'That Ben Jonson,' says the critic in the 'Times,' 'had not the most equable temper in the world—that he had a high opinion of his own capacity, and saw no reason to conceal it, we at once admit: but such defects are often the concomitants of generous and noble minds; and we should recollect that, if he was fierce when assailed, few men have had equal provocation during life, or baser injustice done to their memory. Jonson's enemies, to whom Mr. Barry Cornwall has a hankering wish to lean, seem to have been a mere set of obscure authors dependent on the theatre, to whose reputation Jonson's success was perhaps injurious, and whose minds, at least, seem to have been embittered by it. Horace, Ovid, Aristophanes, and twenty other poets, have praised themselves more highly than he did. Milton, who seems to have had Ben Jonson's works much in his hands, his style, both in verse and prose, being evidently modelled on that of his predecessor, imitated him in this likewise.'

Now, what 'provocation' Jonson had during his life, which his own assumptions did not originate, is yet, we believe, to be ascertained. The obscure authors, of whom his enemies are here made to consist, were, by his own showing (as well by allusion as by acknowledged characterisation), some, perhaps all, of the most admired of our old English dramatists then writing, with the exception of Beaumont and Fletcher. Self-praise was a fashion in ancient poetry, but has never been understood as more allowable to modern imitation than the practice of self-murder, which was also an ancient fashion; and if Milton, amidst his glorious pedantries (of the better spirit of which, as well as a worse, Jonson must be allowed to have partaken) permitted himself to indulge in personal boasting, it was in a very different style indeed from that of his predecessor, as the reader may judge from the following specimens. Ben says of his muse,—

> 'The garland that she wears their hands must twine,
> Who can both censure, understand, define
> What merit is: then cast those piercing rays
> Round as a crown, instead of honour'd bays,
> About his poesy; which *he knows, affords*
> *Words above action, matter above words.*'
>
> Prologue to *Cynthia's Revels*.

And *Cynthia's Revels* is, upon the whole, a very poor production, with scarcely a beautiful passage in it, except the famous lyric,

Queen and Huntress. Yet in the epilogue to this play (as if conscious that his 'will' must serve for the deed), the actor who delivers it is instructed to talk thus:—

> 'To crave your favour with a begging knee
> Were to distrust the writer's faculty.
> To promise better when the next we bring
> Prorogues disgrace, commends not anything.
> Stiffly to stand on this, and proudly approve
> The play, might tax the maker of self-love.
> I'll only speak what I have heard him say,
> "*By God! 'tis good, and if you like't you may.*"'

The critics, naturally enough, thought this not over modest; so in the prologue to his next play, the *Poetaster* (which was written to ridicule pretension in his adversaries), he makes a prologue 'in armour tread Envy under foot, and requests the audience, that if he should once more swear his play is good, they would not charge *him* with 'arrogance,' for he 'loathes' it; only he knows 'the strength of his own muse,' and they who object to such phrases in him are the 'common spawn of ignorance,' 'base detractors,' and 'illiterate apes.' In this play of the *Poetaster*, the scene of which is laid in the court of Augustus, Jonson himself is 'Horace,' and such men as Decker and Marston the fops and dunces whom Horace satirises; and in the epilogue, after saying that he will leave 'the monsters' to their fate, he informs his hearers, that he means to write a tragedy next time, in which he shall essay

> 'To strike the ear of time in those fresh strains,
> As shall, *beside the cunning of their ground,*
> *Give cause to some of wonder, some despite,*
> *And some despair, to imitate the sound.*'

Thet ragedy, accordingly, of *Sejanus* made its appearance: in an address concerning which to the reader, while noticing some old classical rules which he has not attended to, he says, 'In the meantime, if, in truth of argument, dignity of persons, *gravity and height of elevation, fulness and frequency of sentence*, I have discharged the other offices of a tragic writer, let not the absence of those forms be imputed to me, wherein I shall give you occasion hereafter, *and without my boast*, to think *I could better prescribe* than omit the due sense of, for want of a convenient knowledge.'

In the dedication of *The Fox* to the two Universities, the writer's language, speaking of some 'worthier fruits,' which he

hopes to put forth, is this:—'Wherein, if my hearers be true to me, *I shall raise the despised head of poetry again*, and stripping her out of those *rotten and base rags wherewith the times have adulterated her form*, restore her to her primitive habit, feature, and majesty, *and render her worthy to be embraced and kissed of all the great and master spirits of our world.*' And beautifully is this said. *But Shakspeare had then nearly written all his plays*, AND WAS STILL WRITING! The three preceding years are supposed to have produced *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *and Othello*: Marston, Decker, Chapman, Drayton, Middleton, Webster; in short, almost all those whom posterity admires or reverences under the title of the Old English Dramatists, were writing also; and it was but nine years before, that Spenser had published the second part of the *Fairy Queen*, in which the 'despised head of poetry' had been set up with the lustre of an everlasting sun, and such as surely had not let darkness in upon the land again, followed as it was by all those dramatic lights, and the double or triple sun of Shakspeare himself! The 'master spirits' whom Ben speaks of, must at once have laughed at the vanity, and been sorry for the genius of the man who could so talk in such an age. Above all, what could Shakspeare have thought of his wayward, his learned, but in these respects certainly not very wise, nor very *friendly*, *friend?* We could quote similar evidences of the most preposterous self love from the prologues or epilogues, or the body, of the greater part of his plays: but we tire of the task, especially when we think, not only of the genius which did *itself* as well as others such injustice, but of the good-nature that lay at the bottom of his very arrogance and envy; for, that he strongly felt the passion of envy, *of which he is always accusing others*, we have as little doubt, as that he struggled against and surmounted it at frequent and glorious intervals; and, besides his saying more things in praise (as well as blame of his contemporaries than any man living, partly perhaps in his assumed right of censor, but much also out of a joviality of good-will) his lines to the memory of Shakspeare do as much honour to the final goodness of his heart, as to the grace and dignity of his style and imagination.

But even his friends as well as enemies thought him immodest and arrogant, and publicly lamented it. See what Randolph and Carew, as well as Owen Feltham, say of him in their responses to his famous ode, beginning,

> 'Come, leave the loathed stage,
> And the more loathsome age!'

an invective which he wrote because one of his plays had been damned.

In short, Ben is an anomaly in the list of great poets; and we can only account for him, as for a greater (Dante,—who has contrived to make his muse more grandly disagreeable), by supposing that his nature included the contradictions of some ill-matched progenitors, and that, while he had a grace for one parent or ancestor, he had a slut and fury for another.

Nor should we have taken these liberties with so great a name, but in our zeal for the greater names of truth and justice. *Amicus*, Ben Jonson; *amicus* every clever critic, whether in Whig paper or Tory; but *magis amica*, Proof.

If asked to give our opinion of Ben Jonson's power in general, we should say that he was a poet of a high order, as far as learning, fancy, and an absolute rage of ambition could conspire to make him one; but that he never touched at the highest, except by violent efforts, and during the greatest felicity of his sense of success. The material so predominated in him over the spiritual,—the sensual over the sentimental,—that he was more social than loving, and far more wilful and fanciful than imaginative. Desiring the strongest immediate effect, rather than the best effect, he subserved by wholesale in his comedies to the grossness and common-place of the very multitude whom he hectored; and in love with whatsoever he knew or uttered, he set learning above feeling in writing his tragedies, and never knew when to leave off, whether in tragedy or comedy. His style is more clear and correct than impassioned, and only rises above a certain level at remarkable intervals, when he is heated by a sense of luxury or domination. He betrays what was weak in himself, and even a secret misgiving, by incessant attacks upon the weakness and envy of others; and, in his highest moods, instead of the healthy, serene, and good-natured might of Shakspeare, has something of a puffed and uneasy pomp, a bigness instead of greatness, analogous to his gross habit of body: nor, when you think of him at any time, can you well separate the idea from that of the assuming scholar and the flustered man of taverns. But the wonder after all is, that, having such a superfœtation of art in him, he had still so much nature; and that the divine bully of the old English Parnassus could be, whenever he chose it, one of the most elegant of men.

POPE, IN SOME LIGHTS IN WHICH HE IS NOT USUALLY REGARDED.

UNFADED INTEREST OF THE SUBJECT OF POPE AND OTHERS—SHAKSPEARE NOT EQUALLY AT HOME WITH MODERN LIFE, THOUGH MORE SO WITH GENERAL HUMANITY—LETTERS OF POPE—A WOOD-ENGRAVING A CENTURY AGO—POPE WITH A YOUNG LADY IN A STAGE-COACH—DINING WITH MAIDS OF HONOUR—RIDING TO OXFORD BY MOONLIGHT—LOVABILITY NOT DEPENDENT ON SHAPE—INSINCERITY NOT ALWAYS WHAT IT IS TAKEN FOR—WHIGS, TORIES, AND CATHOLICS—MASTERLY EXPOSITION OF THE REASON WHY PEOPLE LIVE UNCOMFORTABLY TOGETHER—'RONDEAULX,' AND A RONDEAU.

THOSE who have been conversant in early life with Pope and the other wits of Queen Anne, together with the Bellendens, Herveys, Lady Suffolks, and other feminities, are never tired of hearing of them afterwards, let their subsequent studies be as lofty as they may in the comparison. We can no more acquire a dislike to them, than we can give up a regard for the goods and chattels to which we have been accustomed in our houses, or for the costume with which we associate the ideas of our uncles, and aunts, and grandfathers. They are authors who come within our own era of manners and customs,—within the period of coats and waistcoats, and snuff-taking, and the same kinds of eating and drinking; they have lived under the same dynasty of the Georges, speak the same unobsolete language, and inhabit the same houses; in short, are *at home* with us. Shakspeare, with all his marvellous power of coming among us, and making us laugh and weep so as none of them can, still comes (so to speak) in a doublet and beard; he is an *ancestor*,—'Master Shakspeare,'—one who says 'yea' and 'nay,' and never heard of Pall Mall or the opera. The others are 'yes' and 'no' men—swearers of last Tuesday's oaths, or payers of its compliments—cousins, and aunts, and every-day acquaintances. Pope is 'Mr. Pope,' and comes to 'tea' with us. Nobody, alas! ever drank *tea* with Shakspeare! The sympathies of a slip-slop breakfast are not his; nor of coffee, nor Brussels carpets, nor girandoles and *ormolu;* neither

did he ever take snuff, or a sedan, or a 'coach' to the theatre; nor behold, poor man! the coming glories of silver forks. His very localities are no longer ours except in name; whereas the Cork Streets, and St. James's Streets, and Kensingtons, are still almost the identical places—in many respects really such—in which the Arbuthnots lived, and the Steeles lounged, and the Maids of Honour romped in the gardens at night-time to the scandal of such of the sisterhood as had become married.*

Another reason why one likes the wits and poets of that age is, that, besides being contemporary with one's common-places, they have associated them with their wit and elegance. We know not how the case may be with others, but this is partly the reason why we like the houses built a century ago, with their old red brick, and their seats in the windows. A portrait of the same period is the next thing to having the people with us; and we rarely see a tea-table at which a graceful woman presides, without its reminding us of *The Rape of the Lock*. It hangs her person with sylphs as well as jewellery, and inclines us to use a pair of scissors with the same blissful impudence as my Lord Petre.†

There is a third reason, perhaps, lying sometimes underneath our self-love; but it takes a sort of impudence in the very modesty to own it; for who can well dare to say that he ever feels oppressed by the genius of Shakspeare and his contemporaries! As if there could be any possibility of rivalry! Who ventures to measure his utmost vanity with the skies? or to say to all nature, 'You really excel the existing generation'? And yet something of oppressiveness in the shape of wonder and admiration may be allowed to turn us away at times from the contemplation of Shakspeare or the stars, and make us willing to

* *Vide* the *Suffolk Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 333.

† The reader need scarcely be reminded that the 'peer' who 'spread the glittering forfex wide,' was a Lord Petre, of the noble Catholic family still existing. As the poem was written in 1711, he must have been 'Robert, seventh Baron Petre,' who succeeded to the title in 1707, and died in 1713. He married the year after the writing of the poem, and died the year following; so that his life seems to have been 'short and sweet.' It is pleasant to see, by the peerages, that the family intermarried in the present century with that of the Blounts of Mapledurham—the friends of Pope; and that one of the sisters of the bride was named Arabella, probably after Arabella Fermor, the Belinda of the poet. A sense of the honours conferred by genius gives the finishing grace to noble families that have the luck to possess them.

repose in the easy-chairs of Pope and one's grandmother. We confess, for our own parts, that as

> 'Love may venture in
> Where it dare not well be seen;'

or rather, as true, hearty, loving, vanity-forgetting love warrants us in keeping company with the greatest of the loving, so we do find ourselves in general quite at our ease in the society of Shakspeare himself, emotion apart. We are rendered so by the humanity that reconciles us to our defects, and by the wisdom which preferred love before all things. Setting hats and caps aside, and coming to pure flesh and blood, and whatsoever survives fashion and conventionalism, who can jest so heartily as he? who so make you take 'your ease at your inn'? who talk and walk with you, feel, fancy, imagine; be in the woods, the clouds, fairy-land, among friends (there is no man so fond of drawing friends as he is), or if you want a charming woman to be in love with and live with for ever, who can so paint her in a line?

> 'Pretty, and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle.'

All that the Popes and Priors could have conspired with all the Suffolks and Montagues to say of delightful womanhood, could not have outvalued the comprehensiveness of that line. Still, as one is accustomed to think even of the most exquisite women in connection with some costume or other, be it no more than a slipper to her foot, modern dress insists upon clothing them to one's imagination, in preference to dress ancient. We cannot love them so entirely in the dresses of Arcadia, or in the ruffs and top-knots of the time of Elizabeth, as in the tuckers and tresses to which we have been accustomed. As they reproach our own times, they partake of the warmness of our homes. 'Anne Page' might have been handsomer, but we cannot take to her so heartily as to 'Nancy Dawson,' or to 'Mary Lepell.' 'Imogen' there seems no matching or dispensing with; and yet Lady Winchelsea when Miss Kingsmill, or Mrs. Brooke, when she was Fanny Moore the clergyman's daughter, dancing under the cherry-trees of the parsonage-garden, and 'as remarkable for her gentleness and suavity of manners as for her literary talents,'—we cannot but feel that the 'Miss' and the 'Fanny' carries us away with it, in spite of all the realities mixed up with those desuetudes of older times.

We have been led into these reflections by a volume of *Pope's Letters*, which we read over again the other day, and which found our regard for him as fresh as ever, notwithstanding all that we have learnt to love and admire more. We cannot live with Pope and the wits as entirely as we used to do at one period. Circumstances have re opened new worlds to us, both real and ideal, which have as much enlarged (thank Heaven,) our possessions, as though to a house of the sort above mentioned had been added the gardens of all the east, and the forests (with all their visions) of Greece and the feudal times. Still the house is there, furnished as aforesaid, and never to be given up. And as men after all their day-dreams, whether of poetry or of *business* (for it is little suspected how much fancy mingles even with that), are glad to be called to dinner or tea, and see the dear familiar faces about them, so, though the author we admire most be Shakspeare, and the two books we can least dispense with on our shelves are Spenser and the *Arabian Nights*, we never quit these to look at our Pope, and our Parnell and Thomson, without a sort of household pleasure in our eyes, and a grasp of the volume as though some Mary Lepell, or Margaret Bellenden, or some Mary or Marianne of our own, had come into the room herself, and held out to us her cordial hand.

Here, then, is a volume of *Pope's Letters*, complete in itself (not one of the voluminous edition), a duedecimo, lettered as just mentioned, bound in calf (plain at the sides, but gilt and flowered at the back), and possessing a portrait with cap, open shirt-collar, and great black eyes. We are bibliomanics enough to like to give these details, and hope that the reader does not despise them. At the top of the first letter, there is one of those engraved headpieces, of ludicrously ill-design and execution, which used to 'adorn' books a century ago;—things like uncouth dreams, magnified out of all proportion, and innocent of possibility. The subject of the present is Hero and Leander. Hero, with four dots for eyes, nose, and mouth, is as tall as the tower itself out of which she is leaning; and Leander has had a sort of platform made for him at the side of the tower, flat on the water, and obviously on purpose to accommodate his dead body; just as though a coroner's inquest had foreseen the necessity there would be for it. But we must not be tempted at present into dwelling upon illustrations of this kind. We design some day, if a wood engraver will stand by us, to give something of an historical sketch of their progress through old romances, classics, and

spelling-books, with commentaries as we proceed, and a 'fetching out' of their beauties; not without an eye to those initial letters and tail-pieces, in which A's and B's, nymphs, satyrs, and dragons, &c., flourish into every species of monstrous, grotesque, and half-human exuberance.

What we would more particularly take occasion to say from the volume before us, agreeably to our design of noticing whatever has been least or not at all noticed by the biographers, is, that notwithstanding our long intimacy with the writings of Pope, we found in it some things which we do not remember to have observed before,—little points of personal interest, which become great enough in connection with such a man to be of consequence to those who would fain know him as if they had lived with him, and which the biographers (who, in fact, seldom do more than repeat one another) have not thought it worth their while to attend to.

The first is, that whereas the personal idea of Pope, which we generally present to our minds in consequence of the best-known prints of him, is that of an elderly man, we here chiefly see him as a young one, from the age of sixteen to thirty, and mostly while he lived at Binfield in Windsor Forest, when his principal fame arose from his happiest production, *The Rape of the Lock*. We see him also caressed, as he deserved to be, by the ladies; and intimating with a becoming ostentation (considering the consciousness of his personal defects which he so touchingly avows at other times), what a very 'lively young fellow' he was (to speak in the language of the day), and how pleased they were to pay him attention. The late republication of the writings of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu has revived the discussion respecting her supposed, and but too probable, *brusquerie* towards him (for no man deserved greater delicacy in repulse from a woman, than one so sensitive and so unhappily formed as he). We shall here give, as a counter lump of sugar to those old bitters, a passage from a letter written when he was twenty-one, in which he describes the effect which the gaiety of his conversation had on a young lady whom he met in a stage coach. What he says about a 'sick woman' being the 'worst of evils,' is not quite so well. It is not in the taste of Spenser and the other great poets his superiors; yet we must not take it in its worst sense either, but only as one of those 'airs' which it was thought becoming in such 'young fellows' to give themselves in those days, when people had not properly recovered from the unsenti-

mentalising effects of the gallantry of the court of Charles II. For the better exhibitions of these our passages of interest, rescued from the comparative obscurity occasioned by the neglect of biographers, we shall give them heads:—

POPE ADMIRED BY A YOUNG LADY IN A STAGE COACH.

'The morning after I parted from you, I found myself (as I had prophecy'd) all alone, in an uneasy stage coach; a doleful change from that agreeable company I enjoyed the night before! without the least hope of entertainment, but from my last resource in such cases—a book. I then began to enter into an acquaintance with the *moralists*, and had just received from them some cold consolation for the inconvenience of this life and the uncertainty of human affairs, when I perceived my vehicle to stop, and heard from the side of it the dreadful news of a sick woman preparing to enter it. 'Tis not easy to guess at my mortification; but being so well fortified with philosophy I stood resigned, with a stoical constancy, to endure the worst of evils—a sick woman. I was, indeed, a little comforted to find by her voice and dress that she was a gentlewoman; but no sooner was her hood removed, but I saw one of the most beautiful faces I ever beheld; and to increase my surprise, I heard her salute me by my name. I never had more reason to accuse Nature for making me short-sighted than now, when I could not recollect I had ever seen those fair eyes which knew me so well, and was utterly at a loss how to address myself; till, with a great deal of simplicity and innocence, she let me know (even before I discovered my ignorance) that she was the daughter of one in our neighbourhood, lately married, who having been consulting her physicians in town, was returning into the country, to try what good air and a new husband could do to recover her. My father, you must know, has sometimes recommended the study of physic to me; but I never had any ambition to be a doctor till this instant. I ventured to prescribe some fruit (which I happened to have in the coach), which being forbidden her by her doctors, she had the more inclination to; in short, I tempted her, and she ate; nor was I more like the devil than she like "Eve." Having the good success of the aforesaid gentleman before my eyes, I put on the gallantry of the old serpent, and in spite of my evil form, accosted her with all the gaiety I was master of, which had so good effect, that in less than an hour she grew pleasant, her colour returned, and she was pleased to say my prescription had wrought an immediate cure; in a word, I had the pleasantest journey imaginable."

We learn from this passage, by the way, that Pope's father sometimes expressed his wish to see his son a physician. The son, however, wisely avoided a profession which would have severely tried his health, and not very well have suited his personal appearance. Otherwise, there can be no doubt he would have made an excellent member of the faculty,—learned, bland, sympathetic, and entertaining.

The passage we shall extract next is better known, but we give it because Maids of Honour are again flourishing. The poet

is here again at his ease with the fair sex. The 'prince, with all his ladies on horseback,' is George II., then Prince of Wales, who is thus seen compelling his wife's maids of honour to ride out with him whether their mistress went or not, and to go hunting 'over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks!' The case is otherwise now; and the lovely Margaret Dillons, and Spring Rices, and Listers, have the luck to follow a gentlewoman instead of a brute. They can also go in carriages instead of on horseback, when they prefer it. Whether they have not still, however, occasionally to undergo that dreadful catastrophe,—'a red mark in the forehead from an uneasy hat,' may be made a question.

POPE DINING AND WALKING BY MOONLIGHT WITH MAIDS OF HONOUR.

'I went by water to Hampton Court, unattended by all but my own virtues, which were not of so modest a nature as to keep themselves or me concealed; for I met the prince with all his ladies on horseback coming from hunting. Mrs. B—— (Bellenden)* and Mrs. L—— (Lepell) took me into protection (contrary to the laws against harbouring papists), and gave me a dinner, with something I liked better—an opportunity of conversation with Mrs. H—— (Howard, afterwards Lady Suffolk). We all agreed that the life of a maid of honour was of all things the most miserable; and wished that every woman who envied had a specimen of it. To eat Westphalia ham in a morning, ride over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks, come home in the heat of the day with a fever, and (what is worse a hundred times) with a red mark in the forehead from an uneasy hat; all this may qualify them to make excellent wives for fox-hunters, and bear abundance of ruddy complexioned children. As soon as they can wipe off the sweat of the day, they must simper an hour, and catch cold in the princess's apartment; from thence (as Shakspeare has it) "to dinner with what appetite they may;" and after that, till midnight, walk, work, or think, which they please. I can easily believe no lone house in Wales, with a mountain and rookery, is more contemplative than this court; and as a proof of it, I need only tell you, Mrs. L—— walked all alone with me three or four hours by moonlight; and we met no creature of any quality but the king, who gave audience to the vice-chamberlain, all alone, under the garden-wall.'

We hope Lady Mary Wortley saw this letter; for she was jealous of the witty and beautiful Lepell, who married a flame of hers, Lord Hervey; and though she is understood to have scorned the pretensions of Pope herself, it is in the nature of dispositions like hers not to witness pretensions paid even to the rejected without a pang.

* The old title of *Mistress*, applied to unmarried ladies, was then still struggling with that of *Miss*; each was occasionally given.

Our closing extract will mount the little immortal in his turn upon an eminence, on which he is certainly very seldom contemplated in the thoughts of anybody; and yet it was a masculine one to which he appears to have been accustomed; to wit, horseback. He rides in the present instance from Binfield to Oxford, a distance of thirty miles, no mean one for his delicate frame. In a subsequent letter we find him taking the like journey and to the same place, in company with Lintott the bookseller, of whose overweening manners, and 'eye,' meanwhile, 'to business,' he gives a very amusing account, not omitting an intimation that he was the better rider, and did not at all suffer under the bookseller's cockney inexperience. But we prefer to see him journeying by himself. There is a sweet and poetical thoughtfulness in the psssage, betwixt ease and solemnity:—

POPE JOURNEYING ON HORSEBACK BY MOONLIGHT.

'Nothing could have more of that melancholy which once used to please me than my last day's journey; for after having passed through my favourite woods in the forest, with a thousand reveries of past pleasure, I rode over hanging hills, whose tops were edged with groves, and whose feet watered with winding rivers, listening to the falls of cataracts below, and the murmuring of the winds above; the gloomy verdure of Stonor succeeded to these, and then the shades of the evening overtook me. The moon rose in the clearest sky I ever saw, by whose solemn light I paced on slowly without company, or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reached Oxford, all the bells tolled in different notes, and the clocks of every college answered one another, and sounded forth, some in a deeper some in a softer tone, that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led since, among those old walls, venerable galleries, stone porticos, studious walks, and solitary scenes of the university. I wanted nothing but a black gown and a salary, to be as mere a bookworm as any there. I conformed myself to the college-hours—was rolled up in books—lay in one of the most ancient dusky parts of the university—and was as dead to the world as any hermit of the desert. If anything was alive or awake in me, it was a little vanity, such as even those good men used to entertain when the monks of their own order extolled their piety and abstraction; for I found myself received with a sort of respect which this idle part of mankind, the learned, pay to their species, who are as considerable here as the busy, the gay, and the ambitious are in your world.'

In the letter containing this extract, is one of those touching passages we have mentioned, in which he alludes to his personal deformity:—

'Here, at my Lord H——'s (Harcourt's?), I see a creature nearer an angel than a woman (though a woman be very near as good as an angel). I think you have formerly heard me mention Mrs. T—— as a credit to the

maker of angels; she is a relation of his lordship's, and he gravely proposed her to me for a wife. Being tender of her interests, and knowing that she is less indebted to fortune than I, I told him, 'twas what he could never have thought of, if it had not been his misfortune to be blind, and what I could never think of, while I had eyes to see both her and myself.'

This is one of those rare occasions in which the most artificial turn of language, if gracefully put, is not unsuitable to the greatest depth of feeling, the speaker being taxed, as it were, to use his utmost address, both for his own sake and the lady's. We speak of 'deformity' in reference to Pope's figure, since, undoubtedly, the term is properly applied; and one of the greatest compliments that can be paid his memory (which may be sincerely done), is to think that a woman could really have loved him. But he had wit, fancy, sensibility, fame, and the 'finest eyes in the world;' and he would have worshipped her with so much gratitude, and filled her moments with so much intellectual entertainment, that we can believe a woman to have been very capable of a serious passion for him, especially if she was a very good and clever woman. As to minor faults of shape, even of his own sort, we take them to be nothing whatsoever in the way of such love. We have seen them embodying the finest minds and most generous hearts; and believe, indeed, that a woman is in luck who has the wit to discern their lovability; for it begets her a like affection, and shows that her own nature is worthy of it.

This volume of Letters is the one that was occasioned by the surreptitious collection published by Curll. It contains the correspondence with Walsh, Wycherley, Trumbal, and Cromwell, those to 'Several Ladies,' to Edward Blount, and Gay, &c. The style is generally artificial, sometimes provokingly so, as in the answer to Sir William Trumbal's hearty and natural congratulations on the *Rape of the Lock*. It vexes one to see so fine a poet make such an owl of himself with his laboured deprecations of flattery (of which there was none), and self-exaltations above the love of fame. The honest old statesman (a delighful character by the way, and not so rare as inexperience fancies it) must have smiled at the unconscious insincerity of his little great friend. 'Unconscious' we say, for it is a mistake to conclude that an insincerity of this kind may not have a great deal of truth in it, as regards the writer's own mind and intentions; and Pope, at the time, had not lived long enough to become aware of his weakness in this respect; perhaps never did. On the other hand, there are abundant proofs in these Letters of the best kind of

sincerity, and of the most exquisite good sense. Pope's heart, and purse (which he could moderately afford) *were* ever open to his friends, let his assertions to that effect be taken by a shallow and envious cunning in as much evidence to the contrary as it pleases. He was manifestly kind to everybody in every respect, except when they provoked his wit and self-love a little too far; and then only, or chiefly, as it affected him publicly. He had little tricks of management, we dare say; *that* must be an indulgence conceded to his little crazy body, and his fear of being jostled aside by robuster exaction; and we will not swear that he was never disingenuous before those whom he had attacked. *That* may have been partly owing to his very kindness, uneasy at seeing the great pain which he had given; for his satire was bred in him by *reading* satire (Horace, Boileau, and others); and it was doubtless more bent on being admired for its wit than feared for its severity, exquisitely severe though he could be, and pleased as a man of so feeble a body *must* have been at seeing his pen so formidable. He fondly loved his friends. We see by this book, that before he was six-and-twenty, he had painted Swift's portrait (for he dabbled in oil-painting) three times; and he was always wishing Gay to come and live with him, doubtless at his expense. He said on one of these occasions, 'Talk not of expenses; Homer (that is, his translation) will support his children.' And when Gay was in a bad state of health, and might be thought in want of a better air, Pope told him he would go with him to the south of France; a journey which, for so infirm and habitual a homester, would have been little less than if an invalid nowadays should propose to go and live with his friend in South America.

There are some passages in this volume so curiously applicable to the state of things now existing among us,* that we are tempted to quote one or two of them:—

'I am sure (says he) if all Whigs and all Tories had the spirit of one Roman Catholic I know (his friend Edward Blount, to whom he is writing), it would be well for all Roman Catholics; and if all Roman Catholics had always had that spirit, it had been well for all others, and we had never been charged with so wicked a spirit as that of persecution.'

Again, in a letter to Craggs,—

'I took occasion to mention the superstition of some ages after the subversion of the Roman empire, which is too manifest a truth to be denied,

* 1833

and does in no sort reflect upon the present professors of our faith (he was himself a Catholic) *who are free from it.* Our silence in these points may, with some reason, make our adversaries think we allow and persist in those bigotries, *which yet, in reality, all good and sensible men despise*, though they are persuaded not to speak against them; I cannot tell why, since now it is no way the interest even of the worst of our priesthood, as it might have been then, to have them smothered in silence.'

Let the above be the answer to those who pretend to think that the Catholics are still as ignorant and bigoted as they were in the days of Queen Mary!—as though such enlightened Catholics as Pope, and such revolting ones as Mary herself, had never assisted to bring them to a better way of thinking.

For the exquisite good sense we have spoken of, take the following passage, which is a masterpiece:—

'Nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together but mere vanity: a secret insisting upon what they think their dignity or merit, and inward expectation of such an over-measure of deference and regard as answers to their own extravagant false scale, and which nobody can pay, because none but themselves can tell readily to what pitch it amounts.'

Thousands of houses would be happy to-morrow if this passage were written in letters of gold over the mantel-piece, and the offenders could have the courage to apply it to themselves.

We shall conclude this article with an observation or two, occasioned by a *rondeau* in the volume, not otherwise very mentionable. The first is, that in its time, and till lately, it was almost the only rondeau, we believe, existing in the language, certainly the only one that had attracted notice; secondly, that it does not obey the laws of construction laid down by the example of Marot, and pleasantly set forth of late in a publication on '*Rondeaulx*' (pray pronounce the word in good honest old French, with the *eaulx*, like the beating up of eggs for a pudding); third, that owing to the lesser animal spirits prevailing in this country, the larger form of the rondeau is not soon likely to obtain; fourth, that in a smaller and more off-hand shape it seems to us deserving of revival, and extremely well calculated to give effect to such an impulse as naturally inclines us to the repetition of two or three words; and fifth and last, that as love sometimes makes people imprudent, and gets them excused for it, so this loving perusal of Pope and his volume has tempted us to publish a rondeau of our own, which was written on a real occasion, and therefore may be presumed to have had the aforesaid impulse. We must add, lest our egotism should be thought

still greater on the occasion than it is, that the lady was a great lover of books and impulsive writers: and that it was our sincerity as one of them which obtained for us this delightful compliment from a young enthusiast to an old one.

'Jenny kiss'd me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put *that* in.
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have miss'd me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kiss'd me.'

GARTH, PHYSICIANS, AND LOVE-LETTERS.

GARTH, AND A DEDICATION TO HIM BY STEELE—GARTH, POPE, AND ARBUTHNOT—OTHER PHYSICIANS IN CONNECTION WITH WIT AND LITERATURE—DESIRABLENESS OF A SELECTION FROM THE LESS-KNOWN WORKS OF STEELE, AND OF A COLLECTION OF REAL LOVE-LETTERS—TWO BEAUTIFUL SPECIMENS FROM THE 'LOVER.'

We never cast our eyes towards 'Harrow on the Hill' (let us keep these picturesque denominations of places as long as we can) without thinking of an amiable man and most pleasant wit and physician of Queen Anne's time, who lies buried there,—Garth, the author of the *Dispensary*. He was the Whig physician of the men of letters of that day, as Arbuthnot was the Tory: and never were two better men sent to console the ailments of two witty parties, or show them what a nothing party is, compared with the humanity remaining under the quarrels of both.

We are not going to repeat what has been said of Garth so often before us. Our chief object, as far as regards himself, is to lay before the reader some passages of a Dedication which appears to have escaped notice, and which beautifully enlarges upon that professional generosity which obtained him the love of all parties, and the immortal panegyrics of Dryden and Pope. It is by Sir Richard Steele, and is written as none but a congenial spirit could write, in love with the same virtues, and accustomed to the consolation derived from them:—

To Sir Samuel Garth, M.D.

'Sir,

'As soon as I thought of making the *Lover* a present to one of my friends, I resolved, without further distracting my choice, to send it *to the Best-Natured Man* You are so universally known for this character, that an epistle so directed would find its way to you without your name; *and I believe nobody but you yourself would deliver such a superscription to any other person.*

'This propensity is the nearest akin to love; and good nature is the worthiest affection of the mind, as love is the noblest passion of it. While the latter is wholly occupied in endeavouring to make happy one single object, the other diffuses its benevolence to all the world. * * *

'The pitiful artifices which empyrics are guilty of to drain cash out of

valetudinarians, are the abhorrence of your generous mind; and it is as common with Garth to supply indigent patients with money for food, as to receive it from wealthy ones for physic. * * * *

'This tenderness interrupts the satisfactions of conversation, to which you are so happily turned; but we forgive you that our mirth is often insipid to you, *while you sit absent to what passes amongst us from your care of such as languish in sickness.* We are sensible that their distresses, instead of being removed by company, return more strongly to your imagination, by comparison of their condition to the jollities of health.

'But I forget I am writing a dedication,' &c., &c., &c.

This picture of a man sitting silent, on account of his sympathies with the absent, in the midst of such conversation as he was famous for excelling in, is very interesting, and comes home to us as if we were in his company. Who will wonder that Pope should write of Garth as he did?

> 'Farewell Arbuthnot's raillery
> On every learned sot;
> *And Garth, the best good Christian he,*
> *Although he knows it not.*'

This exquisite compliment to Garth has been often noticed, as at once confirming the scepticism attributed to him, and vindicating the Christian spirit with which it was accompanied. But it has not been remarked, that Pope, with a further delicacy, highly creditable to all parties, has here celebrated, in one and the same stanza, his Tory and his Whig medical friend. The delicacy is carried to its utmost towards Arbuthnot also, when we consider that that learned wit had the reputation of being as orthodox a Christian in belief as in practice. The modesty of his charity is thus taxed to its height, and therefore as highly complimented, by the excessive praise bestowed on the Christian spirit of the rival wit, Whig, and physician.

The intercourse in all ages, between men of letters and lettered physicians is one of the most pleasing subjects of contemplation in the history of authorship. The necessity (sometimes of every description) on one side, the balm afforded on the other, the perfect mutual understanding, the wit, the elegance, the genius, the masculine gentleness, the honour mutually done and received, and not seldom the consciousness that friendships so begun will be recognised and loved by posterity,—all combine to give it a very peculiar character of tender and elevated humanity, and to make us, the spectators, look on, with an interest partaking of the gratitude. If it had not been for

Arbuthnot, posterity might have been deprived of a great deal of Pope.

> 'Friend to my life, which did not you prolong,
> The world had wanted many an idle song,'

says he, in his Epistle to the Doctor. And Dryden, in the *Postscript* to his translation of *Virgil*, speaks, in a similar way, of his medical friends, and of the whole profession:—

> 'That I have recovered, in some measure, the health which I had lost by too much application to this work, is owing, next to God's mercy, to the skill and care of Dr. Guibbons and Dr. Hobbs, the two ornaments of their profession, whom I can only pay by this acknowledgment. The whole faculty has always been ready to oblige me.'

Pope again, in a letter to his friend Allen, a few weeks before he died, pays the like general compliment:—

> 'There is no end of my kind treatment from the faculty. They are, in general, the most amiable companions, and the best friends, as well as most learned men I know.'

We are sorry we cannot quote a similar testimony from Johnson, in one of his very best passages; but we have not his *Lives of the Poets* at hand, and cannot find it in any similar book. It was to Johnson that Dr. Brocklesby offered not only apartments in his house, but an annuity; and the same amiable man is known to have given a considerable sum of money to his friend Burke. The extension of obligations of this latter kind is, for many obvious reasons, not to be desired. The necessity on the one side must be of as peculiar and, so to speak, of as noble a kind as the generosity on the other; and special care would be taken by a necessity of that kind, that the generosity should be equalled by the means. But where the circumstances have occurred, it is delightful to record them. And we have no doubt, that in proportion to the eminence of physicians' names in the connection of their art with other liberal studies, the records would be found numerous with *all*, if we had the luck to discover them. There is not a medical name connected with literature, which is not that of a generous man in regard to money matters, and, commonly speaking, in all others. Blackmore himself, however dull as a poet and pedantic as a moralist, enjoyed, we believe, the usual reputation of the faculty for benevolence. We know not whether Cowley is to be mentioned among the physicians who have taken their degrees in wit or

poetry, for perhaps he never practised. But the annals of our minor poetry abound in medical names, all of them eminent for kindness. Arbuthnot, as well as Garth, wrote verses, and no feeble ones either, as may be seen by a composition of his in the first volume of *Dodsley's Collection*, entitled *Know Thyself*. Akenside was a physician; Armstrong, Goldsmith, and Smollett were physicians; Dr. Cotton, poor Cowper's friend, author of the *Visions*, was another; and so was Grainger, the translator of *Tibullus*, who wrote the thoughtful *Ode on Solitude*, and the beautiful ballad entitled *Bryan and Pereene*. Percy (who inserted the ballad with more feeling than propriety in his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*) says of Grainger, that he was 'one of the most friendly, generous, and benevolent men he ever knew.' Goldsmith, even in his own poverty, was known to have given guineas to the poor, by way of prescriptions; and when he died, his staircase in the Temple was beset by a crowd of mourners out of Fleet Street, such as Dives in his prosperity would sooner have laughed at, than Lazarus would, or Mary Magdalen. Smollett had his full portion of generosity in money matters, though he does not appear to have possessed so much of the customary delicacy; otherwise he never would have given 'ostentatious' Sunday dinners to poor authors, upon whose heads he took the opportunity of cracking sarcastic jokes! But he was a diseased subject, and probably had a blood as bad as his heart was good. Of Armstrong and Akenside we are not aware that any particular instances of generosity have been recorded, but they both had the usual reputation for benevolence, and wrote of it as if they deserved it. Akenside also excited the enthusiastic generosity of a friend; which an ungenerous man is not likely to do, though undoubtedly it is possible he might, considering the warmth of the heart in which it is excited. The debt of scholarship and friendship to the profession was handsomely acknowledged in his instance by the affection of Dyson, who, when Akenside was commencing practice, assisted him with three hundred a year. That was the most magnificent *fee* ever given!

We know not, indeed, who is calculated to excite a liberal enthusiasm, if a liberal physician is not. There is not a fine corner in the mind and heart to which he does not appeal; and in relieving the frame, he is too often the only means of making virtue itself comfortable. The physician is well-educated, well-bred, has been accustomed to the infirmities of his fellow-creatures,

therefore understands how much there is in them to be excused as well as relieved; his manners are rendered soft by the gentleness required in sick-rooms; he learns a Shakspearian value for a smile and a jest, by knowing how grateful to suffering is the smallest drop of balm; and the whole circle of his feelings and his knowledge (generally of his success too, but that is not necessary) gives him a sort of divine superiority to the mercenary disgracers of his profession. There are pretenders and quacks, and foolish favourites in this as in all professions, and the world may occasionally be startled by discovering that there is such a phenomenon as a physician at once skilful and mean, eminent and selfish. But the ordinary jests on the profession are never echoed with greater good-will than by those who do not deserve them; and to complete the merit of the real physician,—of the man whose heart and behaviour do good, as well as his prescriptions,—he possesses that humility in his knowledge which candidly owns the limit of it, and which is at once the proudest, most modest, and most engaging proof of his attainments, because it shows that what he does know he knows truly, and that he holds brotherhood with the least instructed of his fellow-creatures.

It is a pity that someone, who loves the literature of the age of Queen Anne, and the sprightly fathers of English essay-writing, does not make a selection from the numerous smaller periodical works which were set up by Steele, and which in some instances were carried on but to a few numbers,—such as this of the *Lover* above mentioned, the *Spinster*, the *Theatre*, &c. They were generally, it is true, the offspring of haste and necessity; but the necessity was that of a genius full of wit and readiness; and a small volume of the kind, prefaced with some hearty semi-biographical retrospect of the man and his writings, would really, we believe, contain as good a specimen of the *volatile extract of Steele* (if the reader will allow us what *seems* a pun) as of his finest *second-best* papers out of the *Tatler*. We speak, we must own, chiefly from a knowledge of the *Lover*, never having even seen some of the others; which is another reason for conjecturing that such a volume may be acceptable to many who are acquainted with his principal works.

But there is another volume which has long been suggested to us by the *Lover*, and which would surpass in interest whatever might be thus collected out of the whole literature of that day; and that is (we here make a present of the suggestion to

anyone who has as much love, and more time for the work than we have) a *Collection of Genuine Love-Letters*; not such stuff as Mrs. Behn and others have given to the world, but genuine in every sense of the word,—authentic, well written, and full of heart. Even those in which the heart is not so abundant, but in which it is yet to be found, elevating gallantry into its sphere, might be admitted; such as one or two of Pope's to Lady Mary, and a pleasant one (if our memory does not deceive us) of Congreve's to Arabella Hunt the singer. Eloïsa's should be there by all means (not Abelard's, except by way of note or so, for they are far inferior; as he himself was a far inferior person, and had little or no love in him except that of having his way). Those of Lady Temple to Sir William, when she was Miss Osborne, should not be absent. Steele himself would furnish some charming ones of the lighter sort (with heart enough too in them for half a dozen grave people; more, we fear, than 'dear Prue' had to give him in return). There would be several, deeply affecting, out of the annals of civil and religious strife; and the collection might be brought up to our own time, by some of those extraordinary outpourings of a mind remarkable for the prematurity as well as abundance of its passion and imagination, in the correspondence of Goethe with Bettina Brentano, who, in the words of Shelley, may truly be called a 'child of love and light.'* The most agreeable of metaphysicians, Abraham Tucker, author of the *Light of Nature Pursued*, collected, and copied out in two manuscript volumes, the letters which had passed between himself and a beloved wife, 'whenever they happened to be absent from each other,' under the title of a *Picture of Artless Love*. He used to read them to his daughters. These manuscripts ought to be extant somewhere, for he died only in the year 1744, and he gave one of them to her father's family, while the other was most likely retained as an heir-loom in his own, which became merged into that of Mildmay. The whole book would most likely be welcome to the reading world; but at all events some extracts from it could hardly fail to enrich the collection we have been recommending.

We will here give out of the *Lover* itself, and as a sample both of that periodical of Steele's, and of the more tragical matter of what this volume of love-letters might consist of, two most exquisite specimens, which passed between a wife

* See the two volumes from the German, not long since published, under the title of GOETHE'S *Correspondence with a Child.*

and her husband on the eve of the latter's death on the scaffold. He was one of the victims to sincerity of opinion during the civil wars; and the more sincere, doubtless, and public-spirited, in proportion to his domestic tenderness; for private and public affection, in their noblest forms, are identical at the core. Two more truly loving hearts we never met with in book; nor such as to make us more impatiently desire that they had continued to live and bless one another. But there is a triumph in calamity itself, when so beautifully borne. Posterity takes such sufferers to its heart, and crowns them with its tears.

'There are very tender things,' says Steele, 'to be recited from the writings of poetical authors, which express the utmost tenderness in an amorous commerce; but, indeed, I never read anything which, to me, had so much nature and love, as an expression or two in the following letter. But the reader must be let into the circumstances of the matter to have a right sense of it. The epistle was written by a gentlewoman to her husband, who was condemned to suffer death. The unfortunate catastrophe happened at Exeter in the time of the late rebellion. A gentleman, whose name was Penruddock, to whom the letter was written, was barbarously sentenced to die, without the least appearance of justice. He asserted the illegality of his enemies' proceedings, with a spirit worthy his innocence; and the night before his death his lady wrote to him the letter which I so much admire, and is as follows:—

'MRS. PENRUDDOCK'S LAST LETTER TO HER HUSBAND.

'"MY DEAR HEART—

'"My sad parting was so far from making me forget you, that I scarce thought upon myself since; but wholly upon you. Those dear embraces which I yet feel, and shall never lose, being the faithful testimonies of an indulgent husband, have charmed my soul to such a reverence of your remembrance, that were it possible, I would, with my own blood, cement your dead limbs to live again, and (with reverence) think it no sin to rob Heaven a little longer of a martyr. Oh! my dear, you must now pardon my passion, this being my last (oh, fatal word!) that ever you will receive from me; and know, that until the last minute that I can imagine you shall live, I shall sacrifice the prayers of a Christian and the groans of an afflicted wife. And when you are not (which sure by sympathy I shall know), I shall wish my own dissolution with you, that so we may go hand in hand to Heaven. 'Tis too late to tell you what I have, or rather have not done for you; how being turned out of doors because I came to beg mercy; the Lord lay not your blood to their charge. I would fain discourse longer with you, but dare not; passion begins to drown my reason, and will rob me of my *devoirs*, which is all I have left to serve you. Adieu, therefore, ten thousand times, my dearest dear; and since I must never see

you more, take this prayer,—May your faith be so strengthened that your constancy may continue; and then I know Heaven will receive you; whither grief and love will in a short time (I hope) translate,

'"My dear,

'"Your sad, but constant wife, even to love your ashes when dead,

'"ARUNDEL PENRUDDOCK.

'"May the 3rd, 1655, eleven o'clock at night. Your children beg your blessing, and present their duties to you."'

'I do not know,' resumes Steele, 'that I ever read anything so affectionate as that line, *Those dear embraces which I yet feel.* Mr. Penruddock's answer has an equal tenderness, which I shall recite also, that the town may dispute whether the man or the woman expressed themselves the more kindly; and strive to imitate them in less circumstances of distress; for from all no couple upon earth are exempt:—

'MR. PENRUDDOCK'S LAST LETTER TO HIS LADY.

'"DEAREST BEST OF CREATURES!

'"I HAD taken leave of the world when I received yours: it did at once recall my fondness to life, and enable me to resign it. As I am sure I shall leave none behind me like you, which weakens my resolution to part from you, so when I reflect I am going to a place where there are none but such as you, I recover my courage. But fondness breaks in upon me; and as I would not have my tears flow to-morrow, when your husband and the father of our dear babes is a public spectacle, do not think meanly of me, that I give way to grief now in private, when I see my sand run so fast, and within a few hours I am to leave you helpless, and exposed to the merciless and insolent that have wrongfully put me to a shameless death, and will object the shame to my poor children. I thank you for all your goodness to me, and will endeavour so to die as to do nothing unworthy that virtue in which we have mutually supported each other, and for which I desire you not to repine that I am first to be rewarded, since you ever preferred me to yourself in all other things. Afford me, with cheerfulness, the precedence in this. I desire your prayers in the article of death; for my own will then be offered for you and yours.

'"J. PENRUDDOCK."'

Steele says nothing after this; and it is fit, on every account, to respect his silence.

COWLEY AND THOMSON.

NATURE INTENDED POETRY AS WELL AS MATTER OF FACT—MYSTERIOUS ANECDOTE OF COWLEY—REMARKABLE SIMILARITY BETWEEN HIM AND THOMSON—THEIR SUPPOSED DIFFERENCE (AS TORY AND WHIG) —THOMSON'S BEHAVIOUR TO LADY HERTFORD—HIS ANSWER TO THE GENIUS-STARVATION PRINCIPLE—HIS LETTERS TO HIS FRIENDS, &C.

'Nec vos, dulcissima mundi
Nomina, vos, Musæ, libertas, otia, libri,
Hortique, sylvæque, animâ remanente relinquam.'

'Nor by me e'er shall you,
You, of all names the sweetest and the best,
You, Muses, books, and liberty, and rest,
You, gardens, fields, and woods, forsaken be,
As long as life itself forsakes not me.'

THESE verses, both the Latin and the translation, are from the pen of an excellent man, and a better poet than he has latterly been thought—Cowley. But how came he, among his 'sweetest and best names,' to omit *love*? to leave out all mention of the affections?

Thereby hangs an anecdote that shall be noticed presently. Meantime, with a protest against the omission, the verses make a good motto for this verse-loving paper, begun on a fine summer's morning, amidst books and flowers. Our position is not so lucky as Cowley's in respect to 'woods,' having nothing to boast of, in that matter, beyond the sub-urbanity of a few lime-trees and the neighbourhood of Kensington Gardens; but this does not hinder us from loving woods with all our might, nay, aggravates the intensity of the passion. A like reason favours our yearning after 'liberty' and 'rest,' and especially after 'fields;' the brickmakers threatening to swallow up those which the nurserymen have left us.

Well! We always hope to live in the thick of all that we desire, some day; and, meantime, we do live there as well as imagination can contrive it; which she does in a better manner than is realised by many a possessor of oaks thick as his peri-

cranium. A book, a picture, a memory, puts us, in the twinkling of an eye, in the midst of the most enchanting solitudes, reverend with ages, beautiful with lawns and deer, glancing with the lovely forms of nymphs. And it does not at all baulk us, when we look up and find ourselves sitting in a little room with a fire-place, and, perhaps, with some town-cry coming along the street. Your muffin-crier is a being as full of the romantic mystery of existence, as a Druid or an ancient Tuscan; and what would books or pictures be, or cities themselves, without that *mind of man*, in the circuit of whose world the solitudes of poetry lie, as surely as the last Court Calendar does, or the traffic of Piccadilly. Do the 'green' minds of the 'knowing' fancy that Nature intended nothing to be made out of trees, but coach-wheels, and a park or so? Oh, they of little wit! Nature intended trees to do all that they *do* do; that is, to help to furnish *poetry* for us as well as houses; to exist in the imagination as well as in Buckinghamshire; to

> 'Live in description, and look green in song.'

Nature intended that there should be odes and epic poems, quite as much as that men in Bond Street should eat tartlets, or that there should be Howards and Rothschilds. The Earl of Surrey would have told you so, who was himself a Howard, and who perished on the scaffold, while his poems have gone on, living and lasting. Nature's injunction was not only, 'Let there be things tangible;' but 'Let there be things also imaginable, fanciful, spiritual;' thoughts of fairies and elysiums; Arcadias twofold, one in real Greece, and the other in fabulous; Cowleys and Miltons as well as Cromwells; immortal Shakspeares, as well as customs that would perish but for their notice.

Alas! 'your poet,' nevertheless, is not exempt from 'your weakness,' as Falstaff would have phrased it. He occasionally undergoes a double portion, in the process of a sensibility which exists for our benefit; and good, innocent, sequestered Cowley, whose desires in things palpable appear to have been bounded by a walk in a wood, and a book under his arm, must have experienced some strange phases of suffering. Sprat says of him, that he was the 'most amiable of mankind;' and yet it is reported, that in his latter days he could not endure the sight of a woman! that he would leave the room if one came into it!

Here is a case for the respectful consideration of the philosopher—the *medical*, we suspect.

The supposed reason is, that he had been disappointed in love, perhaps ill-treated. But in so gentle a mind as his, disappointment could hardly have taken the shape of resentment and incivility towards the whole sex. The probability is, that it was some morbid weakness. He should have out-walked and diverted it, instead of getting fat and looking at trees out of a window; he should have gone more to town and the play, or written more plays of his own, instead of relieving his morbidity with a bottle too much in company with his friend the Dean.

We suspect, however, from the portraits of Cowley, that his blood was not very healthy by nature. There is a young as well as an old portrait of him, by good artists, evident likenesses; and both of them have a puffy, unwholesome look; so that his flesh seems to have been an uncongenial habitation for so sweet a soul. The sweeter it, for preserving its dulcitudes as it did.

This morbid temperament is, perhaps, the only difference in their natures between two men, in whom we shall proceed to notice what appears to us a remarkable similarity in every other respect, almost amounting to a sort of identity. It is like a metempsychosis without a form of change; or only with such as would naturally result from a difference of times. Cowley and Thomson were alike in their persons, their dispositions, and their fortunes. They were both fat men, not handsome; very amiable and sociable; no enemies to a bottle; taking interest both in politics and retirement; passionately fond of external nature, of fields, woods, gardens, &c.; bachelors,—in love, and disappointed; faulty in style, yet true poets in *themselves*, if not always the best in their writings, that is to say, seeing everything in its poetical light; childlike in their ways; and, finally, they were both made easy in their circumstances by the party whom they served; both went to live at a little distance from London, and on the banks of the Thames; and both died of a cold and fever, originating in a careless exposure to the weather, not without more than a suspicion of previous 'jollification' with 'the Dean' on Cowley's part, and great probability of a like vivacity on that of Thomson, who had been visiting his friends in London. Thomson could push the bottle like a regular *bon vivant*: and Cowley's death is attributed to his having forgotten his proper bed, and slept in a field all night, in company with his reverend and jovial friend Sprat. Johnson says that, at Chertsey, the villagers talked of 'the drunken Dean.'

But in one respect, it may be alleged, Cowley and Thomson

were different, and very different; for one was a Tory, and the other a Whig.

True,—nominally, and by the accident of education; that is to say, Cowley was brought up on the Tory side, and Thomson on the Whig; and loving their fathers and mothers and friends, and each seeing his cause in its best possible light, they naturally adhered to it, and tried to make others think as well of it as they did themselves. But the truth is, that neither of them was Whig or Tory, in the ordinary sense of the word. Cowley was no fonder of power in the understood Tory sense, than Thomson was of liberty in the restricted, unprospective sense of the partisans of King William. Cowley was for the *beau idéal* of Toryism; that is, for order and restraint, as being the only safeguards of liberty; and Thomson was for a liberty and freedom of service, the eventual realisation of which would have satisfied the most romantic of Radicals. See his poems throughout, especially the one entitled *Liberty*. Cowley never *vulgarised* about Cromwell, as it was the fashion for his party to do. He thought him a bad man, it is true, but also a great man; he said nobler things about him than any royalist of his day, except Andrew Marvell (if the latter is to be called a royalist); and he was so free from a factious partiality, that in his comedy, *Cutter of Coleman Street*, which he intended as a satire on the Puritans, he could not help seeing such fair play to all parties, that the irritated Tories pronounced it a satire on themselves. There are doubtless many such Tories still as Cowley, owing to the same predisposing circumstances of education and turn of mind—men who only see the cause in its graceful and poetical light—whose admiration of power takes it for granted that the power will be well exercised, and whose loyalty is an indulgence of the disposition to personal attachment. But if education had given the sympathies of these men their natural tendency to expand, they would have been on the anti-Tory side; just as many a pretended lover of liberty (whom you may know by his arrogance, ill-nature, or other want of sympathy) has no business on the Whig or Radical side, but ought to proclaim himself what he is,—a Tory. Had Thomson, in short, lived in Cowley's time, and had a royalist to his father, the same affections that made him a Whig in the time of George the Second, would have made him just the sort of Tory that Cowley was during the Restoration; and had Cowley had a Whig for his father, and lived in the little Court of Frederick Prince of Wales, he would have been just the same sort of Whig politician

as Thomson; for it was rather personal than political friendship that procured Cowley his ease at last; and Frederick Prince of Wales was mean enough to take back the pension he had given Thomson, because his Highness had become offended with the poet's friend, Lyttleton. Such is the completion of the remarkable likeness in character and fortunes between these two excellent men.

Nor is the *spirit* of the similarity injured by the fault of the one as a writer consisting in what are called *conceits*, and that of the other in turgidity; for neither of the faults touched the heart of the writers, while both originated in the very humility and simplicity of the men, and in that disposition to admire others which is most dangerous to the most ingenious though not to the greatest men. Cowley and Thomson both fancied their own natural language not great enough for their subjects; and Cowley, in the wit which he found in fashion, and Thomson, in the Latin classics which were the favourites of the more sequestered world of his youth, thought he had found a style which, while it endeared him to those whom he most regarded among the living, would, by the help of their sanction, secure him with the ages to come.

We will conclude this article with a few notes suggested by the latest edition of Thomson (Pickering's), by far the fullest of any, and containing letters and early poems never before published.

'Thomson,' observes his new biographer, in this edition, 'was one summer the guest of Lady Hertford at her country seat; but Johnson says, he took more pleasure in carousing with her lord than in assisting her studies, and therefore was never again invited—a charge which Lord Buchan eagerly repels, but upon as little authority as it was originally made.'

Now this charge is in all probability true; and what does it amount to? Not to anything that the noble critic need have been eager to repel. It was impossible for Thomson to treat Lady Hertford unkindly; but nothing is more probable than that he was puzzled with her 'studies,' whereas he knew well what to do with her husband's wine; and hence may have arisen a dilemma. The mistake was in good Lady Hertford's dignifying her innocent literary whims with the name of 'studies,' and thinking there was anything on the critic's part to 'study' in them.

In the following happy passage Thomson has completely

refuted the argument of those mechanical and not very humane or modest understandings, who, because they will only work for 'a consideration' themselves, and feel that without restrictions upon them they would possibly burst out of bounds and do nothing, tell us that the only way to get works of genius done by men of genius is to keep them half-starved, and so force them. The mistake arises from their knowing nothing of the nature of genius; which is a thing that can no more help venting what fills and agitates it, than the flower can help secreting honey, or than light, as Thomson says, can help shining. For 'genius' read 'mechanical talent' like their own, and there might be something to say for their argument, if cruelty were not always a bad argument, and the harm done to the human spirit by it not to be risked for any imaginary result of good.

'What you observe concerning the pursuit of poetry, so far engaged in it as I am, is certainly just. Besides, *let him quit it who can*, and "erit mihi magnus Apollo," or something as great. *A true genius, like light, must be beaming forth,* as a false one is an incurable disease. One would not, however, climb Parnassus, any more than your mortal hills, to fix for ever on the barren top. No; it is some little dear retirement in the vale below that gives the right relish to the prospect, which, without that, is nothing but enchantment; and, though pleasing for some time, at last leaves us in a desert. The great fat doctor of Bath* told me that poets should be kept poor, the more to animate their genius. This is like the cruel custom of putting a bird's eyes out that it may sing the sweeter; *but, surely, they sing sweetest amidst the luxuriant woods, while the full spring blooms around them.*'

The last biographer of Thomson does not seem to have thought it necessary to enter into any niceties of judgment on various points that come under his notice. He gives an anecdote that was new to us, respecting Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*, but leaves the degree of credit belonging to it to be determined by the reader:—

'About thirty years ago,' says the story, 'there was a respectable old man of the name of John Steel, who was well acquainted with Allan Ramsay; and he told John Steel himself, that when Mr. Thomson, the author of *The Seasons*, was in his shop at Edinburgh, getting himself shaven, Ramsay was repeating some of his poems. Mr. Thomson says to him, "I have something to emit to the world, but I do not wish to father it." Ramsay asked what he would give him, and he would father it. Mr. Thomson replied, all the profit that arose from the publication. "A bargain be it," said Ramsay. Mr. Thomson delivered him the manuscript. So, from what is said above, Mr. Thomson, the author of *The Seasons*, is

* Probably Cheyne.

the author of *The Gentle Shepherd*, and Allan Ramsay is the father of it. This, I believe, is the truth.'

There is not a trace of resemblance to Thomson's style in the *Gentle Shepherd*. It is far more natural and off-hand; though none of its flights are so high, nor would you say that the poet (however charming—and he is so) is capable of such fine things as Thomson. And then the politics are Tory! These tales originate in mere foolish envy.

The biographer gives an opinion respecting Thomson's letters, which appears to us the reverse of being well founded; and he adds a reason for it, very little characteristic surely of so modest and single-hearted a man as a poet, who would never have been hindered from writing to a friend, merely because he thought he did not excel in letter-writing. 'It must be evident,' says he, 'from the letters in this memoir, that Thomson did not excel in correspondence; and his dislike to writing letters, which was very great, may have been either the cause or effect of his being inferior in this respect to other poets of the last century.'

His dislike to writing was pure indolence. He reposed upon the confidence which his friends had in his affection, secure of their pardon for his not writing. When any particular good was to be done, he could write fast enough; and he always wrote well enough. We have just given a specimen; and here follow a few more bits out of the very same collection existing, which are at once natural and new enough to show how rich, in fact, the letters are, and what a pity it is he did not write more.

Speaking of a little sum (12*l.*) which he wished to borrow of a friend to help a sister in business, he says:—

'I will not draw upon you, in case you be not prepared to defend yourself; but if your purse be *valiant*, please to inquire for Jean or Elizabeth Thomson, at the Rev. Mr. Gusthart's; and if this letter be not a sufficient testimony of the debt, I will send you whatever you desire.

'It is late, and I would not lose this post; like a laconic man of business, therefore, I must here stop short; though I have several things to impart to you, through your canal,* to the dearest, truest-hearted youth that treads on Scottish ground. The next letter I write you shall be washed clean from business in the Castalian fountain.

'I am whipping and spurring to finish a tragedy for you this winter, but am still at some distance from the goal, which makes me fear being distanced. Remember me to all friends; and, above them all, to Mr. Forbes. Though my affection to him is not *fanned* by letters, yet is it as

* Channel. 'Canal,' I presume, was a Scotticism.

high as when I was his brother in the *vertù*, and played at chess with him in a post-chaise.'

To the same.—'Petty' (that is, Dr. Patrick Murdoch, the 'little round, fat, oily man of God' in the *Castle of Indolence*) 'came here two or three days ago; I have not yet seen the round man of God to be. He is to be parsonified a few days hence: how a gown and cassock will become him! and with what a holy leer he will edify the devout females! There is no doubt of his having a call, for he is immediately to enter upon a tolerable living. God grant him more, and as fat as himself. It rejoices me to see one worthy, honest, excellent man, raised, at least, to independence.

To Dr. Cranston.—'My spirits have gotten such a serious turn by these reflections, that, although I be thinking on Misjohn, I declare I shall hardly force a laugh before we part; for this, I think, will be my last letter from Edinburgh, for I expect to sail every day. Well, since I was speaking of that merry soul, I hope he is as bright, as easy, as *dégagé*, as susceptible of an intense laugh as he used to be; tell him, when you see him, that I laugh, in imagination, with him;—ha, ha, ha!'

To Mr. Patteson (his deputy in the Inspector-Generalship of the Leeward Islands, and one of the friends whom he describes in the *Castle of Indolence*).—'I must recommend to your favour and protection Mr. James Smith, searcher in St. Christopher's; and I beg of you as occasion shall serve, and as you find he merits it, to advance him in the business of the customs. He is warmly recommended to me by Sargent, who, in verity, turns out one of the best men of our youthful acquaintance—honest, honourable, friendly, and generous. If we are not to oblige one another, life becomes a paltry, selfish affair, *a pitiful morsel in a corner*.'

We hope that 'here be proofs' of Thomson's having been as sincerely cordial, and even eloquent in his letters, as in his other writings. They have, it is true, in other passages, a little of the higher and more elaborate tone of his poetry, but only just enough to show how customary the tone was to him in his most serious moments, and therefore an interesting evidence of *the sort of complexional nature there was in his very art*—something analogous to his big, honest, unwieldy body; 'more fat,' to use his own words, 'than bard beseem'd,' but with a heart inside it for everything good and graceful.

BOOKSTALLS AND 'GALATEO.'

BENEFICENCE OF BOOKSTALLS—'GALATEO, OR A TREATISE ON POLITENESS'—SWIFT—ILL-BREEDING OF FASHION—CURIOUS INSTANCE OF ITALIAN DELICACY OF REPROOF.

GREAT and liberal is the magic of the bookstalls; truly deserved is the title of cheap shops. Your second-hand bookseller is second to none in the worth of the treasure which he dispenses; far superior to most; and infinitely superior in the modest profits he is content with. So much so, that one really feels ashamed sometimes to pay him such nothings for his goods. In some instances (for it is not the case with every one) he condescends even to expect to be 'beaten down' in the price he charges, petty as it is; and accordingly, he is good enough to ask more than he will take, as though he did nothing but refine upon the pleasures of the purchaser. Not content with valuing knowledge and delight at a comparative nothing, he takes ingenious steps to make even that nothing less; and under the guise of a petty struggle to the contrary (as if to give you an agreeable sense of your energies) seems dissatisfied unless he can send you away thrice blessed,—blessed with the book, blessed with the cheapness of it, and blessed with the advantage you have had over him in making the cheapness cheaper. Truly, we fear that out of a false shame we have too often defrauded our second-hand friend of the generous self-denial he is thus prepared to exercise in our favour; and by giving him the price set down in his catalogue, left him with impressions to our disadvantage.

And yet who can see treasures of wisdom and beauty going for a price which seems utterly unworthy of them, and stand haggling, with any comfort, for a sixpence or threepence more or less; doubting whether the merits of Shakspeare or Spenser can bear the weight of another fourpenny-piece; or whether the volume that Alexander the Great put into a precious casket, has a right to be estimated at the value of a box of wafers?

To be serious;—they who can afford to give a second-hand bookseller what he asks in his catalogue, may in general do it

with good reason, as well as a safe conscience. He is one of an anxious and industrious class of men compelled to begin the world with laying out ready money and living very closely: and if he prospers, the commodities and people he is conversant with encourage the good impressions with which he set out, and generally end in procuring him a reputation for liberality as well as acuteness.

Now observe. Not long since, we picked up, within a short interval of each other, and for eighteenpence, versions of the two most famous books of instruction in polite manners, that Italy, their first Christian teacher, refined the world with;—the *Courtier* of Count Baldassare Castiglione (Raphael's friend), for a shilling; and the *Galateo* of Giovanni della Casa, Archbishop of Benevento (who wrote the banter on the name of John, which is translated in a certain volume of poems), for sixpence. The former we may perhaps give an account of another time. It is a book of greater pretensions, and embracing wider and more general considerations than *Galateo*; which chiefly concerns itself with what is decorous and graceful in points more immediately relating to the person and presence. Some of these would be held of a trifling, and others of a coarse nature in the present day, when we are reaping the benefit of treatises of this kind; and the translator, in his notes, has shown an unseasonable disposition to extract amusement from that which the more gentlemanlike author feels bound but not willing to notice. Casa indeed, before he became a bishop, had not always been decent in his other works; and it is curious to observe that these public teachers of decorum, who do not avoid, if they do not seek, subjects of an unpleasant nature, have generally been less nice in their own practice than they might have been. Chesterfield himself was a man of no very refined imagination, and Swift is proverbially coarse. Swift indeed has said, that 'a nice man is a man of nasty ideas,' which may be true of some kinds of nice men, but is certainly not of all. The difference depends upon whether the leading idea of a man's mind is deformity or beauty. A man undoubtedly may avoid what is unbecoming, from thinking too nicely of it; but in that case, the habitual idea is deformity. On the other hand, he may tend to the becoming, out of such an habitual love of the beautiful that the mind naturally adjusts itself to that side of things, without thinking of the other; just as some people affect grace, and others are graceful by a certain harmony of nature, moving their limbs properly without endeavouring to do

so; or just as some people give money out of ostentation or for fear of being thought stingy, while others do it for the pure delight of giving. Swift might as well have said of these latter, that they were people of *penurious* ideas, as that all who love cleanness or decorum are people of nasty ones. The next step in logic would be, that a rose was only a rose, because it had an excessive tendency to be a thistle.

Poor, admirable, perplexing Swift, the master-mind of his age! He undid his own excuse, when he talked in this manner; for with all his faults (some of them accountable only from a perplexed brain), and with all which renders his writings in some respects so revolting, it might have been fancied that he made himself a sort of martyr to certain good intentions, if he had not taken these pains to undo the supposition. And perhaps there was something of the kind, after all, in his heroical ventures upon the reader's disgust; though the habits of his contemporaries were not refined in this respect, and are therefore not favourable to the conclusion.

A thorough treatise on good manners would startle the readers of any generation, our own certainly not excepted; and partly for this reason, that out of the servility of a too great love of the prosperous we are always confounding fashion with good breeding; though no two things can in their nature be more different,—fashion going upon the ground of assumption and exclusiveness, and good-breeding on that of general benevolence. A fashionable man may indeed be well bred;—but it will go hard with him to be so and preserve his fashionableness. To take one instance out of a hundred:—there came up a *fashion* some time ago of confining the mutual introduction of a man's guests to the announcement of their names by a servant, on their entrance into the room; so that unless you came last, everybody else did not know who you were; and if you did, you yourself perhaps were not acquainted with the name of a single other person in the room. The consequence in a mixed party was obvious. Even the most tragical results might have taken place; and perhaps have so. We were present on one occasion, where some persons of different and warm political opinions were among the company, and it was the merest chance in the world that one of them was not insulted by the person sitting next him, the conversation every instant tending to the subject of *ratting*, and some of the hearers sitting on thorns while it was going on. Now good breeding has been justly defined 'the art of making those easy

with whom you converse;' and here was a fashionable violation of it.*

We shall conclude this article with an extract of the most striking passage in the book before us. It is entitled 'Count Richard,' and is given as 'an instance of delicate reproof.' The reproof is delicate enough in some respects, and of a studied benevolence; but whether the delicacy is perfect, we shall enquire a little when we have repeated it. At all events, the account is singular and interesting, as a specimen of the highest ultra-manners of those times,—the sixteenth century:—

'There was, some years ago, a Bishop of Verona, whose name was John Matthew Gilberto; a man deeply read in the Holy Scriptures, and thoroughly versed in all kinds of polite literature. This prelate, amongst many other laudable qualities, was a man of great elegance of manners, and of great generosity; and entertained those many gentlemen and people of fashion, who frequented his house, with the utmost hospitality, and (without transgressing the bounds of moderation) with such a decent magnificence, as became a man of his sacred character.

'It happened, then, that a certain nobleman, whom they called *Count Richard*, passing through Verona at that time, spent several days with the bishop and his family: in which every individual almost was distinguished by his learning and politeness. To whom, as this illustrious guest appeared particularly well bred, and every way agreeable, they were full of his encomiums; and would have esteemed him a most accomplished person, but that his behaviour was sullied with one trifling imperfection; which the prelate himself, also a man of great penetration, having observed, he communicated the affair, and canvassed it over with some of those with whom he was most intimate. Who, though they were unwilling to offend, on so trifling an occasion, a guest of such consequence, yet at length agreed that it was worth while to give the Count a hint of it in a friendly manner. When therefore the Count, intending to depart the next day, had, with a *good grace*, taken leave of the family, the Bishop sent for one of his most intimate friends, a man of great prudence and discretion, and gave him a strict charge, that, when the Count was now mounted, and going to enter upon his journey, he should wait on him part of the way, as a mark of respect; and, as they rode along, when he saw a convenient opportunity, he should signify to the Count, in as gentle and friendly a manner as possible, that which had before been agreed upon amongst themselves.

'Now this domestic of the Bishop's was a man of advanced age; of singular learning, uncommon politeness, and distinguished eloquence, and

* If it be too troublesome to the benevolence of fashionable society to introduce people to one another on these occasions *viva voce*, why not let the card of each person, on entering, be given to the servant, whose business it should be to put it in a rack for the purpose; so that at least it might be known who was in the room, and who not?

also of a sweet and insinuating address, who had himself spent a great part of his life in the courts of great princes; and was called, and perhaps is at this time called Galateo; at whose request, and by whose encouragement, I first engaged in writing this treatise.

'This gentleman, then, as he rode by the side of the Count, on his departure, insensibly engaged him in a very agreeable conversation on various subjects. After chattering together very pleasantly, upon one thing after another, and it appearing now time for him to return to Verona, the Count began to insist upon his going back to his friends, and for that purpose he himself waited on him some little part of the way. There, at length, Galateo, with an open and free air, and in the most obliging expressions, thus addressed the Count: "My Lord," says he, "the Bishop of Verona, my master, returns you many thanks for the honour which you have done him: particularly that you did not disdain to take up your residence with him, and to make some little stay within the narrow confines of his humble habitation.

'"Moreover, as he is thoroughly sensible of the singular favour you have conferred upon him on this occasion, he has enjoined me, in return, to make you a tender of some favour on his part; and begs you, in a more particular manner, to accept cheerfully, and in good part, his intended kindness.

'"Now, my Lord, the favour is this: The Bishop, my master, esteems your Lordship as a person truly noble: so graceful in all your deportment, and so polite in your behaviour, that he hardly ever met with your equal in this respect; on which account, as he studied your Lordship's character with a more than ordinary attention, and minutely scrutinised every part of it, he could not discover a single article which he did not judge to be extremely agreeable, and deserving of the highest encomiums. Nay, he would have thought your Lordship complete in every respect, without a single exception, but that in one particular action of yours there appeared some little imperfection; which is, that when you are eating at table, the motion of your lips and mouth causes an uncommon smacking kind of a sound, which is rather offensive to those who have the honour to sit at table with you. This is what the good prelate wished to have your Lordship acquainted with; and entreats you, if it is in your power, carefully to correct this ungraceful habit for the future; and that your Lordship would favourably accept this friendly admonition, as a particular mark of kindness; for the Bishop is thoroughly convinced, that there is not a man in the whole world, besides himself, who would have bestowed upon your Lordship a favour of this kind."

'The Count, who had never before been made acquainted with this foible of his, on hearing himself thus taxed, as it were, with a thing of this kind, blushed a little at first, but, soon recollecting himself, like a man of sense, thus answered; "Pray, sir, do me the favour to return my compliments to the Bishop, and tell his Lordship, that if the presents which people generally make to each other, were all of them such as his Lordship has made me, they would really be much richer than they now are. However, sir, I cannot but esteem myself greatly obliged to the Bishop for this polite instance of his kindness and friendship for me; and you may assure his Lordship, I will most undoubtedly use my utmost endeavours to correct this failing of mine for the future. In the meantime, sir, I take my leave of you, and wish you a safe and pleasant ride home"'

The translator has the following note on this story :—

'It may be questioned, whether the freedom of an English University, where a man would be told of his foibles with an honest laugh, and a thump on the back, would not have shocked Count Richard less than this ceremonious management of the affair.'—p. 23.

The virtue of the thump on the back would certainly depend on the honesty of the laugh; that is to say, on the real kindness of it, and the willingness of the laugher to undergo a similar admonition. But motives and results on these occasions are equally problematical; and upon the whole, that sort of *manual* of politeness is not to be commended.

With regard to the exquisite delicacy of the admonisher of Count Richard, exquisite it was to a certain literal extent, and not without much that is spiritual. It was studied and elaborate enough; and above all, the adviser did not forget to dwell upon the good qualities of the person advised, and so make the fault as nothing in comparison. For as it has been well observed by a late philosopher (Godwin), that 'advice is not disliked for its own sake, but because so few people know how to give it,' so the ignorance generally shown by advisers consists in not taking care to do justice to the merits of the other party, and sheathing the wound to the self-love in all the balm possible. And it must be owned, that for the most part advisers are highly in want of advice themselves, and do but thrust their pragmatical egotism in the teeth of the vanity they are hurting. Now, without supposing that the exquisite Bishop and his messenger, who gave the advice to Count Richard, were not men of really good-breeding in most respects, or that the latter in particular did not deserve the encomiums bestowed on him by Monsignore della Casa, we venture, with infinite apologies and self-abasement before the elegant ghost of his memory, to think, that on the present occasion, he and his employer failed in one great point; to wit, that of giving the Count to understand, that they themselves were persons who failed, or in the course of their experience had failed, in some nice points of behaviour; otherwise (so we conceive they should have spoken) they would not have presumed to offer the benefit of that experience to so accomplished a gentleman. For we hold, that unless it is a father or mother, or some such person, whose motives are to be counted of superior privilege to all chance of being misconstrued or resented (and even then, the less the privilege is assumed the better), nobody has a right

to advise another, or can give it without presumption, who is not prepared to consult the common right of all to a considerate, or rather what may be called an *equalising*, treatment of their self-love; and as arrogant people are famous for the reverse of this delicacy, so it was an arrogation, though it did not imply habitual arrogance, in good Signor Galateo, to say not a syllable of his own defects, while pointing out one to his noble and most courteous guest.

BOOKBINDING AND 'HELIODORUS.'

A RAPTURE TO THE MEMORY OF MATHIAS CORVINUS, KING AND BOOKBINDER—BOOKBINDING GOOD AND BAD—ETHIOPICS OF HELIODORUS—STRIKING ACCOUNT OF RAISING A DEAD BODY.

GLORY be to the memory of Mathias Corvinus, King of Hungary and Bohemia, son of the great Huniades, and binder of books in vellum and gold. He placed fifty thousand volumes, says Warton, 'in a tower which he had erected in the metropolis of Buda: and in this library he established thirty amanuenses, skilled in painting, illuminating, and writing, who under the conduct of Felix Ragusinus, a Dalmatian, consummately learned in the Greek, Chaldaic, and Arabic languages, and an elegant designer and painter of ornaments on vellum, attended incessantly to the business of transcription and decoration. The librarian was Bartholomew Fontius, a learned Florentine, the writer of many philological books, and a professor of Greek and oratory at Florence. When Buda was taken by the Turks in the year 1526, Cardinal Bozmanni offered, for the redemption of this inestimable collection, two hundred thousand pieces of the imperial money: yet without effect; for the barbarous besiegers defaced or destroyed most of the books, in the violence of seizing the splendid covers and the silver bosses and clasps with which they were enriched. The learned Obsopaeus relates, that a book was brought him by an Hungarian soldier, which he had picked up with many others, in the pillage of King Corvino's library, and had preserved as a prize, merely because the covering retained some marks of gold and rich workmanship. This proved to be a manuscript of the Ethiopics of Heliodorus; from which in the year 1534, Obsopaeus printed at Basil the first edition of that elegant Greek romance.' *

Methinks we see this tower,—doubtless in a garden,—the windows overlooking it, together with the vineyards which produced the Tokay that his majesty drank while reading, agreeably

* *History of English Poetry.* Edition of 1840, vol. ii. p. 552.

to the notions of his brother bookworm, the King of Arragon. The transcribers and binders are at work in various apartments below; midway is a bath, with an orangery;—and up aloft, but not too high to be above the tops of the trees through which he looks over the vineyards towards his beloved Greece and Italy, in a room tapestried with some fair story of Atalanta or the Golden Fleece, sits the king in a chair-couch, his legs thrown up and his face shaded from the sun, reading one of the passages we are about to extract from the romance of Heliodorus,—some illumination in which casts up a light on his manly beard, tinging its black with tawny.

What a fellow!—Think of being king of the realms of Tokay, and having a library of fifty thousand volumes in vellum and gold, with thirty people constantly beneath you, copying, painting, and illuminating, and every day sending you up a fresh one to look at!

We were going to say, that Dr. Dibdin should have existed in those days, and been his majesty's chaplain, or his confessor. But we doubt whether he could have borne the bliss. (*Vide* his ecstasies, *passim*, on the charms of vellums, tall copies, and blind tooling.) Yet, as confessor and patron, they would admirably have suited. The doctor would have continually absolved the king from the sin of thinking of his next box of books during sermon-time, or looking at the pictures in his missal instead of reading it; and the king would have been always bestowing benefices on the doctor, till the latter began to think he needed absolution himself.

Not being a King of Hungary, nor rich, nor having a confessor to absolve us from sins of expenditure, how lucky is it that we can take delight in books whose outsides are of the homeliest description! How willing are we to waive the grandeur of outlay! how contented to pay for some precious volume a shilling instead of two pounds ten! Bind we would, if we could:—there is no doubt of that. We should have liked to challenge the majesty of Hungary to a bout at bookbinding, and seen which would have ordered the most intense and ravishing *legatura*; something, at which De Seuil, or Grollier himself, should have

'Sigh'd, and look'd, and sigh'd again;'—

something which would have made him own, that there was nothing between it and an angel's wing. Meantime, nothing comes amiss to us but dirt, or tatters, or cold, plain, calf, *school*

binding,—a thing which we hate for its insipidity and formality, and for its attempting to do the business as cheaply and *usefully* as possible, with no regard to the liberality and picturesqueness befitting the cultivators of the generous infant mind.

Keep from our sight all *Selectæ e Profanis*, and *Enfield's Speakers*, bound in this manner; and especially all Ovids, and all *Excerpta* from the Greek. We would as lief see Ovid come to life in the dress of a Quaker, or Theocritus serving in a stationer's shop. (See the horrid, impossible dreams, which such incoherences excite!) Arithmetical books are not so bad in it; and it does very well for the *Gauger's Vade Mecum*, or tall thin copies of *Logarithms*; but for anything poetical, or of a handsome universality like the grass or the skies, we would as soon see a flower whitewashed, or an arbour fit for an angel converted into a pew.

But to come to the book before us. See what an advantage the poor reader of modern times possesses over the royal collector of those ages, who doubtless got his manuscript of Heliodorus's romance at a cost and trouble proportionate to the splendour he bestowed on its binding. An 'argosie' brought it him from Greece or Italy, at a price rated by some Jew of Malta: or else his father got it with battle and murder out of some Greek ransom of a Turk; whereas we bought out copy at a bookstall in Little Chelsea for *tenpence!* To be sure it is not in the original language; nor did we ever read it in that language; neither is the translation, for the most part, a good one; and it is execrably printed. It is 'done,' half by a 'person of quality,' and half by Nahum Tate. There are symptoms of its being translated from an Italian version; and perhaps the good bits come out of an older English one, mentioned by Warton.

The *Œthiopics* or *Œthiopian History* of Heliodorus, otherwise called the *Adventures of Theagenes and Chariclea*, is a romance written in the decline of the Roman empire by an Asiatic Greek of that name, who boasted to be descended from the sun (Heliodorus is sun-given), and who afterwards became Christian bishop of Tricca in Thessaly. It is said (but the story is apocryphal) that a synod, thinking the danger of a love romance aggravated by this elevation to the mitre, required of the author that he should give up either his book or his bishopric; and that he chose to do the latter;—a story so good that it is a pity one must doubt it. The merits and defects of the work have

been stated at length by Mr. Dunlop,* apparently with great judgment. They may be briefly summed up, as consisting,—the defects, in want of character and probability, sameness of vicissitude and inartificiality of ordonnance; the merits, in an interesting and gradual development of the story, variety and vivacity of description, elegance of style, and one good character,—that of the heroine, who is indeed very charming, being 'endued with great strength of mind, united to a delicacy of feeling, and an address which turns every situation to the best advantage.' The work also abounds in curious local accounts of Egypt, and of the customs of the time, interesting to an antiquary.

The impression produced upon our own mind after reading the version before us, accorded with Mr. Dunlop's criticism, and was a feeling betwixt confusion and delight, as if we had been witnessing the adventures of a sort of Grecian Harlequin and Columbine, perpetually running in and out of the stage, accompanied by an old gentleman, and pursued by thieves and murderers. The incidents are most gratuitous, but often beautifully described, and so are the persons; and the work has been such a general favourite, that the subsequent Greek romancers copied it; the old French school of romance arose of it; it has been used by Spenser, Tasso, and Guarini; imitated by Sydney in his *Arcadia*; painted from by Raphael; and succeeding romancers, with Sir Walter Scott for the climax, have adopted from it the striking and picturesque nature of their exordiums.

The following is one of the two subjects chosen by Raphael,—a description of a love at first sight, painted with equal force and delicacy. A sacrificial rite is being performed, at which the hero of the story first meets with the heroine:—

'This he said, and began to make the offering; while Theagenes took the torch from the hands of Chariclea. Sure, Knemon, that the soul is a divine thing, and allied to the superior nature, we know by its operations and functions. As soon as these two beheld each other, their souls, as if acquainted at first sight, pressed to meet their equals in worth and beauty. At first they remained amazed and without motion; at length, though slowly, Chariclea gave, and he received the torch; so fixing their eyes on one another, as if they had been calling to remembrance where they had met before, then they smiled, but so stealingly, as it could hardly be perceived, but a little in their eyes, and as ashamed, they hid away the motions of joy with blushes; and again, when affection (as I imagine) had engaged their hearts, they grew pale.'—p. 109.

* *History of Fiction.* Second edition, vol. i. p. 30.

But what we chiefly wrote this article for, was to lay before the reader a most striking description of a witch raising the dead body of her son, to ask it unlawful questions. The heroine and her guardian, who are resting in a cave to which the hag has conducted them while benighted, become involuntary witnesses of the scene, which is painted with a vigour worthy of Spenser or Julio Romano. The old wretch, bent on her unhallowed purposes, forcing the body to stand upright, and leaping about a pit and a fire with a naked sword in her hand and a bloody arm, presents a rare image of withered and feeble wickedness, made potent by will:—

'Chariclea sat down in another corner of the cell, the moon then rising and lightening all without. Calasiris fell into a fast sleep, being tired at once with age and the long journey. Chariclea, kept awake with care, became spectator of a most horrid scene, though usual among those people. For the woman supposing herself to be alone, and not likely to be interrupted, nor so much as to be seen by any person, fell to her work. In the first place she digged a pit in the earth, and then made a fire on each side thereof, placing the body of her son between the two plains; then taking a pitcher from off a three-legged stool that stood by, she poured honey into the pit, milk out of a second, and so out of a third, as if she had been doing sacrifice. Then taking a piece of dough, formed into the likeness of a man, crowned with laurel and bdellium, she cast it into the pit. After this, snatching a sword that lay in the field, *with more than Bacchanal fury* (addressing herself to the moon in many strange terms) she launched her arm, and with a branch of laurel bedewed with her blood, she besprinkled the fire: with many other prodigious ceremonies. *Then bowing herself to the body of her son, whispering in his ear,* she awakened him, and by the force of her charms, *made him to stand upright.* Chariclea, who had hitherto looked on with sufficient fear, was now astonished; wherefore she waked Calasiris to be likewise spectator of what was done, They stood unseen themselves, but plainly beheld, by the light of the moon and fire, where the business was performed; and by reason of the little distance, heard the discourse, the beldam now bespeaking her son *in a louder voice.* The question which she asked him was, if her son, who was yet living, should return safe home? To this he answered nothing; only nodding his head, gave her doubtful conjectures of his success; and therewith fell flat upon his face. She turned the body with the face upwards, and again repeating her question, *but with much greater violence* uttering many incantations; and *leaping up and down with the sword in her hand,* turning sometimes to the fire, and then to the pit, she once more awakened him, and setting him upright, urged him to answer her in plain words, and not in doubtful signs. In the mean time Chariclea desired Calasiris, that they might go nearer, and inquire of the old woman about Thyagenes; but he refused, affirming that the spectacle was impious; that it was not decent for any person of priestly office to be present, much less delighted with such performances; that prayers and lawful sacrifices were their business; and

not with impure rites and inquiries of death, as that Egyptian did, of which mischance had made us spectators. While he was thus speaking, the dead person made answer, with a *hollow and dreadful tone: "At first I spared you, mother* (said he), and suffered your transgressing against human nature and the laws of destiny, and by charms and witchcraft disturbing those things which should rest inviolated: for even the dead retain a reverence towards their parents, as much as is possible for them; but since you exceed all bounds, being not content with the wicked action you began, nor satisfied with raising me up to give you signs, but also force *me, a dead body, to speak*, neglecting my sepulture, and keeping me from the mansion of departed souls: *hear those things which at first I was afraid to acquaint you withal.* Neither your son shall return alive, nor shall yourself escape that death by the sword, which is due to your crimes; but conclude that life in a short time, which you have spent in wicked practices: forasmuch as you have not only done these things alone, but made other persons spectators of these dreadful mysteries that were so concealed in outward silence, acquainting them with the affairs and fortunes of the dead. One of them is a priest, which makes it more tolerable; who knows, by his wisdom, that such things are not to be divulged;—a person dear to the Gods, who shall with his arrival prevent the duel of his sons prepared for combat, and compose their difference. But that which is more grievous is, that a virgin has been spectator of all that has been done, and heard what was said: a virgin and lover, that has wandered through countries in search of her betrothed; with whom, after infinite labours and dangers, she shall arrive at the outmost part of the earth, and live in royal state." Having thus said, he again fell prostrate. The hag being sensible who were the spectators, *armed as she was with a sword, in a rage sought them amongst the dead bodies* where she thought they lay concealed, to kill them, as persons who had invaded her, and crossed the operation of her charms. While she was thus employed, she struck her groin upon the splinter of a spear that stuck in the ground, by which she died; immediately fulfilling the prophecy of her son.'

This surely is a very striking fiction. We recommend the whole work to the lovers of old books; and must not forget to notice the pleasant surprise expressed by Warton at the supposed difference of fortune between its author who lost a bishopric by writing it, and Amyot, the Frenchman, who was rewarded with an abbey for translating it. Amyot himself afterwards became a bishop. We may add, as a pleasant coincidence, that it was one of Amyot's pupils and benefactors,—Henry the Second,—who gave a bishopric to the lively Italian novelist, Bandello. Books were books in those days, not batches, by the baker's dozen, turned out every morning; and the gayest of writers w held in serious estimation accordingly.

VER-VERT; OR, THE PARROT OF THE NUNS.*

(FROM THE FRENCH OF GRESSET.)

'What words have passed thy lips?'—MILTON.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS story is the subject of one of the most agreeable poems in the French language, and has the additional piquancy of having been written by the author when he was a Jesuit. The delicate moral which is insinuated against the waste of time in nunneries, and the perversion of good and useful feeling into trifling channels, promised to have an effect (and most likely had) which startled some feeble minds. Our author did not remain a Jesuit long, but he was allowed to retire from his order without scandal. He was a man of so much integrity as well as wit, that his brethren regretted his loss, as much as the world was pleased with the acquisition.

After having undergone the admiration of the circles in Paris, Gresset married, and lived in retirement. He died in 1777, beloved by everybody but the critics. Critics were not the good-natured people in those times which they have lately become; and they worried him as a matter of course, because he was original. He was intimate with Jean Jacques Rousseau. The self-tormenting and somewhat affected philosopher came to see him in his retreat; and being interrogated respecting his misfortunes, said to him, 'You have made a parrot speak; but you will find it a harder task with a bear.'

Gresset wrote other poems and a comedy, which are admired; but the Parrot is the feather in his cap. It was an addition to the stock of originality, and has greater right perhaps than the *Lutrin* to challenge a comparison with the *Rape of the Lock*. This is spoken with deference to better French scholars; but there is at least more of Pope's delicacy and invention in the *Ver-Vert* than in the *Lutrin;* and it does not depend so much as the latter upon a mimicry of the classics. It is less made up of what preceded it.

* Sometimes written *Vert-Vert* (Green-green).

I am afraid this is but a bad preface to a prose translation. I would willingly have done it in verse, but other things demanded my time; and after wistfully looking at a page or two with which I indulged myself, I renounced the temptation. Readers not bitten with the love of verse, will hardly conceive how much philosophy was requisite to do this: but they may guess, if they have a turn for good eating, and give up dining with an epicure.

I must mention, that a subject of this nature is of necessity more piquant in a Catholic country than a Protestant. But the loss of poor Ver-Vert's purity of speech comes home to all Christendom; and it is hard if the tender imaginations of the fair sex do not sympathise everywhere both with parrot and with nuns. When the poem appeared in France, it touched the fibres of the whole polite world, male and female. A minister of state made the author a present of a coffee-service in porcelain, on which was painted, in the most delicate colours, the whole history of the 'immortal bird.' If I had the leisure and the means of Mr. Rogers, nothing should hinder me from trying to outdo (in one respect) the delicacy of his publications, in versifying a subject so worthy of vellum and morocco. The paper should be as soft as the novices' lips, the register as rose-coloured; every canto should have vignettes from the hand of Stothard; and the binding should be green and gold, the colours of the hero.

Alas! and must all this end in a prose abstract, and an anti-climax! Weep all ye little Loves and Graces, ye

> 'Veneres Cupidinesque!
> Et quantum est hominum venustiorum.'

But first enable us, for our good-will, to relate the story, albeit we cannot do it justice.*

* There are two English poetical versions of the *Ver-Vert;* one by Dr. Geddes, which I have never seen; the other, by John Gilbert Cooper, author of the *Song to Winifreda.* The latter is written on the false principle of naturalising French versification; and it is not immodest in a prose translator to say that it failed altogether. The following is a sample of the commencement:—

> 'At Nevers, but few years ago
> Among the Nuns o' the *Visitation,*
> There dwelt a Parrot, though a beau,
> For sense of wondrous *reputation*;
> Whose virtues and genteel address,
> Whose figure and whose noble soul,
> Would have secured him from distress,
> Could wit and beauty fate control. [Ver-Vert

CHAPTER I.

CHARACTER AND MANNERS OF VER-VERT—HIS POPULARITY IN THE CONVENT, AND THE LIFE HE LED WITH THE NUNS—TOILETS AND LOOKING-GLASSES NOT UNKNOWN AMONG THOSE LADIES — FOUR CANARY-BIRDS AND TWO CATS DIE OF RAGE AND JEALOUSY.

AT Nevers, in the Convent of the Visitation, lived, not long ago, a famous parrot. His talents and good temper, nay, the virtues he possessed, besides his more earthly graces, would have rendered his whole life as happy as a portion of it, if happiness had been made for hearts like his.

Ver-Vert (for such was his name) was brought early from his native country; and while yet in his tender years, and ignorant of everything, was shut up in this convent for his good. He was a handsome creature, brilliant, spruce, and full of spirits, with all the candour and amiableness natural to his time of life; innocent withal as could be: in short, a bird worthy of such a blessed cage. His very prattle showed him born for a convent.

When we say that nuns undertake to look after a thing, we say all. No need to enter into the delicacy of their attentions. Nobody could rival the affection which was borne our hero by every mother in the convent, except the confessor; and even with respect to him, a sincere MS. has left it on record, that in more than one heart the bird had the advantage of the holy Father. He partook, at any rate, of all the pretty sops and syrups with which the dear Father in God (thanks to the kindness of the sweet nuns) consoled his reverend stomach. Nuns have leisure: they have also loving hearts. Ver-Vert was a legitimate object of attachment, and he became the soul of the place. All the house loved him, except a few old nuns whom time and the toothache rendered jealous surveyors of the young ones. Not having arrived at years of discretion, too much judgment was not expected of him. He said and did what he pleased, and everything was found charming. He lightened the labours of the good sisters by his engaging ways,—pulling their veils, and pecking their stomachers. No party could be pleasant if he was not there

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Ver-Vert (for so the nuns agreed
To call this noble *personage*),
The hopes of an illustrious breed,
To India owed his *parentage*.'

to shine and to sidle about; to flutter and to whistle, and play the nightingale. Sport he did, that is certain; and yet he had all the modesty, all the prudent daring and submission in the midst of his pretensions, which became a novice, even in sporting. Twenty tongues were incessantly asking him questions, and he answered with propriety to every one. It was thus, of old, that Cæsar dictated to four persons at once in four different styles.

Our favourite had the whole range of the house. He preferred dining in the refectory, where he ate as he pleased. In the intervals of the table, being of an indefatigable stomach, he amused his palate with pocket-loads of sweetmeats which the nuns always carried about for him. Delicate attentions, ingenious and preventing cares, were born, they say, among the nuns of the Visitation. The happy Ver-Vert had reason to think so. He had a better place of it than a parrot at court. He lay, lapped up, as it were, in the very glove of contentment.

At bed-time he repaired to whatever cell he chose, and happy, too happy was the blessed sister, whose retreat at the return of nightfall it pleased him to honour with his presence. He seldom lodged with the old ones. The novices, with their simple beds, were more to his taste; which you must observe, had always a peculiar turn for propriety. Ver-Vert used to take his station on the agnus-box,* and remain there till the star of Venus rose in the morning. He had then the pleasure of witnessing the toilet of the fresh little nun: for between ourselves (and I say it in a whisper) nuns have toilets. I have read somewhere, that they even like good ones. Plain veils require to be put on properly, as well as lace and diamonds. Furthermore, they have their fashions and modes. There is an art, a gusto in these things, inseparable from their natures. Sackcloth itself may sit well. Huckaback may have an air. The swarm of the little loves who meddle in all directions, and who know how to whisk through the grates of convents, take a pleasure in giving a profane turn to a bandeau,—a piquancy to a nun's tucker. In short, before one goes to the parlour, it is as well to give a glance or two at the looking-glass. But let that rest. I say all in confidence: so now to return to our hero.

In this blissful state of indolence Ver-Vert passed his time without a care,—without a moment of *ennui*,—lord, undisputed, of all hearts. For him sister Agatha forgot her sparrows; for

* A box containing a religious figure of a Lamb.

him, or because of him, four canary-birds died out of rage and spite;—for him, a couple of tom-cats, once in favour, took to their cushions, and never afterwards held up their heads.

Who could have foreboded, in the course of a life so charming, that the morals of our hero were taken care of, only to be ruined! that a day should arise, a day full of guilt and astonishment, when Ver-Vert, the idol of so many hearts, should be nothing but an object of pity and horror!

Let us husband our tears as long as possible, for come they must: sad fruit of the over-tender care of our dear little sisters!

CHAPTER II.

FURTHER DETAILS RESPECTING THE PIETY AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF OUR HERO—SISTER MELANIE IN THE HABIT OF EXHIBITING THEM—A VISIT FROM HIM IS REQUESTED BY THE NUNS OF THE VISITATION AT NANTES—CONSTERNATION IN THE CONVENT—THE VISIT CONCEDED—AGONIES AT HIS DEPARTURE.

You may guess, that, in a school like this, a bird of our hero's parts of speech could want nothing to complete his education. Like a nun, he never ceased talking, except at meals; but at the same time, he always spoke like a book. His style was pickled and preserved in the very sauce and sugar of good behaviour. He was none of your flashy parrots, puffed up with airs of fashion and learned only in vanities. Ver-Vert was a devout fowl; a beautiful soul, led by the hand of innocence. He had no notion of evil; never uttered an improper word; but then to be even with those who knew how to talk, he was deep in canticles, *Oremuses*, and mystical colloquies. His *Pax vobiscum* was edifying. His *Hail, sister!* was not to be lightly thought of. He knew even a *Meditation* or so, and some of the delicatest touches out of *Marie Alacoque*.* Doubtless he had every help to edification. There were many learned sisters in the convent who knew by heart all the Christmas carols, ancient and modern. Formed under their auspices, our parrot soon equalled his instructors. He acquired even their very tone, giving it all their pious lengthiness, the holy sighs, and languishing cadences, of the singing of the dear sisters, groaning little doves.

The renown of merit like this was not to be confined to a cloister. In all Nevers, from morning till night, nothing was

* A famous devotee.

talked of but the darling scenes exhibited by the parrot of the blessed nuns. People came as far as from Moulins to see him. Ver-Vert never budged out of the parlour. Sister Melanie, in her best stomacher, held him, and made the spectators remark his tints, his beauties, his infantine sweetness. The bird sat at the receipt of victory. And yet even these attractions were forgotten when he spoke. Polished, rounded, brimful of the pious gentilities which the younger aspirants had taught him, our illustrious parrot commenced his recitation. Every instant a new charm developed itself; and what was remarkable, nobody fell asleep. His hearers listened; they hummed, they applauded. He, nevertheless, trained to perfection, and convinced of the nothingness of glory, always withdrew into the recesses of his heart, and triumphed with modesty. Closing his beak, and dropping into a low tone of voice, he bowed himself with sanctity, and so left his world edified. He uttered nothing under a gentility or a dulcitude; that is to say, with the exception of a few words of scandal or so, which crept from the convent-grate into the parlour.

Thus lived, in this delectable nest, like a master, a saint, and a true sage as he was, Father Ver-Vert, dear to more than one Hebe; fat as a monk, and not less reverend; handsome as a sweetheart; knowing as an abbé; always loved, and always worthy to be loved; polished, perfumed, cockered up, the very pink of perfection: happy, in short, if he had never travelled.

But now comes the time of miserable memory, the critical minute in which his glory is to be eclipsed. O guilt! O shame! O cruel recollection! Fatal journey, why must we see thy calamities beforehand? Alas! a great name is a perilous thing. Your retired lot is by much the safest. Let this example, my friends, show you, that too many talents, and too flattering a success, often bring in their train the ruin of one's virtue.

The renown of thy brilliant achievements, Ver-Vert, spread itself abroad on every side, even as far as Nantes. There, as everybody knows, is another meek fold of the reverend Mothers of the Visitation,—ladies, who, as elsewhere in this country of ours, are by no means the last to know everything. To hear of our parrot was to desire to see him; and desire, at all times and in everybody, is a devouring flame. Judge what it must be in a nun.

Behold, then, at one blow, twenty heads turned for a parrot. The ladies of Nantes wrote to Nevers, to beg that this bewitching

bird might be allowed to come down to the Loire, and pay them a visit. The letter is sent off; but when, ah, when will come the answer? In something less than a fortnight. What an age! Letter upon letter is despatched, entreaty on entreaty. There is no more sleep in the house. Sister Cecilie will die of it.

At length the epistle arrives at Nevers. Tremendous event! A chapter is held upon it. Dismay follows the consultation. 'What! lose Ver-Vert! O heavens! What are we to do in these desolate holes and corners without the darling bird! Better to die at once!' Thus spoke one of the younger sisters, whose heart, tired of having nothing to do, still lay open to a little innocent pleasure. To say the truth, it was no great matter to wish to keep a parrot, in a place where no other bird was to be had. Nevertheless, the older nuns determined upon letting the charmer go;—for a fortnight. Their prudent heads didn't choose to embroil themselves with their sisters of Nantes.

This bill, on the part of their ladyships, produced great disorder in the commons. What a sacrifice! Is it in human nature to consent to it? 'Is it true?' quoth sister Seraphine: —'What! live, and Ver-Vert away!' In another quarter of the room, thrice did the vestry-nun turn pale; four times did she sigh; she wept, she groaned, she fainted, she lost her voice. The whole place is in mourning. I know not what prophetic finger traced the journey in black colours; but the dreams of the night redoubled the horrors of the day. In vain. The fatal moment arrives; everything is ready; courage must be summoned to bid adieu. Not a sister but groaned like a turtle; so long was the widowhood she anticipated. How many kisses did not Ver-Vert receive on going out! They retain him: they bathe him with tears: his attractions redouble at every step. Nevertheless, he is at length outside the walls; he is gone; and out of the monastery, with him, flies love!

CHAPTER III.

LAMENTABLE STATE OF MANNERS IN THE BOAT WHICH CARRIES OUR HERO DOWN THE LOIRE—HE BECOMES CORRUPTED—HIS BITING THE NUN THAT CAME TO MEET HIM—ECSTASY OF THE OTHER NUNS ON HEARING OF HIS ARRIVAL.

THE same vagabond of a boat which contained the sacred bird, contained also a couple of giggling damsels, three dragoons, a

wet-nurse, a monk, and two garçons; pretty society for a young thing just out of a monastery!

Ver-Vert thought himself in another world. It was no longer texts and orisons with which he was treated, but words which he never heard before, and those words none of the most Christian. The dragoons, a race not eminent for devotion, spoke no language but that of the ale-house. All their hymns to beguile the road were in honour of Bacchus; all their movable feasts consisted only in those of the ordinary. The garçons and the three new graces kept up a concert in the taste of the allies. The boatmen cursed and swore, and made horrible rhymes; taking care, by a masculine articulation, that not a syllable should lose its vigour. Ver-Vert, melancholy and frightened, sat dumb in a corner. He knew not what to say or think.

In the course of the voyage, the company resolved to 'fetch out' our hero. The task fell on Brother Lubin the monk, who, in a tone very unlike his profession, put some questions to the handsome forlorn. The benign bird answered in his best manner. He sighed with a formality the most finished, and said in a pedantic tone, 'Hail, Sister!'—At this 'Hail,' you may judge whether the hearers shouted with laughter. Every tongue fell on poor Father Parrot.

Our novice bethought within him, that he must have spoken amiss. He began to consider, that if he would be well with the fair portion of the company, he must adopt the style of their friends. Being naturally of a daring soul, and having been hitherto well fumed with incense, his modesty was not proof against so much contempt. Ver-Vert lost his patience; and in losing his patience, alas! poor fellow, he lost his innocence. He even began, inwardly, to mutter ungracious curses against the good sisters, his instructors, for not having taught him the true refinements of the French language, its nerve and its delicacy. He accordingly set himself to learn them with all his might; not speaking much, it is true, but not the less inwardly studying for all that. In two days (such is the progress of evil in young minds) he forgot all that had been taught him, and in less than three was as off-hand a swearer as any in the boat. He swore worse than an old devil at the bottom of a holy-water box. It has been said, that nobody becomes abandoned at once. Ver-Vert scorned the saying. He had a contempt for any more novitiates. He became a blackguard in the twinkling of an eye. In short, on one of the boatmen exclaiming, 'Go to the devil,' Ver-

Vert echoed the wretch! The company applauded, and he swore again. Nay, he swore other oaths. A new vanity seized him; and degrading his generous organ, he now felt no other ambition but that of pleasing the wicked.

During these melancholy scenes, what were you about, chaste nuns of the convent of Nevers? Doubtless you were putting up vows for the safe return of the vilest of ingrates, a vagabond unworthy of your anxiety, who holds his former loves in contempt. Anxious affection is in your hearts, melancholy in your dwelling. Cease your prayers, dear deluded ones; dry up your tears. Ver-Vert is no longer worthy of you; he is a *raf*, an apostate, a common swearer. The winds and the water-nymphs have spoilt the fruit of your labours. Genius he may be still; but what is genius without virtue?

Meanwhile, the boat was approaching the town of Nantes, where the new sisters of the Visitation expected it with impatience. The days and nights had never been so long. During all their torments, however, they had the image of the coming angel before them,—the polished soul, the bird of noble breeding, the tender, sincere, and edifying voice—behaviour, sentiments,—distinguished merit—oh grief! what is it all to come to?

The boat arrives; the passengers disembark. A lay-sister of the turning-box* was waiting in the dock, where she had been over and over again at stated time, ever since the letters were despatched. Her looks, darting over the water, seemed to hasten the vessel that conveyed our hero. The rascal guessed her business at first sight. Her prudish eyes, letting a look out at the corner, her great coif, white gloves, dying voice, and little pendent cross, were not to be mistaken. Ver-Vert ruffled his feathers with disgust. There is reason to believe that he gave her internally to the devil. He was now all for the army, and could not bear the thought of new ceremonies and litanies. However, my gentleman was obliged to submit. The lay-sister carried him off in spite of his vociferations. They say, he bit her in going; some say in the neck, others on the arm. I believe it is not well known where he bit her; but the circumstance is of no consequence. Off he went. The devotee was soon within the convent, and the visitor's arrival was announced.

Here's a noise! At the first sound of the news, the bell was set ringing. The nuns were at prayers, but up they all jump.

* A box at the convent gate, by which things are received.

They shriek, they clap their hands, they fly. 'Tis he, sister! 'Tis he! He is in the great parlour!' The great parlour is filled in a twinkling. Even the old nuns, marching in order, forget the weight of their years. The whole house was grown young again. It is said to have been on this occasion, that Mother Angelica ran for the first time.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

ADMIRATION OF THE PARROT'S NEW FRIENDS CONVERTED INTO ASTONISHMENT AND HORROR—VER-VERT KEEPS NO MEASURES WITH HIS SHOCKING ACQUIREMENTS—THE NUNS FLY FROM HIM IN TERROR, AND DETERMINE UPON INSTANTLY SENDING HIM BACK, NOT, HOWEVER, WITHOUT PITY—HIS RETURN, AND ASTONISHMENT OF HIS OLD FRIENDS—HE IS SENTENCED TO SOLITARY CONFINEMENT, WHICH RESTORES HIS VIRTUE—TRANSPORT OF THE NUNS, WHO KILL HIM WITH KINDNESS.

At length the blessed spectacle bursts upon the good sisters. They cannot satiate their eyes with admiring: and in truth, the rascal was not the less handsome for being less virtuous. His military look and *petit-maître* airs gave him even a new charm. All mouths burst out in his praise; all at once. He, however, does not deign to utter one pious word, but stands rolling his eyes like a young Carmelite. Grief the first. There was a scandal in this air of effrontery. In the second place, when the Prioress, with an august air, and like an inward-hearted creature as she was, wished to interchange a few sentiments with the bird, the first words my gentleman uttered,—the only answer he condescended to give, and that too with an air of nonchalance, or rather contempt, and like an unfeeling villain, was,—'What a pack of fools these nuns are!'

History says he learned these words on the road.

At this *début*, Sister Augustin, with an air of the greatest sweetness, hoping to make their visitor cautious, said to him, 'For shame, my dear brother.' The dear brother, not to be corrected, rhymed her a word or two, too audacious to be repeated.

'Holy Jesus!' exclaimed the sister; 'he is a sorcerer, my dear mother!—Just Heaven! what a wretch! Is this the divine parrot!'

Ver-Vert, like a reprobate at the gallows, made no other

answer than by setting up a dance, and singing, 'Here we go up, up, up;' which to improve, he commenced with an 'Oh d—mme.'

The nuns would have stopped his mouth; but he was not to be hindered. He gave a buffoon imitation of the prattle of the young sisters; and then shutting his beak, and dropping into a palsied imbecility, mimicked the nasal drawl of his old enemies, the antiques!

But it was still worse, when, tired and worn out with the stale sentences of his reprovers, Ver-Vert foamed and raged like a corsair, thundering out all the terrible words he had learned aboard the vessel. Heavens! how he swore, and what things he said! His dissolute voice knew no bounds. The lower regions themselves appeared to open before them. Words not to be thought of danced upon his beak. The young sisters thought he was talking Hebrew.

'Oh!—blood and 'ouns! Whew! D—mn! Here's a h-ll of a storm!'

At these tremendous utterances, all the place trembled with horror. The nuns, without more ado, fled a thousand ways, making as many signs of the cross. They thought it was the end of the world. Poor Mother Cicely, falling on her nose, was the ruin of her last tooth. 'Eternal Father!' exclaimed Sister Vivian, opening with difficulty a sepulchral voice; 'Lord have mercy on us! who has sent us this antichrist? Sweet Saviour! What a conscience can it be, which swears in this manner, like one of the damned? Is this the famous wit, the sage Ver-Vert, who is so beloved and extolled? For Heaven's sake, let him depart from among us without more ado.'—'O God of love!' cried Sister Ursula, taking up the lamentation; 'what horrors! Is this the way they talk among our sisters at Nevers? This their perverse language! This the manner in which they form youth! What a heretic! O divine wisdom, let us get rid of him, or we shall all go to the wicked place together!'

In short, Ver-Vert is fairly put in his cage, and sent on his travels back again. They pronounce him detestable, abominable, a condemned criminal, convicted of having endeavoured to pollute the virtue of the holy sisters. All the convent sign his decree of banishment, but they shed tears in doing it. It was impossible not to pity a reprobate in the flower of his age, who was unfortunate enough to hide such a depraved heart under an exterior so beautiful. For his part, Ver-Vert desired nothing better than to

be off. He was carried back to the river side in a box, and did not bite the lay-sister again.

But what was the despair, when he returned home, and would fain have given his old instructors a like serenade! Nine venerable sisters, their eyes in tears, their senses confused with horror, their veils two deep, condemned him in full conclave. The younger ones, who might have spoken for him, were not allowed to be present. One or two were for sending him back to the vessel; but the majority resolved upon keeping and chastising him. He was sentenced to two months' abstinence, three of imprisonment, and four of silence. No garden, no toilet, no bedroom, no little cakes. Nor was this all. The sisters chose for his jailer the very Alecto of the convent, a hideous old fury, a veiled ape, an octogenary skeleton, a spectacle made on purpose for the eye of a penitent.

In spite of the cares of this inflexible Argus, some amiable nuns would often come with their sympathy to relieve the horrors of the bird's imprisonment. Sister Rosalie, more than once, brought him almonds before breakfast. But what are almonds in a room cut off from the rest of the world! What are sweetmeats in captivity but bitter herbs?

Covered with shame and instructed by misfortune, or weary of the eternal old hag his companion, our hero at last found himself contrite. He forgot the dragoons and the monk, and once more in unison with the holy sisters both in matter and manner, became more devout than a canon. When they were sure of his conversion, the divan reassembled, and agreed to shorten the term of his penitence. Judge if the day of his deliverance was a day of joy! All his future moments, consecrated to gratitude, were to be spun by the hands of love and security. O faithless pleasure! O vain expectation of mortal delight! All the dormitories were dressed with flowers. Exquisite coffee, songs, lively exercise, an amiable tumult of pleasure, a plenary indulgence of liberty, all breathed of love and delight; nothing announced the coming adversity. But, O indiscreet liberality! O fatal overflowingness of the hearts of nuns! Passing too quickly from abstinence to abundance, from the hard bosom of misfortune to whole seas of sweetness, saturated with sugar and set on fire with liqueurs, Ver-Vert fell one day on a box of sweetmeats, and lay on his deathbed. His roses were all changed to cypress. In vain the sisters endeavoured to recall his fleeting spirit. The sweet excess had hastened his destiny, and the fortunate victim of love expired

in the bosom of pleasure. His last words were much admired, but history has not recorded them. Venus herself, closing his eyelids, took him with her into the little Elysium described by the lover of Corinna, where Ver-Vert assumed his station among the heroes of the parrot race, close to the one that was the subject of the poet's elegy.*

To describe how his death was lamented, is impossible. The present history was taken from one of the circulars composed by the nuns on the occasion. His portrait was painted after nature. More than one hand gave him a new life in colours and embroidery; and Grief, taking up the stitches in her turn, drew his effigies in the midst of a border of tears of white silk. All the funeral honours were paid him, which Helicon is accustomed to pay to illustrious birds. His mausoleum was built at the foot of a myrtle; and on a piece of porphyry environed with flowers, the tender Artemisias placed the following epitaph, inscribed in letters of gold:—

'O ye who come to tattle in this wood,
Unknown to us, the graver sisterhood,
Hold for one moment (if ye can) your tongues,
Ye novices, and hear how fortune wrongs.
Hush: or, if hushing be too hard a task,
Hear but one little speech; 'tis all we ask—
One word will pierce ye with a thousand darts;—
Here lies Ver-Vert, and with him lie all hearts.'

They say, nevertheless, that the shade of the bird is not in the tomb. The immortal parrot, according to good authority, survives in the nuns themselves; and is destined, through all ages, to transfer, from sister to sister, his soul and his tattle.

* See Ovid, *Liber Amorum*, book ii. Elegy 6.

SPECIMENS OF BRITISH POETESSES.

No. I.

PAUCITY OF COLLECTIONS OF OUR FEMALE POETRY—SPECIMENS OF ANNE BULLEN, QUEEN ELIZABETH, LADY ELIZABETH CAREW, LADY MARY WROTH, KATHARINE PHILIPS, THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE, ANNE KILLIGREW, THE MARCHIONESS OF WHARTON, MRS. TAYLOR, APHRA BEHN, AND THE COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA.

ABOUT a hundred years ago, a collection of the poetry of our fair countrywomen was made under the title of *Poems by Eminent Ladies*; and twenty years ago, a second appeared, under the title at the head of this paper. These, we believe, are the only two publications of the kind ever known in England; a circumstance hardly to the credit of the public, when it is considered what stuff it has put up with in collections of *British Poets*, and how far superior such verse-writers as Lady Winchelsea, Mrs. Barbauld, and Charlotte Smith were to the Sprats, and Halifaxes, and Stepneys, and Wattses that were re-edited by Chalmers, Anderson, and Dr. Johnson; to say nothing of the women of genius that have since appeared. The French and Italians have behaved with more respect to their Deshoulières and Colonnas. It is not pretended (with the exception of what is reported of Corinna, and what really appears to have been the case with Sappho), that women have ever written poetry equal to that of men, any more than they have been their equals in painting and music. Content with conquering them in other respects, with furnishing them the most charming of their inspirations, and dividing with them the sweet praise of *singing*, they have left to the more practical sex the glories of pen and pencil. They have been the muses who set the poets writing; the goddesses to whom their altars flamed. When they did write, they condescended, in return, to put on the earthly feminine likeness of some favourite of the other sex. Lady Winchelsea formed herself on Cowley and Dryden; Vittoria Colonna, on Petrarch and Michael Angelo. Sappho is the exception that proves the rule (if she was an exception). Even Miss Barrett, whom we take to be the most imaginative

poetess that has appeared in England, perhaps in Europe, and who will attain to great eminence if the fineness of her vein can outgrow a certain morbidity, reminds our readers of the peculiarities of contemporary genius. She is like an ultra-sensitive sister of Alfred Tennyson. We are the more desirous to mention the name of this lady, as the following remarks on the poetesses were made before she was known. Its omission, together with that of the names of Mrs. Howitt, Mrs. Norton, Lady Dufferin, and other charming people, of whom we then knew as little, might otherwise have been thought unjust by the reader, however unimportant to themselves.

Mr. Dyce's collection is the one from which our extracts are chiefly made. The other commences no earlier than the time of Pope and Swift. Mr. Dyce begins, as he ought to do, with the ancientest poetical lady he can find, which is the famous Abbess, JULIANA BERNERS, who leads the fair train in a manner singularly masculine and discordant, blowing a horn, instead of playing on a lute; for the reverend dame was a hunting parson in petticoats. She is the author of three tracts, well known to antiquaries, on Hawking, Hunting, and Armory (heraldry); and her verses, as might be expected, are more curious than bewitching. Next to her comes poor ANNE BULLEN, some verses attributed to whom are very touching, especially the second and last stanzas, and the burden:—

'Oh death! rocke me on slepe,
Bring me on quiet reste;
Let passe my verye guiltless goste
Out of my careful brest.
Toll on the passing-bell,
Ring out the doleful knell,
Let the sound my deth tell,
For I must dye;
There is no remedy;
For now I dye.

Farewell, my pleasures past,
Welcum, my present payne;
I feel my torments so increse
That lyfe cannot remayne.
Cease now the passing-bell,
Rong is my doleful knell,
For the sound my dethe doth tell,
Deth doth draw nye;
Sound my end dolefully,
For now I dye.'

But our attention is drawn off by the stately bluntness of QUEEN

Elizabeth, who writes in the same high style that she acted, and seems ready to knock us on the head if we do not admire; which, luckily, we do. The conclusion of her verses on Mary Queen of Scots (whom Mr. Dyce has well designated as 'that lovely' unfortunate, but surely not guiltless woman') are very characteristic:—

'No foreign banish'd wight
Shall anchor in this port;
Our realm it brooks no stranger's force;
Let them elsewhere resort.
Our rusty sword with rest
Shall first his edge employ,
And poll their tops that seek
Such change, and gape for joy.'

A politician thoughtlessly gaping for joy, and having his head shaved off like a turnip by the sword of the Maiden Queen presents an example considerably to be eschewed. Hear, however, the same woman in love:—

'I grieve, and dare not show my discontent;
I love, and yet am forc'd to seem to hate;
I do, yet dare not say, I ever meant;
I seem stark mute, yet inwardly do prate:
I am, and not; I freeze, and yet am burn'd,
Since from myself my other self I turn'd.

My care is like my shadow in the sun,
Follows me flying, flies when I pursue it;
Stands and lies by me; does what I have done;
This too familiar care does make me rue it;
No means I find to rid him from my breast,
Till by the end of things it be suppress.

Some gentler passions slide into my mind,
For I am soft and made of melting snow;
Or be more cruel, Love, and so be kind;
Let me or float or sink, be high or low:
Or let me live with some more sweet content,
Or die, and so forget what love e'er meant.'

Signed '*Finis. Eliza. Regina*, upon Moun . . . .'s departure,' Ashmol Mus. MSS. 6969. (781) p. 142.

Moun . . . . is probably Blount, Lord 'Mountjoy,' of whose family was the late Earl of Blessington. Elizabeth pinched his cheek when he first knelt to her at court, and made him blush.

Lady Elizabeth Carew, 'who is understood to be the authoress of *The Tragedy of Mariam, the fair Queen of Jewry, written by that learned, virtuous, and truly noble lady, E.C.*

1613,' was truly noble indeed, if she wrote the following stanzas in one of the choruses of that work :—

'We say our hearts are great, and cannot yield;
Because they cannot yield *it proves them poor*;
Great hearts are task'd beyond their power but seld;
The weakest lion will the loudest roar.
Truth's school for certain doth this same allow,—
High-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn;
To *scorn* to owe a duty over long;
To *scorn* to be for benefits forborne;
To *scorn* to lie; to *scorn* to do a wrong;
To *scorn* to bear an injury in mind;
To *scorn* a free-born heart slave-like to bind.'

Lady Mary Wroth, a Sidney, niece of Sir Philip, has the following beautiful passages in a song with a pretty burden to it :—

'Love in chaos did appear
When nothing was, yet he seem'd clear;
Nor when light could be descried,
To his crown a light was tied.
Who can blame me?

Could I my past time begin
I would not commit such sin
To live an hour and not to love,
Since Love makes us perfect prove.
Who can blame me?'

If the reader wishes to know what sort of a thing the shadow of an angel is, he cannot learn it better than from the verses of an anonymous Authoress to her Husband, published in the year 1652. She bids him not to wear mourning for her, not even a black ring :—

'But this bright diamond let it be
Worn in remembrance of me,
And when it sparkles in your eye,
Think 'tis my shadow passeth by:
For why? More bright you shall me see,
Than that, or any gem can be.'

Some of the verses of Katharine Philips, who was praised by the poets of her time under the title of 'the matchless Orinda,' and who called her husband, a plain country gentleman, 'Antenor,' have an easy though antithetical style, like the lighter ones of Cowley, or the verses of Sheffield and his French contemporaries.

One might suppose the following to have been written in order to assist the addresses of some young courtier :—

TO LADY ELIZABETH BOYLE, SINGING A SONG OF WHICH ORINDA WAS THE AUTHOR.

'Subduing fair! what will you win,
To use a needless dart?
Why then so many to take in
One undefended heart?

I came exposed to all your charms,
'Gainst which, *the first half hour,*
I had no will to take up arms,
And in the next, no power.

How can you choose but win the day?
Who can resist the siege?
Who in one action know the way
To vanquish and oblige?'

And so on, for four more stanzas. 'To vanquish and *obleege*' has a very dandy tone.*

The following are in the same epigrammatical taste, and very pleasing. They are part of a poem *On a Country Life* :—

'Then welcome, dearest solitude,
My great felicity;
Though some are pleased to call thee rude,
Thou art not so, but we.

Opinion is the rate of things;
From hence our peace doth flow;
I have a better fate than kings,
Because I think it so.

Silence and innocence are safe:—
A heart that's nobly true
At all these little arts can laugh,
That do the world subdue.'

Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, with all the fantastic state she took upon her, and other absurdities arising from her want of judgment, was a woman of genius, and could show a great deal of good sense, where other people were concerned.

* Chesterfield, in this word, is for using the English pronunciation of the letter *i*; which we believe is now the general custom. The late Mr. Kemble, in the course of an affable conversation with which George IV. indulged him, when Prince of Wales, is said to have begged as a favour that his illustrious interlocutor 'would be pleased to extend his royal jaws, and say *oblige*, instead of *obleege*.' Nevertheless, all authority is in favour of the latter pronunciation—French, Italian, and Latin. But it is a pity to lose the noble sound of our *i*, one of the finest in the language.

The following apostrophe on *The Theme of Love* has something in it extremely agreeable, between gaiety and gravity :—

'O Love, how thou art tired out with rhyme!
Thou art a tree whereon all poets climb;
And from thy branches everyone takes some
Of thy sweet fruit, which Fancy feeds upon.'

Her Grace wrote an *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, as well as Milton; and very good lines they contain. Her 'Euphrosyne' does not mince the matter. She talks like a Nell Gwynne, and looks like her too, though all within bounds.

'Mirth laughing came; and, running to me, flung
Her fat white arms about my neck: there hung,
Embrac'd and kiss'd me oft, and stroked my cheek,
Saying, she would no other lover seek.
I'll sing you songs, and please you ev'ry day,
Invent new sports to pass the time away;
I'll keep your heart, and guard it from *that thief*
Dull Melancholy, Care, or sadder Grief,
And make your eyes with Mirth to overflow;
With springing blood your cheeks soon fat shall grow;
Your leg shall nimble be, your body light,
And all your spirits like to birds in flight.
Mirth shall digest your meat, and make you strong, &c.
But Melancholy! *She* will make you lean;
Your cheeks shall hollow grow, your jaws be seen.
She'll make you start at every voice you hear,
And visions strange shall to your eyes appear.
Her voice is low, and gives a hollow sound;
She hates the light, and is in darkness found;
Or sits with blinking lamps or tapers small,
Which various shadows make against the wall.'

On the other hand, Melancholy says of Mirth, that she is only happy 'just at her birth;' and that she

'Like weeds doth grow,
Or such plants as cause madness, reason's foe.
Her face with laughter *crumples on a heap,*
Which makes great wrinkles, and ploughs furrows deep;
Her eyes do water, and her chin turns red,
Her mouth doth gape, teeth-bare, like one that's dead;
She fulsome is, and gluts the senses all,
Offers herself, and comes before a call;'

And then, in a finer strain—

'Her house is built upon the golden sands,
Yet no foundation has, whereon it stands;

A palace 'tis, and of a great resort,
It makes a noise, and gives a loud report,
Yet underneath the roof disasters lie,
Beat down the house, and many kill'd thereby:
I dwell in groves that gilt are with the sun,
Sit on the banks by which clear waters run;
In summers hot, down in a shade I lie;
My music is the buzzing of a fly;
I walk in meadows, where grows fresh green grass,
In fields, where corn is high, I often pass;
Walk up the hills, where round I prospects see,
Some brushy woods, and some all champaigns be;
Returning back, I in fresh pastures go,
To hear how sheep do bleat, and cows do low;
In winter cold, when nipping frosts come on,
Then I do live in a small house alone;
Although 'tis plain, yet cleanly 'tis within,
Like to a soul that's pure and clean from sin;
And there I dwell in quiet and still peace,
Not filled with cares how riches to increase;
I wish nor seek for vain and fruitless pleasures:
No riches are, but what the mind intreasures.'

Dryden's young favourite, ANNE KILLIGREW, who comes next in the list (she was a niece of the famous wit), has no verses so unequal as these, and perhaps none so strong as some of them; but she is very clever, and promised to do honour to her master. She was accused of being helped by him in her writing, and repels the charge with spirit and sweetness. The lines 'Advanced her height,' and 'Every laurel to her laurel bow'd,' will remind the reader of her great friend. The concluding couplet is excellent.

'My laurels thus another's brow adorn'd,
My numbers they admir'd, but me they scorn'd:
Another's brow;—that had so rich a store
Of sacred wreaths that circled it before;
While mine, quite lost (like a small stream that ran
Into a vast and boundless ocean)
Was swallowed up with what it joined, and drown'd,
And that abyss yet no accession found.

Orinda (*Albion's* and her sex's grace)
Owed not her glory to a beauteous face:
It was her radiant soul that shone within,
Which struck a lustre through her outward skin;
That did her lips and cheeks with roses dye,
Advanc'd her height, and sparkled in her eye.
Nor did her sex at all obstruct her fame,
But higher 'mong the stars it fix'd her name;
What she did write, not only all allowed,
But ev'ry laurel to her laurel bow'd.

The envious age, only to me alone,
Will not allow what I do write my own;
But let them rage, and 'gainst a maid conspire,
So deathless numbers from my tuneful lyre
Do ever flow; so *Phœbus*, I by thee
Divinely inspired, and possessed may be.
I willingly accept *Cassandra's* fate,
To speak the truth although believ'd too late.

Anne, Marchioness of Wharton, who follows, has an agreeable song, worthy of repetition:—

'How hardly I conceal'd my tears,
How oft did I complain,
When many tedious days, my fears
Told me I lov'd in vain!
But now my joys as wild are grown,
And hard to be conceal'd;
Sorrow may make a silent moan,
But joy will be reveal'd.
I tell it to the bleating flocks,
To every stream and tree,
And bless the hollow murmuring rocks
For echoing back to me.
Then you may see with how much joy
We want, we wish, believe:
'Tis hard such passion to destroy,
But easy to deceive.'

This lady was daughter of Sir Henry Lee, of Ditchley, ancestor of the present Dillon family. She was a cousin of Lord Rochester, and wrote an elegy on his death, in which she represents him as an angel. We have the pleasure of possessing a copy of Waller's Poems, on the blank leaf of which is written, 'Anne Wharton, given her by the Authore.' Her husband was at that time not possessed of his title.

A 'Mrs. Taylor,' who appears to have been an acquaintance of Aphra Behn, has a song with the following beautiful termination. It is upon a rake whose person she admired, and whom, on account of his indiscriminate want of feeling, she is handsomely resolved not to love:—

'My wearied heart, like Noah's dove,
In vain may seek for rest;
Finding no hope to fix, my love
Returns into my breast.'

Next comes Aphra herself; and, we must say, affects and makes us admire her, beyond what we looked for. Her verses

are natural and cordial, written in a masculine style, and yet womanly withal. If she had given us nothing but such poetry as this, she would have been as much admired, and known among us all, to this day, as she consented to be among the rakes of her time. Her comedies, indeed, are alarming, and justly incurred the censure of Pope: though it is probable, that a thoughtless good-humour made her pen run over, rather than real licentiousness; and that, although free enough in her life, she was not so 'extravagant and erring' as persons with less mind.

LOVE ARMED.

Song in Abdelazer; or, the Moor's Revenge.

'*Love in fantastic triumph sat,*
Whilst bleeding hearts around him flow'd,
For whom fresh pains he did create,
And strange tyrannic pow'r he shew'd.
From *thy* bright eyes he took his fires,
Which round about in sport he hurl'd;
But 'twas from *mine* he took desires,
Enough t' undo the amorous world.

From *me* he took his sighs and tears,
From *thee* his pride and cruelty;
From *me* his languishment and fears,
And every killing dart from *thee*;'

How musical is that!

'*Thus thou, and I, the God have arm'd,*
And set him up a deity;'

And how fine that!

'But *my* poor heart alone is harm'd,
Whilst thine *the victor is*, and *free*.'

LOVE BEYOND SENSE.

Song in the Lucky Chance; or, an Alderman's Bargain.

'O Love! that stronger art than wine,
Pleasing delusion, witchery divine,
Wont to be prized above all wealth,
Disease that has more joys than health;
Tho' we blaspheme thee in our pain,
And of thy tyranny complain
We all are bettered by thy reign.

When full brute Appetite is fed,
And choked the glutton lies, and dead,

Thou new spirits dost dispense,
And fin'st the gross delights of sense.
Virtue's unconquerable aid,
That against nature can persuade;
And makes a roving mind retire
Within the bounds of just desire;
Cheerer of age, youth's kind unrest,
And half the heaven of the blest.'

This 'Half the heaven of the blest,' is a beautiful variation on a beautiful couplet in Waller:—

'What know we of the blest above,
But that they sing, and that they love?'

LOVE AND HYMEN.

'In vain does Hymen, with religious vows,
Oblige his slaves to wear his chains with ease,
A privilege alone that Love allows;
'Tis Love alone can make our fetters please.
The angry tyrant lays his yoke on all,
Yet in his fiercest rage is charming still:
Officious Hymen comes whene'er we call,
But haughty Love comes only when he will.'

Aphra Behn is said to have been in love with Creech. It should be borne in mind by those who give an estimate of her character, that she passed her childhood among the planters of Surinam; no very good school for restraining or refining a lively temperament. Her relations are said to have been careful of her; but they died there, and she returned to England her own mistress.

We now come to one of the numerous loves we possess among our grandmothers of old,—or rather not numerous, but select and such as keep fresh with us for ever, like the miniature of his ancestress, whom the Sultan took for a living beauty. This is ANNE, Countess of WINCHELSEA (now written Winchilsea), daughter of Sir William Kingsmill, of Sidmonton, in the county of Southampton. 'It is remarkable,' says Mr. Wordsworth, as quoted by Mr. Dyce, 'that excepting a passage or two in the *Windsor Forest* of Pope, and some delightful pictures in the poems of Lady Winchelsea, the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of the *Paradise Lost* and the *Seasons*, does not contain a single new image of external nature.'—This is a mistake; for Allan Ramsay preceded Thomson: but some of Lady Winchelsea's 'delightful pictures' are indeed very fresh

and natural. In the poem entitled *A Nocturnal Reverie*, she thus speaks of a summer night:—

'*When freshen'd grass now bears itself upright,*
And makes cool banks to pleasing rest invite,
Whence springs the woodbind, and the bramble-rose,
And where the sleepy cowslip shelter'd grows;
Whilst now a paler hue the foxglove takes,
Yet chequers still with red the dusky brakes;
When scattered glowworms, but in twilight fine,
Shew trivial beauties watch their hour to shine;
Whilst Salisb'ry* stands the test of every light,
In perfect charms, and perfect virtue bright:
When odours which declin'd repelling day,
Thro' temperate air uninterrupted stray;
When darken'd groves their softest shadows wear,
And falling waters we distinctly hear;
When thro' the gloom more venerable shows
Some ancient fabric, awful in repose;
While sun-burnt hills their swarthy looks conceal,
And swelling hay-cocks thicken up the vale;
When the loos'd horse now, as his pasture leads,
Comes slowly grazing thro' the adjoining meads,
Whose stealing pace, and lengthen'd shade we fear,
Till torn-up forage in his teeth we hear;
When nibbling sheep at large pursue their food,
And unmolested kine rechew the cud;
When curlews cry beneath the village walls,
And to her straggling brood the partridge calls;
Their short-liv'd jubilee the creatures keep,
Which but endures whilst tyrant man does sleep;
When a sedate content the spirit feels,
And no fierce light disturbs, whilst it reveals;
But silent musings urge the mind to seek
Something too high for syllables to speak;
Till the free soul to a composedness charm'd,
Finding the elements of rage disarm'd,
O'er all below a solemn quiet grown,
Joys in th' inferior world, and thinks it like her own;
In such a night let me abroad remain,
Till morning breaks, *and all's confus'd again;*
Our cares, our toils, our clamours are renewed,
Or pleasures, seldom reach'd, again pursu'd.'

Mr. Dyce has not omitted the celebrated poem of the *Spleen*, which attracted considerable attention in its day. It still deserves a place on every toilet, male and female.

* Frances Bennett, daughter of a gentleman in Buckinghamshire, and wife to James, fourth Earl of Salisbury.

'What art thou, Spleen, which everything dost ape?
Thou Proteus to abus'd mankind,
Who never yet thy real cause could find,
Or fix them to remain in one continued shape.
* * * * * *
In the imperious wife thou vapours* art,
Which from o'er-heated passions rise
In clouds to the attractive brain;
Until descending thence again
Through the o'er-cast and showering eyes
Upon her husband's softened heart,
He the disputed point must yield,—
Something resign of the contested field—
Till lordly man, born to imperial sway,
Compounds for peace to make that right away,
And woman, arm'd with spleen, does servilely obey.

Patron thou art to every gross abuse,
The sullen husband's feign'd excuse,
When the ill-humour with his wife he spends,
And bears recruited wit and spirits to his friends.
The son of Bacchus pleads thy pow'r,
As to the glass he still repairs;
Pretends but to remove thy cares,
Snatch from thy shade one gay and smiling hour,
And drown thy kingdom in a purple shower.'

That is a fine couplet. Dryden, whom it is very like, would not have wished it better.

'When the coquette, whom every fool admires,
Would in variety be fair,
And changing hastily the scene
From light, impertinent, and vain,
Assumes a soft and melancholy air,
And of her eyes rebates the wandering fires:
The careless posture and the head reclined,
The thoughtful and composèd face,
Proclaiming the withdrawn, the absent mind,
Allows the fop more liberty to gaze?
Who gently *for the tender cause* inquires:—
The cause indeed is *a defect of sense,*
Yet is the spleen alleged, and still the dull pretence.'

Lady Winchelsea is mentioned by Gay as one of the congratulators of Pope, when his *Homer* was finished:—

'And Winchelsea, still meditating song.'

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* At present called 'nerves,' or 'headache.'

No. II.

MISS VANHOMRIGH, LADY RUSSELL, MRS. MANLY, MRS. BRERETON, MRS. GREVILLE, LADY HENRIETTA O'NEIL, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, MISS CARTER, CHARLOTTE SMITH, MISS SEWARD, AND MRS. TIGHE.

THE verses of poor Miss VANHOMRIGH, who was in love with Swift, are not very good; but they serve to show the truth of her passion, which was that of an inexperienced girl of eighteen for a wit of forty-four. Swift had conversation enough to make a dozen sprightly young gentlemen; and, besides his wit and his admiration of her, she loved him for what she thought his love of truth. In her favour, also, he appears to have laid aside his *brusquerie* and fits of ill temper, till he found the matter too serious for his convenience.

> 'Still listening to his tuneful tongue,
> The truths which angels might have sung
> Divine imprest their gentle sway,
> And sweetly stole my soul away.
> My guide, instructor, lover, friend,
> Dear names in one idea blend;
> Oh! still conjoin'd your incense rise,
> And waft sweet odours to the skies.'

Swift, who was already engaged, and with a woman too whom he loved, should have told her so. She discovered it, and died in a fit of indignation and despair. The volume, a little farther, contains some verses of the other lady (Miss JOHNSON) *On Jealousy*,—probably occasioned by the rival who was jealous of her. Poor Stella! She died also, after a longer, a closer, and more awful experience of Swift's extraordinary conduct; which, to this day, remains a mystery.

The LADY RUSSELL, who wrote the verses at p. 149, to the memory of her husband, was most probably Elizabeth, one of the learned daughters of Sir Anthony Cook, and widow of John, Lord Russell, who was called up to the House of Lords in the lifetime of his father, Francis, Earl of Bedford, who died in 1585. The singular applicability of the last line to the mourning widowhood of a subsequent and more famous Lady Russell, has led commentators to mistake one husband for another. The concluding couplet is remarkable for showing the effect to which real feeling turns the baldest commonplaces. Not that the words

just alluded to are commonplace. They are the quintessence of pathos—

> 'Right noble twice, by virtue and by birth,
> Of Heaven lov'd, and honour'd on the earth,
> His country's hope, his kindred's chief delight,
> My husband dear, more than this world his light.
> Death hath me reft.—But I from death will take
> His memory, to whom this tomb I make.
> John was his name (ah was! wretch must I say)
> Lord Russell once, *now my tear-thirsty clay.*"

Gay Mrs. Centlivre follows Lady Russell, like a sprightly chambermaid after a gentlewoman. She is all for 'the soldiers;' and talks of the pleasure of surrendering, like a hungry citadel. The specimen consists of her prologue to the *Bold Stroke for a Wife*. It is very good of its kind; gallant, and to the purpose; with that sort of air about it, as if it had been spoken by Madame Vestris, or by the fair authoress herself, in regimentals. But partial extracts would be awkward; and we have not place for more.

Mrs. De La Riviere Manly, who wrote the *Atalantis*, and alternately 'loved' and lampooned Sir Richard Steele (which was not so generous of her as her surrendering herself to the law to save her printer), has two copies of verses, in which we may observe the usual tendency of female writers to break through conventional commonplaces with some touches of nature. The least of them have an instinct of this sort, which does them honour, and sets them above the same class of writers in the other sex. The mixture, however, sometimes has a ludicrous effect. Mrs. Manly, panegyrising a certain 'J. M——e, Esq., of Worcester College,' begins with this fervid and conversational apostrophe:—

> 'Oxford,—for all thy fops and smarts,
> Let *this prodigious youth* atone;
> While others frisk and dress at hearts,
> He makes thy better part his own.'

The concluding stanza is better, and indeed contains a noble image. Others, she says, advance in their knowledge by slow degrees:—

> But his vast mind, completely form'd,
> Was thoroughly finish'd when begun;
> *So all at once the world was warm'd*
> *On the great birth-day of the sun.*'

Mrs. Manly is supposed to have been the Sappho of the *Tatler*. She wrote political papers in the *Examiner* of that day, and courageously shared in its responsibilities to the law.

A Mrs. Brereton, daughter of a Welsh gentleman, was author, it seems, of a well-known epigram on Beau Nash's picture 'at full length,' between the busts of Newton and Pope. It forms the conclusion of a poem of six stanzas, the whole of which are very properly given by Mr. Dyce, but from which it has usually been separated, and with some difference in the reading. The stanza is as follows:—

> 'The picture, plac'd the busts between,
> Adds to the thought much strength;
> *Wisdom and Wit are little seen,*
> *But Folly's at full length.*'

Mrs. Pilkington, well known for departures, not in the best taste, from the ordinary modes of her sex, tells us that—

> 'Lying is an occupation
> Used by all who mean to rise.'

Poor soul! We fear she practised a good deal of it to little purpose. She had a foolish husband, and was beset by very untoward circumstances, to which she fell a worse prey than she would have us think. But the weakest of women are so unequally treated by the existing modes of society, that we hate to think anything unhandsome of them.

Not so of my Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who was at once so clever, so bold, so well off, and so full of sense of every sort but the sense of delicacy, that she provokes us to speak as plainly as herself. But we have said enough of her ladyship in another place.

The verses of Mrs. Sheridan, mother of the famous Sheridan, and author of *Sidney Bidulph*, are not so good as her novels. Miss Jones has a compliment to Pope, which Pope himself may have admired for its own sake:—

> 'Alas! I'd live unknown, unenvied too;
> 'Tis more than Pope, with all his wit, can do.'

'Miss Jones,' says a note in Boswell, quoted by Mr. Dyce, 'lived at Oxford, and was often of our parties. She was a very ingenious poetess, and published a volume of poems; and on the whole, was a most sensible, agreeable, and amiable woman. She was sister to the Rev. River Jones, Chanter of Christ Church Cathedral, at Oxford, and Johnson used to call her the *Chantress*.

I have heard him often address her in this passage from *Il Penseroso*, "*Thee, chantress, oft the woods among, I woo*," &c.'

This puts in a pleasant light both Johnson and the poetess; but in the earlier collection of ladies' verses, alluded to at the commencement of this paper, there are poems attributed to her of astounding coarseness.

Frances Brooke, author of *Rosina*, of *Lady Julia Mandeville*, &c., was a better poetess in her prose than her verse. Her *Ode to Health*, given by Mr. Dyce, is not much. We should have preferred a song out of *Rosina*. But we will venture to affirm, that she must have written a capital love-letter. These clergymen's daughters (her father was a Rev. Mr. Moore) contrive somehow to have a double zest in those matters. Mrs. Brooke had once a public dispute with Garrick, in which she had the rare and delightful candour to confess herself in the wrong.

In the well-known *Prayer for Indifference*, by Mrs. Greville, is a stanza, which has the point of an epigram with all the softness of a gentle truth :—

'Nor peace, nor ease, the heart can know,
That, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
But turning, trembles too.'

There is a good deal about Mrs. Greville in the *Memoirs of Madame D'Arblay*. She was married to a man of fortune, and of much intellectual pretension, but not happily.

Two poems by Lady Henrietta O'Neil, daughter of Viscount Dungarvon, and wife of O'Neil, of Slane's Castle, are taken out of her friend Mrs. Charlotte Smith's novel of *Desmond*,—a work, by the way, from which Sir Walter Scott borrowed the foundation of his character of Waverley, and the name besides. In a novel by the same lady, we forget which, is the first sketch of the sea-side incident in the *Antiquary*, where the hero saves the life of Miss Wardour. Lady Henrietta's verses do her credit, but imply a good deal of suffering. One, *To the Poppy*, begins with the following melodious piece of melancholy :—

'Not for the promise of the laboured field,
Not for the good the yellow harvests yield,
I bend at Ceres' shrine;
For dull to humid eyes appear
The golden glories of the year:
Alas! a melancholy worship's mine:
I hail the Goddess for her scarlet flower,' &c.

In other words, the flourishing lady of quality took opium; which, we suspect, was the case with her poorer friend. We believe the world would be astonished, if they knew the names of all the people of genius, and of all the rich people, as well as poor, who have had recourse to the same consolatory drug. Thousands take it, of whose practice the world have no suspicion; and yet many of those persons, able to endure, perhaps, on that very account, what requires all the patience of those who abstain from it, have quarrelled with such writers as the fair novelist, for trying to amend the evils which tempted them to its use.

GEORGIANA, Duchess of DEVONSHIRE, who was 'made,' according to Gibbon, 'for something better than a Duchess,' is justly celebrated for her poem on the *Passage of Mount St. Gothard*, which awakened the enthusiasm of Coleridge. There are fine lines in it, and a vital liberality of sentiment. The writer seems to breathe out her fervent words like a young Muse, her lips glowing with health and the morning dew.

> 'Yet let not these rude paths be coldly traced,
> Let not these wilds with listless steps be trod;
> *Here fragrance scorns not to perfume the waste,*
> Here charity uplifts the mind to God.'

At stanza twenty it is said with beautiful truth and freshness:—

> 'The torrent pours, and *breathes* its glittering spray.'

Stanza twenty-four was the one that excited the raptures of Coleridge:—

> 'And hail the chapel! hail the platform wild!
> Where Tell directed the avenging dart,
> With well-strung arm that first preserv'd his child,
> Then wing'd the arrow to the tyrant's heart.'

'Oh, lady!' cried the poet, on hearing this animated apostrophe:—

> 'Oh, lady! nurs'd in pomp and pleasure,
> Where learnt you that heroic measure?'

This is the burden of an ode addressed to her by Coleridge. The Duchess of Devonshire, mother of the present Duke, who has proved himself a worthy son by his love of the beauties of nature and his sympathies with his fellow-creatures, may well have been a glorious being to look at, writing such verses as those, and being handsome besides. It was she of whom it is

said that a man at an election once exclaimed, astonished at her loveliness, 'Well, if I were God Almighty, I'd make her Queen of Heaven.'

Exit the Duchess; and enter, in this curious alternation of grave and gay, the staid solemnity of Miss Carter, a Stoic philosopher, who died at the age of eighty-nine. The volume contains her *Ode to Wisdom*, somewhat bitter against

'The coxcomb sneer, the stupid lie
Of ignorance and spite;'

and some *Lines to a Gentleman on his intending to cut down a Grove*, which are pleasanter. A Hamadryad who is made to remonstrate on the occasion, says:—

'Reflect, before the fatal axe
My threatened doom has wrought;
Nor sacrifice to sensual taste
The nobler growth of thought.'

This line, by which thoughts are made to grow in the mind like a solemn grove of trees, is very striking. And the next stanza is good:—

'Not all the glowing fruits that blush
On India's sunny coast,
Can recompense thee for the worth
Of one idea lost.'

Miss Carter translated *Epictetus*; and was much, and we believe deservedly, admired for the soundness of her acquirements. We were startled at reading somewhere the other day that, in her youth, she had not only the wisdom of a Pallas, but the look of a Hebe. Healthy no doubt she was, and possessed of a fine constitution. She was probably also handsome; but Hebe and a hook nose are in our minds impossible associations.

Charlotte Smith has been mentioned before. Some of her novels will last, and her sonnets with them, each perhaps aided by the other. There is nothing great in her; but she is natural and touching, and has hit, in the music of her sorrows, upon some of those chords which have been awakened equally, though not so well, in all human bosoms:—

SONNET WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF SPRING.

'The garlands fade that Spring so lately wove,
Each simple flower, which she had nurs'd in dew,
Anemones that spangled every grove,
The primrose wan, and harebell mildly blue.

No more shall violets linger in the dell,
Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,
And dress with humid hands her wreaths again.
Ah, poor humanity! so frail, so fair,
Are the fond visions of thy early day,
Till tyrant passion, and corrosive care,
Bid all thy fairy colours fade away!
Another May new buds and flowers shall bring;
Ah! why has happiness no second Spring?'

SONNET TO THE MOON.

'Queen of the silver bow! by thy pale beam,
Alone and pensive, I delight to stray,
And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,
Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way.
And while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast;
And oft I think, fair planet of the night,
That in thy orb the wretched may have rest;
The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,
Released by death, to thy benignant sphere,
And the sad children of despair and woe
Forget in thee their cup of sorrow here.
Oh! that I soon may reach thy world serene,
Poor wearied pilgrim in this toiling scene!'

SONNET.

'Sighing, I see yon little troop at play,
By sorrow yet untouched, unhurt by care,
While free and sportive they enjoy to-day,
"Content and careless of to-morrow's fare."
O happy age! when hope's unclouded ray
Lights their green path, and prompts their simple mirth,
Ere yet they feel the thorns that lurking lay
To wound the wretched pilgrims of the earth,
Making them rue the hour that gave them birth,
And threw them on a world so full of pain,
Where prosperous folly treads on patient worth,
And to deaf pride misfortune pleads in vain!
Ah! for their future fate how many fears
Oppress my heart, *and fill mine eyes with tears!*'

Mrs. Smith's love of botany, as Mr. Dyce observes, 'has led her, in several of her pieces, to paint a variety of flowers with a minuteness and delicacy rarely equalled.' This is very true. No young lady, fond of books and flowers, would be without Charlotte Smith's poems, if once acquainted with them. The

following couplet, from the piece entitled *Saint Monica*, shows her tendency to this agreeable miniature-painting:—

> 'From the *mapp'd* lichen, to the *plumed* weed;
> From *thready* mosses to the *veined* flower.'

Mrs. Smith suffered bitterly from the failure of her husband's mercantile speculations, and the consequent troubles they both incurred from the law; which, according to her representations, were aggravated in a scandalous manner by guardians and executors. Lawyers cut a remarkable figure in her novels; and her complaints upon these her domestic grievances overflow, in a singular, though not unpardonable or unmoving manner, in her prefaces. To one of the later editions of her poems, published when she was alive, is prefixed a portrait of her, under which, with a pretty feminine pathos, which a generous reader would be loth to call vanity, she has quoted the following lines from Shakspeare:—

> 'Oh, Grief has chang'd me since you saw me last;
> And heavy hours, with Time's deforming hand,
> Have written strange defeatures on my face.'

Miss Seward is affected and superfluous; but now and then she writes a good line; for example:—

> 'And sultry silence brooded o'er the hills.'

And she can paint a natural picture. We can testify to the strange unheard-of luxury, which she describes, *of rising to her books before day on a winter's morning.*

SONNET.

December Morning, 1782.

'I love to rise ere gleams the tardy light,
Winter's pale dawn,—and as warm fires illume
And cheerful tapers shine around the room,
Thro' misty windows bend my musing sight,
Where, round the dusky lawn, the mansions white,
With shutters clos'd peer faintly thro' the gloom,
That slow recedes; while yon gray spires assume,
Rising from their dark pile, an added height
By indistinctness given.—Then to decree
The grateful thoughts to God, ere they unfold
To Friendship, or the Muse, or seek with glee
Wisdom's rich page—O hours! more worth than gold,
By whose blest use we lengthen life, and, free
From drear decays of age, outlive the old!'

Miss Seward ought to have married, and had a person superior to herself for her husband. She would have lost her affectation; doubled her good things; and, we doubt not, have made an entertaining companion for all hours, grave or gay. The daughter of the Editor of *Beaumont and Fletcher* was not a mean person, though lost among the egotisms of her native town, and the praises of injudicious friends. Meanwhile, it is something too much to hear her talk of translating an Ode of Horace 'while her hair is dressing!'

The *Psyche* of MRS. TIGHE has a languid beauty, probably resembling that of her person. This lady, who was the daughter of the Rev. William Blachford, died in her thirty-seventh year, of consumption. The face prefixed to the volume containing her poem is very handsome. The greater part of the poem itself is little worth, except as a strain of elegance; but now and then we meet with a fancy not unworthy a pupil of Spenser. Cupid, as he lies sleeping, has a little suffusing light, stealing from between his eyelids.

> 'The friendly curtain of indulgent sleep
> Disclos'd not yet his eyes' resistless sway,
> But from their silky veil there seem'd to peep
> Some brilliant glances with a soften'd ray,
> Which o'er his features exquisitely play,
> And all his polish'd limbs suffuse with light.
> Thus thro' some narrow space the azure day,
> Sudden its cheerful rays diffusing bright,
> Wide darts its lucid beams to gild the brow of night.'

This is the prettiest 'peep o' day boy' which has appeared in Ireland.

No. III.

MRS. HUNTER, MRS. BARBAULD, LADY ANNE BARNARD, AND HANNAH MORE.

MRS. HUNTER, wife of the celebrated John Hunter the surgeon, and sister of the late Sir Everhard Home, published a volume of poems, in which were a number of songs that were set to music, some of them by Haydn, who was intimate with her. Among the latter is one extracted by Mr. Dyce, beginning—

> 'The season comes when first we met.'

It is one of the composer's most affecting melodies, and not too much loaded with science. It is to be found in an elegant selection of airs, trios, &c., in two volumes, worthy the attention, and not beyond the skill of the amateur, published by Mr. Sainsbury, and entitled the *Vocal Anthology*. Mrs. Hunter was author of the well-known Death Song of a Cherokee Indian,

'The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day.'

A simple and cordial energy, made up of feeling and good sense, is the characteristic of the better part of her writings.

Hester Lynch Piozzi, the friend and hostess of Johnson, was the daughter of John Salusbury, Esq., of Bodvel in Caernarvonshire. Her first husband was Johnson's friend, Thrale, an eminent brewer; her second, Signor Piozzi, a teacher of music. The superiority of *The Three Warnings* to her other poetical pieces, excited a suspicion, as Mr. Dyce observes, that Johnson assisted her in its composition; but there was no foundation for the suspicion. The style is a great deal too natural and lively for Johnson. If anything were to be suspected of the poem, it would be that Mrs. Thrale had found the original in some French author, the lax metre and versification resembling those of the second order of French tales in verse.

Mrs. Radcliffe's verses are unworthy of her romances. In the latter she was what Mr. Mathias called her, 'a mighty magician;'—or not to lose the fine sound of his whole phrase,—'the mighty magician of Udolpho.' In her verses she is a tinselled nymph in a pantomime, calling up commonplaces with a wand.

Anna Lætitia Barbauld is one of the best poetesses in the book. It is curious, by the way, to observe how the name of Anne predominates in this list of females. There are seventy-eight writers in all, besides anonymous ones, and two or three whose Christian names are not known; and out of these seventy-eight, eighteen have the name of Anne. The name that prevails next, is Mary; and then Elizabeth. The popularity of Anne is perhaps of Protestant origin, and began with Anne Bullen. It served at once to proclaim the new opinions, to eschew the reigning Catholic appellation of Mary, and, at the same time, to appear modestly Scriptural. But the sweet gentleness of the name of Mary was not to be put down, even by the help of the poor bigot of Smithfield.

Mr. Dyce informs us that Mr. Fox used to speak with admi-

ration of Mrs. Barbauld's talents, and had got her songs by heart. This was an applause worth having. We must extract the whole of her *Summer Evening's Meditation*, if it is only for the sake of some noble lines in it, and to present to the reader's imagination the picture of a fine-minded female wrapped up in thought and devotion. She is like the goddess in Milton's *Penseroso*. The two lines marked in capitals are sublime.

A SUMMER EVENING'S MEDITATION.

'Tis past! the sultry tyrant of the south
Has spent his short-liv'd rage: more grateful hours
Move silent on: the skies no more repel
The dazzled sight, but, with mild maiden beams
Of temper'd light, invite the cherish'd eye
To wander o'er their sphere; where hung aloft
Dian's bright crescent, "like a silver bow
New strung in heaven," lifts high its beamy horns,
Impatient for the night, and seems to push
Her brother down the sky. Fair Venus shines,
Even in the eye of day; with sweetest beam
Propitious shines, *and shakes a trembling flood*
Of soften'd radiance from her dewy locks.
The shadows spread apace; while meeken'd Eve,
Her cheek yet warm with blushes, slow retires
Thro' the Hesperian gardens of the west,
And shuts the gates of day. 'Tis now the hour
When Contemplation, from her sunless haunts,
The cool damp grotto, or the lonely depth
Of unpierc'd woods, where wrapt in solid shade
She mus'd away the gaudy hours of noon,
And, fed on thoughts *unripen'd by the sun*,
Moves forward; and with radiant finger points
To yon blue concave swell'd by breath divine,
Where, one by one, the living eyes of heaven
Awake, quick kindling o'er the face of ether
One boundless blaze; ten thousand trembling fires,
And dancing lustres, where th' unsteady eye,
Restless and dazzled, wanders unconfin'd
O'er all this field of glories: spacious field,
And worthy of the master: he whose hand,
With hieroglyphics elder than the Nile,
Inscrib'd the mystic tablet; hung on high
To public gaze; and said, Adore, O man,
The finger of thy God! From what pure wells
Of milky light, what soft o'erflowing urn,
Are all these lamps so fill'd? these friendly lamps
For ever streaming o'er the azure deep
To point our path, and light us to our home.
How soft they slide along their lucid spheres!
And, silent as the foot of time, fulfil

Their destin'd course! Nature's self is hush'd,
And, but a scattered leaf, which rustles thro'
The thick-wove foliage, not a sound is heard
To break the midnight air; *tho' the rais'd ear,*
Intensely listening, drinks in every breath.
How deep the silence, yet how loud the praise!
But are they silent all? *or is there not*
A tongue in every star that talks with man,
And wooes him to be wise? nor wooes in vain:
THIS DEAD OF MIDNIGHT IS THE NOON OF THOUGHT,
AND WISDOM MOUNTS HER ZENITH WITH THE STARS.
At this still hour the self-collected soul
Turns inward, *and beholds a stranger there*
Of high descent, and more than mortal rank;
An embryo God; a spark of fire divine,
Which must burn on for ages, when the sun
(Fair transitory creature of a day)
Has clos'd his golden eye, and, wrapt in shades,
Forgets his wonted journey thro' the east.

Ye citadels of light, and seats of Gods!
Perhaps my future home, from whence the soul,
Revolving periods past, may oft look back,
With recollected tenderness, on all
The various busy scenes she left below,
Its deep-laid projects and its strange events,
As on some fond and doting tale that sooth'd
Her infant hours—O be it lawful now
To tread the hallow'd circle of your courts,
And with mute wonder and delighted awe
Approach your burning confines!—Seiz'd in thought,
On fancy's wild and roving wing I sail
From the green borders of the peopled earth,
And the pale moon, her duteous fair attendant;
From solitary Mars; from the vast orb
Of Jupiter, whose huge gigantic bulk
Dances in ether like the lightest leaf;
To the dim verge, the suburbs of the system,
Where cheerless Saturn, midst his watery moons,
Girt with a lucid zone, in gloomy pomp,
Sits like an exil'd monarch: fearless thence
I launch into the trackless deeps of space,
Where, burning round, ten thousand suns appear,
Of elder beam; which ask no leave to shine
Of our terrestrial star, nor borrow light
From the proud regent of our scanty day;
Sons of the morning, first-born of creation,
And only less than Him who marks their track.
And guides their fiery wheels. Here must I stop,
Or is there aught beyond? What hand unseen
Impels me onward thro' the glowing orbs
Of habitable nature, far remote,

To the dread confines of eternal night,
To solitudes of vast unpeopled space,
The deserts of creation wide and wild,
Where embryo systems and unkindled suns
Sleep in the womb of chaos? fancy droops,
And thought astonish'd stops her bold career.
But, O thou mighty mind! whose powerful word
Said, Thus let all things be, and thus they were,
Where shall I seek thy presence? how unblam'd
Invoke thy dread perfection?——
Have the broad eyelids of the morn beheld thee?
Or does the beamy shoulder of Orion
Support thy throne? O look with pity down
On erring, guilty man! not in thy names
Of terror clad; not with those thunders arm'd
That conscious Sinai felt, when fear appall'd
The scatter'd tribes! Thou hast a gentler voice,
That whispers comfort to the swelling heart,
Abash'd, yet longing to behold her Maker.
But now, my soul, unus'd to stretch her powers
In flight so daring, drops her weary wing,
And seeks again the known accustomed spot,
Drest up with sun, and shade, and lawns, and streams;
A mansion fair and spacious for its guest,
And full, replete, with wonders. Let me here,
Content and grateful, wait the appointed time,
And ripen for the skies. The hour will come
When all these splendours, bursting on my sight,
Shall stand unveil'd, and to my ravish'd sense
Unlock the glories of the world unknown.'

Mrs. Barbauld, like other persons of genuine fancy, had great good sense. Mr. Hazlitt has eulogised her *Essay on the Inconsistency of our Expectations*. If ever she committed a mistake, she was the sort of woman to retrieve it, or to bear the consequences in the best manner. It is generally understood that she did make one when she married Mr. Barbauld,—a 'little Presbyterian parson,' as Johnson indignantly calls him. Not that he was not a good man, but he was very much her inferior. 'Such tricks hath strong imagination,' even when united with the strongest understanding. To judge by her writings (and by what better things can we judge, if they have the right look of sincerity?) Mrs. Barbauld ought to have had a Raleigh or Sidney for her lover. She had both intellect and passion enough to match a spirit heroical. The song beginning

'Come here, fond youth, whoe'er thou be,'

has all the devoted energy of the old poets.

O Lady Anne Barnard, thou that didst write the ballad of 'Auld Robin Gray,' which must have suffused more eyes with tears of the first water than any other ballad that ever was written, we hail, and pay thee homage, knowing thee now for the first time by thy real name! But why wast thou desirous of being only a woman of quality, when thou ought'st to have been (as nature intended thee) nothing but the finest gentlewoman of thy time? And what bad example was it that, joining with the sophistications of thy rank, did make thee so anxious to keep thy secret from the world, and ashamed to be spoken of as an authoress? Shall habit and education be so strong with those who ought to form instead of being formed by them? Shall they render such understandings as thine insensible to the humiliation of the fancied dignity of concealment, and the poor pride of being ashamed to give pleasure?

The following is the interesting account given by Lady Anne of the birth and fortunes of her ballad: for interesting it is, and we felt delighted to meet with it; though our delight was damped by the considerations just mentioned. We used to think we could walk barefoot to Scotland to see the author of the finest ballad in the world. We now began to doubt; not because we feared the fate of the person who endeavoured to 'entrap the truth' from her (though the reception he met with, we think, was hard, considering that an author at once popular and anonymous is not likely to have escaped with too nice a conscience in matters of veracity), but because we lose our inclination to see uncommon people who condescend to wear common masks. We preface her Ladyship's account with Mr. Dyce's Introduction:—

'Lady Anne Barnard (born . . . ., died 1825), sister of the late Earl of Balcarras, and wife of Sir Andrew Barnard, wrote the charming song of "Auld Robin Gray." A quarto tract, edited by "the Ariosto of the North," and circulated among the members of the Bannatyne Club, contains the original ballad, as corrected by Lady Anne, and two continuations by the same authoress; while the Introduction consists almost entirely of a very interesting letter from her to the Editor, dated July 1823, part of which I take the liberty of inserting here:—

'"Robin Gray," so called from its being the name of the old herd at Balcarras, was born soon after the close of the year 1771. My sister Margaret had married, and accompanied her husband to London; I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scotch melody, of which I was passionately fond; —— ——, who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarras. She did not object to its having improper words, though I did. I longed to sing old Sophy's air to different words, and give to its plaintive

tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me: 'I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea—and broken her father's arm—and made her mother fall sick—and given her Auld Robin Gray for her lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one.'—'Steal the cow, sister Anne,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately *lifted* by me, and the song completed. At our fireside, and amongst our neighbours, 'Auld Robin Gray' was always called for. I was pleased in secret with the approbation it met with; but such was *my dread* of being suspected of writing *anything*, perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write *nothing*, that I carefully kept my own secret. * * *

'"Meanwhile, little as this matter seems to have been worthy of a dispute, it afterwards became a party question between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. 'Robin Gray' was either a very ancient ballad, composed perhaps by David Rizzio, and a great curiosity, or a very modern matter, and no curiosity at all. I was persecuted to avow whether I had written it or not,—where I had got it. Old Sophy kept my counsel, and I kept my own, in spite of the gratification of seeing a reward of twenty guineas offered in the newspapers to the person who should ascertain the point past a doubt, and the still more flattering circumstance of a visit from Mr. Jerningham, secretary to the Antiquarian Society, who endeavoured to entrap the truth from me in a manner I took amiss. Had he asked me the question obligingly, I should have told him the fact distinctly and confidentially. The annoyance, however, of this important ambassador from the antiquaries, was amply repaid to me by the noble exhibition of the 'Ballat of Auld Robin Gray's Courtship,' as performed by dancing-dogs under my window. It proved its popularity from the highest to the lowest, and gave me pleasure while I hugged myself in my obscurity."

'The two versions of the second part were written many years after the first; in them, Auld Robin Gray falls sick,—confesses that he himself stole the cow, in order to force Jenny to marry him—leaves to Jamie all his possessions,—dies,—and the young couple, of course, are united. Neither of the continuations is given here, because, though both are beautiful, they are very inferior to the original tale, and greatly injure its effect.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

'When the sheep are in the fauld, when the cows come hame,
When a' the weary world to quiet rest are gane,
The woes of my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
Unken'd by my gudeman, who soundly sleeps by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving ae crown-piece, he'd naething else beside.
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;
And the crown and the pound, oh! they were baith for me!

Before he had been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
My father brak his arm, our cow was stown away;
My mother she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea—
And Auld Robin Gray, oh! he came a courting me.

My father cou'dna work—my mother cou'dna spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'dna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
Said, "Jenny, oh! for their sakes, will you marry me?"

My heart it said Na, and I look'd for Jamie back;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack
His ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jamie dee?
Or, wherefore am I spar'd to cry out, Woe is me!

My father argued sair—*my mother didna speak,*
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;
And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I cou'dna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a';
Ae kiss we took, nae mair—I bade him gang awa.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
For oh, I am but young to cry out, Woe is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin;
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I will do my best a gudewife aye to be,
For Auld Robin Gray, oh! he is sae kind to me.'

Such is the most pathetic ballad that ever was written; and such are the marriages which it is not accounted a sin to consecrate. The old man in this scene of moral perplexity is good and generous in everything but his dotage; the parents not only take themselves for kind ones, but are so, with the exception of their will to sacrifice their child; and ignorance and example excuse all three! Finally, the poor slaves who suffer from such abuses, and the cleverer, but in some respects not better-taught ones, who think them to be tolerated out of some fear of ill or envy of alteration, agree to go on calling this world a 'vale of tears,' they themselves taking care all the while to keep a proper quantity of the supply! To run indignant pens into such heaps of absurdity is surely to prepare for their breaking up.

Miss Hannah More, a lady not out of harmony with these discords which mankind have been so long taking for their melancholy music, is the one that comes next. It is the first time we ever read any of her verses; and she has fairly surprised us, not only with some capital good sense, but with liberal and feeling sentiments! How could a heart, capable of uttering such things, get encrusted with Calvinism! and that, too, not out

of fear and bad health, but in full possession, as it should seem, both of cheerfulness and sensibility! Oh, strange effects of example and bringing up! when humanity itself can be made to believe in the divineness of what is inhuman! 'Sweet Sensibility!' cries our fair advocate of eternal punishment—

> 'Sweet Sensibility! thou keen delight!
> Unprompted moral! sudden sense of right!
> Perception exquisite! fair virtue's seed!
> Thou quick precursor of the liberal deed!
> Thou hasty conscience! reason's blushing morn!
> Instinctive kindness ere reflection's born!
> Prompt sense of equity! to thee belongs
> The swift redress of unexamined wrongs!
> Eager to serve, the cause perhaps untried,
> But always apt to choose the suffering side!
> To those who know thee not, no words can paint,
> And those who know thee, know all words are faint.'

And again:—

> 'Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
> And tho' but few can serve, yet all may please,
> O let th' ungentle spirit learn from hence,
> *A small unkindness is a great offence.*'

The whole poem, with the exception of some objections to preachers of benevolence like Sterne (who must be taken, like the fall of the dew, in their general effect upon the mass of the world) is full of good sense and feeling; though what the fair theologian guards us against in our estimation of complexional good-nature, is to be carried a good deal farther than she supposes. 'As Feeling,' she says,—

> '——— tends to good, or leans to ill,
> It gives fresh force to vice or principle;
> 'Tis not a gift peculiar to the good,
> 'Tis often but a virtue of the blood;
> And what would seem Compassion's moral flow,
> Is but a circulation swift or slow.'

True; and what would seem religion's happy flow is often nothing better. But this argues nothing against religion or compassion. Whatever tends to secure the happiest flow of the blood provides best for the ends of virtue, if happiness be virtue's object. A man, it is true, may *begin* with being happy, on the mere strength of the purity and vivacity of his pulse: children do so; but he must have derived his constitution from very virtuous temperate, and happy parents indeed, and be a great fool to

boot, and wanting in the commonest sympathies of his nature, if he can continue happy, and yet be a bad man: and then he could not be bad, in the worst sense of the word, for his defects would excuse him. It is time for philosophy and true religion to know one another, and not hesitate to follow the most impartial truths into their consequences. If 'a small unkindness is a great offence,' what could Miss Hannah More have said to the infliction of eternal punishment? Or are God and his ways eternally to be represented as something so different from the best attributes of humanity, that the wonder must be, how humanity can survive in spite of the mistake? The truth is, that the circulation of Miss More's own blood was a better thing than all her doctrines put together; and luckily it is a much more universal inheritance. The heart of man is constantly sweeping away the errors he gets into his brain.

There is a good deal of sense and wit in the extract from *Florio, a Tale for Fine Gentlemen and Fine Ladies*; but Miss More is for attributing the vices of disingenuousness, sneering, and sensuality, to freethinkers exclusively; which is disingenuous on her own part; as if these vices were not shared by the inconsistent of all classes. She herself sneers in the very act of denouncing sneerers; nor did we ever know that a joke was spared by the orthodox when they could get one.

We must now bring our extracts to a conclusion. There are some agreeable specimens of Miss Baillie; an admirable ballad on the Wind, attributed to Mr. Wordsworth's sister; and some pieces by Miss Landon and Mrs. Hemans, two popular writers, who would have brought their pearls to greater perfection if they had concentrated their faculties a little, and been content not to manufacture so many. But as these ladies bring us among their living contemporaries, and criticism becomes a matter of great delicacy, we must resist the temptation of being carried further.

DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS, AND MARRIAGES FROM THE STAGE.

COMIC ACTORS AND ACTRESSES MORE ENGAGING TO THE RECOLLECTION THAN TRAGIC — CHARLES THE SECOND AND NELL GWYNN — MARRIAGE OF HARRIET MELLON WITH THE DUKE OF ST. ALBANS AND MR. COUTTS — MARRIAGES OF LUCRETIA BRADSHAW WITH MR. FOLKES, OF ANASTATIA ROBINSON WITH LORD PETERBOROUGH, BEARD THE SINGER WITH LADY HENRIETTA HERBERT, LAVINIA FENTON WITH THE DUKE OF BOLTON, MARY WOFFINGTON WITH CAPTAIN CHOLMONDELEY, SIGNOR GALLINI THE DANCER WITH LADY ELIZABETH BERTIE, O'BRIEN THE COMEDIAN WITH LADY SUSAN FOX, ELIZABETH LINLEY WITH RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, ELIZABETH FARREN WITH THE EARL OF DERBY, LOUISA BRUNTON WITH EARL CRAVEN, MARY CATHERINE BOLTON WITH LORD THURLOW — REMARKS ON MARRIAGES FROM THE STAGE.

Besides the interest in such subjects, which lies below the surface, most people are willing to hear of actors and actresses. They are a link between the domesticities which they represent, and the public life to which they become allied by the representation. Their talent (generally speaking) is not felt to be of a rarity or happiness calculated to excite envy; their animal spirits are welcomed the more for that drawback; and the matters they deal with bring us into their society as if into their own houses, humours, and daily life. Hence, in reading accounts of them, we naturally incline more to the comic or familiar individuals among them than to the tragic; and more to the women than the men. We like to hear the name of Betterton; but Cibber, somehow, is the more welcome. We care little for Quin the tragedian; but Quin the good fellow, the boon companion, the deliverer of Thomson from the spunging-house, is dear to us. Even Garrick's name is injured by the footing he obtained in high life. We are not sure whether he was not too prosperous to be happy; too much compelled to bow, and deteriorate himself, into the airs of a common gentleman. On the other hand, though Foote was a man of birth, we have no misgivings about Foote (except on the moral score). He always seems 'taking off' somebody, or cracking jokes. Bannister, Dodd, Parsons, are hearty names; and as to women,—Mrs. Siddons, it

is true, 'queens it' apart; but, somehow, we are inclined to let her, and leave her. On the other hand, who ever tires of the names of Oldfield, and Bracegirdle, and Woffington? All the flutters of the fans of two centuries, and all the solid merits of bodices and petticoats, come down to us in their names; chequering Covent Garden like chintz, and bringing along with them the periwigged and scented glories of the Congreves and Steeles. Who would not willingly hear more of 'Mistress Knipp,' whom the snug and didactic Pepys detained with him a whole night on purpose to teach her his song of 'Beauty, retire'? Mrs. Jordan's laugh beat even the *petit ris folâtre* (the little giddy laugh) of Madame d'Albret, which Marot says was enough to raise a man from the dead. At least we are not sure that there was a heart in the giddiness of the one, but who doubts it that ever heard the other? And poor Nell Gwynn, 'bred up to serve strong waters to the gentlemen' (as she humbly said of her tavern life), what a corner has not virtue in its heart to store her memory in, for the vindication of natural goodness, and the rebuke of the uncharitable? She was the only one of Charles's mistresses whose claim of fidelity towards him one can have any faith in. We saw not long ago, in some book, a charge made against that prince, of uttering, as the last sentence on his death-bed, the words 'Don't let poor Nelly starve.' They were adduced as a triumphant proof of his irreligion and profligacy, and of his being wicked to the last. Why, they were the most Christian words he is ever known to have spoken. They showed, that with all the selfishness induced by his evil breeding, he could muster up heart enough in the agonies of death, and at what might be thought the most fearful of hazards, to think of a fellow-creature with sympathy, and that, too, in the humblest of his circle. But he recognised in her a loving nature—the only one, most likely, he had ever met with.

It is a curious set-off against the supposed inferiority of the St. Albans' descent from Charles the Second, to those of the Richmonds and others, that the chances of Nelly's constancy are greater than can be reckoned upon with the finer ladies, who fancied themselves qualified to despise her. She thought so herself; and so will everyone who knows their histories. The Lennoxes and Fitzroys (and Beauclercs too) have since got plenty of royal blood in their veins through other channels, as far as any such channels can be depended on: and, indeed, the swarthy complexion of Charles (derived from the Medici family) is still

pointed at as distinguishing his descendants in more than one branch, though we believe the Beauclercs have it most visibly. Charles Fox had it through his mother (a Lennox); but Topham Beauclerc, Dr. Johnson's friend, resembled his lawless ancestors, if we are not mistaken, in features and shape, as well as hue (to say nothing of morals); and happening to reside in the neighbourhood of the late Duke of St. Albans at the time of his marriage, the village barber, who had been sent for to shave him, told us that the ducal feet, which he had chanced to see in slippers, were as dark-skinned as the face. We must be excused for relating this circumstance, in consideration of our zeal for the better part of poor Nelly's fame.

There was a singular retrospective fitness in the marriage of the Duke of St. Albans with Harriet Mellon. Even the aristocracy must have beheld it with something of a saturnine amusement. The public unequivocally enjoyed it. Moralists were perplexed; especially those of the two extremes,—the 'outrageously virtuous,' who gladly thought the worst of it, and the most liberal speculators upon the ordinations of Providence; who (though coming to a conclusion for the best) are struck with wonder to see one system of morals proclaimed from the high places, and another acted upon, and associated with flourishing perpetuities. Charles the Second, who was the most undisguised libertine that ever sat on the British throne, has left hundreds of illegitimate descendants (thousands rather), the chiefs of whose families are still flourishing in the highest rank, and carrying forward the united dignities of a zeal for church and state, and an unlawful origin. The spectacle, it must be owned, is puzzling. But seen with an eye of charity (the only final reconciler), there is 'a preferment in it,' better than what it is supposed to include, but which it will be easier to investigate some hundreds of years hence, when loyalty and piety shall have ceased to be embarrassed with stumbling-blocks, which they at once bow down to and are bound to be shocked at.

In speaking as we do, however, of the Duke's marriage, we do not at all assume that Harriet Mellon and Nell Gwynn had led the same kind of life. This, we are aware, is the general assumption, or something like it; but the Duchess was introduced at the late court, where, in spite of certain retrospective appearances to the contrary, the demands on conventional propriety were understood to be in no lax keeping in the hands of the present Queen-dowager:—and Mr. Coutts was very old when he died—

upwards of ninety, we believe—and had not been married many years. Who is to say that his residence with the lady, under any circumstances, was not of as innocent a nature as the marriage? Who knows anything to the contrary? and who, in default of knowing it, has a right to assert it? A case was probably made out for the introduction at court, which we are bound, on the lady's word, to take for granted. We daily take hundreds of more unlikely things for granted on similar accounts, especially in high life. Half the west-end of the town would be a mere chaos and tempest from morn to night, if words, and even deeds, had not the handsomest constructions put upon them. Besides, marriages have taken place between ladies and their elders in numerous well-authenticated instances, where the gentleman sought nothing but a nurse or a pleasant friend, and was desirous of gifting her with his wealth to show his gratitude;—and a very reasonable gratitude, too, considering how precious the moments of life are,—provided no just expectations suffer for it, on the part of others. It has been hinted, that the Duchess, when young, was fond of money, and that when she was an actress at seaports, she did not scruple to bustle about among the officers, in behalf of the tickets for her benefit-nights. But she had been left with a mother to support; and even if she had gone somewhat far for that purpose, no respecter of the filial virtues would be quick to condemn her. The consideration of a mother to support is itself a delicacy, which may reasonably set aside fifty others. Perhaps this was one of the very things that the old banker liked her for. He may have been so disgusted with the doubtful virtues and real shabbiness of many rich people, that the sight of one hearty nature might have been a priceless refreshment to him; and when he found it combined with a face to match, and a pleasant conversation, he might, for aught we know, have realised for the first time a dream of his youth. To be sure, it is alleged against him, that his first wife had been a maid-servant. That does not look, certainly, as if he had been accustomed to seek for a partner in the circles of fashion; but then the circumstance, as far as it goes, tells against the experience he had had of them; and it is not impossible even for a maid-servant to be a gentlewoman at heart. Be this as it may (for we know nothing whatsoever of him or his connexions), the will of the Duchess seems to show, that he was in one striking respect worthy of her regard, and she of his; for she has left the bulk of his property to his favourite relation, and in so doing, most likely

acted up to a principle which he had justly reckoned upon. It is true, she has thus given riches to one that does not seem to have needed them, and who will probably be not a whit the happier for the superabundance; but such considerations are not to be expected of people who live in what is called the world. The Duke, at the same time, has not been forgotten, nor poorly treated: the remains of the Duchess have been gathered into the family vault; and she has left the reputation of a woman not contemptuous of her origin, nay, desirous to encourage her former profession, and charitable to the poor. We thus infer that her conduct was held reasonable and honourable by all parties.

The Duchess of St. Albans had a more refined look in her younger days, at least in her favourite characters, than was observable in her countenance latterly. There was never any genius in her acting, nor much sustainment of character in any respect. She seemed never to have taken to the boards with thorough good-will. Yet there was archness and agreeableness,—a good deal that looked as if it could be pleasant off the stage. She had black hair, fine eyes, a good-humoured mouth, and an expression upon the whole of sensual but not unamiable intelligence. This she retained in after life, together with the fine eyes and the look of good-humour; but the unlimited power of self-indulgence had not helped to refine it. This, however, was a deterioration which many a high-born Duchess has shared with her. We used to see her buying flowers at the nursery-grounds, and riding out in her chaise and four, or barouche, often with the Duke. Shortly before her death, we repeatedly met her by herself, but always in the chaise and four, with postilions in the ducal livery. She seemed to say, but more innocently than the personage in the play, 'I am Duchess of Malfy still.' We used to think that with this fondness for air and exercise, and her natural good-humour, she would attain to long life; but there was more air than exercise, and more luxury than either; and poor Duchess Harriet was too rich, and had too many good things, to continue to enjoy any. Had she remained Harriet Mellon, and disposed of benefit-tickets as of old, she would probably have been alive and merry still. However, she had a fine wondering time of it,—a romance of real life; and no harm's done, not even to the peerage!

The first person among the gentry who took a wife from the stage, was Martin Folkes the antiquary, a man of fortune, who about the year 1713 married Lucretia Bradshaw, a representa-

tive of the sprightly heroines of Farquhar and Vanbrugh. The author of the 'History of the English Stage,' quoted in the work that we are about to refer to, calls her 'one of the greatest and most promising *genii* of her time,' and says that Mr. Folkes made her his wife 'for her exemplary and prudent conduct.' He adds, that 'it was a rule with her, in her profession, to make herself mistress of her art, and leave the figure and action to nature.' What he means by this is not clear. Probably for 'art' we should read 'part;' which would imply, that the fair Lucretia got her dialogue well by rote, and then gave herself up, without further study, to the impulses of the character; which in such lively ones as those of 'Corinna' in the *Confederacy*, and 'Angelica' in the *Constant Couple*, probably disposed the gallant virtuoso to enquire whether she could be as prudent as she was agreeable. From her performance of characters of this description, Mr. Nichols hastily infers that 'she must have been a handsome woman *at least*, had a good figure, and probably second-rate theatrical talent.' * Be this as it may, the poor lady ultimately lost her reason. We are not told anything of her origin or connexions.

The man who first imitated this singular example, was a personage celebrated for his gallantry in all senses of the word—the famous Lord Peterborough, the hero of the war of the succession in Spain, and friend of Pope and Swift. The date of the marriage is not known, for it was long kept secret; but in the year before his lordship died (1735) he publicly acknowledged as his countess the celebrated ANASTASIA ROBINSON, the singer. She had appeared upon the stage, but was chiefly known in the concert-room. Her father was a portrait-painter of good family, who had studied in Italy, was master of the Italian language, and very fond of music; but losing his sight, the daughter, much against her inclination in other respects, turned her own passion for music, which he had cultivated, into a means of living for the family. Dr. Burney, however, who has related the story at large after his gossiping fashion, shall give the account in his own words. The subject renders it interesting:—

'Mrs. Anastasia Robinson,' he tells us, 'was of a middling stature, not handsome, but of a pleasing modest countenance, with large blue eyes. Her deportment was easy, unaffected, and graceful. Her manner and address very engaging, and her behaviour, on all occasions, that of a gentle woman with perfect propriety. She was not only liked by all her acquaint-

* *Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century*, vol. ii. p. 583.

ance, but loved and caressed by persons of the highest rank, with whom she appeared always equal, without assuming. Her father's house in Golden Square was frequented by all the men of genius and refined taste of the times. Among the number of persons of distinction who frequented Mr. Robinson's house, and seemed to distinguish his daughter in a particular manner, were the Earl of Peterborough and General H——. The latter had shown a long attachment to her, and his attentions were so remarkable that they seemed more than the effects of common politeness; and as he was a very agreeable man and in good circumstances, he was favourably received, not doubting but that his intentions were honourable. A declaration of a very contrary nature was treated with the contempt it deserved, though Mrs. A. Robinson was very much prepossessed in his favour.

'Soon after this, Lord P—— endeavoured to convince her of his partial regard for her; but, agreeable and artful as he was, she remained very much upon her guard, which rather increased than diminished his admiration and passion for her. Yet still his pride struggled with his inclination; for all this time she was engaged to sing in public, a circumstance very grievous to her; but urged by the best of motives, she submitted to it in order to assist her parents, whose fortune was much reduced by Mr. Robinson's loss of sight, which deprived him of the benefit of his profession as a painter.

'At length Lord P—— made his declaration on honourable terms; he found it would be vain to make proposals on any other, and as he omitted no circumstance that could engage her esteem and gratitude, she accepted them, as she was sincerely attached to him. He earnestly requested her keeping it a secret till it was a more convenient time for him to make it known, to which she readily consented, having a perfect confidence in his honour. Among the persons of distinction that professed a friendship for Mrs. A. Robinson were the Earl and Countess of Oxford, daughter-in-law to the Lord Treasurer Oxford, who not only bore every public testimony of affection and esteem for Mrs. A. Robinson, but Lady Oxford attended her when she was privately married to the Earl of P——, and Lady P—— ever acknowledged her obligations with the warmest gratitude; and after Lady Oxford's death, she was particularly distinguished by the Duchess of Portland, Lady Oxford's daughter, and was always mentioned by her with the greatest kindness, for the many friendly offices she used to do her in her childhood, when in Lady Oxford's family, which made a lasting impression on the Duchess of Portland's noble and generous heart.

* * * * * *

'After the death of Mr. Robinson, Lord P—— took a house near Fulham, in the neighbourhood of his own villa at Parson's Green, where he settled Mrs. Robinson and her mother. They never lived under the same roof, till the earl, being seized with a violent fit of illness, solicited her to attend him at Mount Bevis, near Southampton, which she refused with firmness, but upon condition that, though still denied to take his name, she might be permitted to wear her wedding-ring; to which, finding her inexorable, he at length consented.

'His haughty spirit was still reluctant to the making a declaration that would have done justice to so worthy a character as the person to whom he was now united, and indeed, his uncontrollable temper, and high opinion of his own actions, made him a very awful husband, ill-suited to Lady

P——'s good sense, amiable temper, and delicate sentiments. She was a Roman Catholic, but never gave offence to those of a contrary opinion, though very strict in what she thought her duty. Her excellent principles and fortitude of mind supported her through many severe trials in her conjugal state. But at last he prevailed upon himself to do her justice, instigated, it is supposed, by his bad state of health, which obliged him to seek another climate; and she absolutely refused to go with him unless he declared his marriage. Her attendance upon him in his illness nearly cost her her life.

'He appointed a day for all his nearest relations to meet him at an apartment, over the gateway of St. James's Palace, belonging to Mr. Pointz, who was married to Lord Peterborough's niece, and at that time preceptor to Prince William, afterwards Duke of Cumberland. Lord P—— also appointed Lady P—— to be there at the same time. When they were all assembled, he began a most eloquent oration, enumerating all the virtues and perfections of Mrs. A. Robinson, and the rectitude of her conduct during his long acquaintance with her, for which he acknowledged his great obligations and sincere attachment, declaring he was determined to do her that justice which he ought to have done long ago, which was presenting her to all his family as his wife. He spoke this harangue with so much energy, and in parts so pathetically, that Lady P——, not being apprised of his intentions, was so affected that she fainted away in the midst of the company.

'After Lord P——'s death she lived a very retired life, chiefly at Mount Bevis, and was seldom prevailed on to leave that habitation, but by the Duchess of Portland, who was always happy to have her company at Bulstrode, when she could obtain it, and often visited her at her own house.

'Among Lord P——'s papers she found his memoirs, written by himself, in which he declared he had been guilty of such actions as would have reflected very much upon his character. For which reason she burnt them. This, however, contributed to complete the excellency of her principles, though it did not fail giving offence to the curious inquirers after anecdotes of so remarkable a character as that of the Earl of Peterborough.'*

Lord Peterborough was an extraordinary person in every respect, and very likely he perplexed not a little the faculties of poor Anastasia Robinson. But the perplexity was not all of his own creation. She must have known his reputation as a general lover before she married him; and though the vivacity of his temperament seems to have kept him young in a manner to the last, yet the disproportion of their ages was great enough to warrant a doubt of the disinterestedness of her acquiescence. Not that her heart might have been altogether unimpressed, especially by a sort of gratitude, for she appears to have been a really kind and gentle creature; and if Marmontel was young enough at fifty-six to win the affections of a young wife, and make her the grateful mother of a family, the lively conqueror of Spain, the most active man of his time, who had 'seen more

* Burney's *History of Music*, vol. iv.

princes and postilions than any man in Europe,' might have appeared no such frightful senior in the eyes of the flattered singer at fifty-seven; for it was at that age he appears to have first known her. Even at seventy-nine, when he died, the fire of his nature appeared so inexhaustible, that Pope exclaimed in astonishment, 'This man can neither live nor die like any one else.'* But then he was a conqueror, and an earl withal, and a rich man, and had a riband and star at his breast. *Chi sa?* as the good-natured Italians say, when a gossiping question is to be determined—Who knows? And so we take leave of the gallant Earl of Peterborough and the fair Anastasia.†

The ladies of quality now commence their example. On the 8th of January, 1739, the Lady Henrietta Herbert, widow of Lord Edward Herbert, second son of the Marquis of Powis, and daughter of James, first Earl of Waldegrave, was married to JOHN BEARD, the singer. We have a pleasure in stating the circumstance as formally as possible, for three reasons: first,

* See his interesting account of Peterborough's latter moments in one of his *Letters*.

† In the *Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*, lately edited by her great-grandson, Lord Wharncliffe, is the following specimen of the tattle of the day from the sprightly pen of her ladyship, who, for obvious reasons, is too much given to scandal, and willing to find fault. 'Would any one believe that Lady Holdernesse is a beauty and in love? and that Mrs. Robinson is at the same time a prude and a kept mistress? and these things in spite of nature and fortune. The first of these ladies is tenderly attached to the polite Mr. M. * * *, and sunk in all the joys of happy love, notwithstanding she wants the use of her two hands by a rheumatism, and he has an arm that he cannot move. I wish I could tell you the particulars of this amour, which seems to me as curious as that between two oysters, and as well worth the serious attention of the naturalist. The second heroine has engaged half the town in arms, from the nicety of her virtue, which was not able to bear the too near approach of Senesino in the opera, and her condescension in accepting of Lord Peterborough for a champion; who has signalised both his love and courage upon this occasion in as many instances as ever Don Quixote did for Dulcinea. Poor Senesino, like a vanquished giant, was forced to confess upon his knees, that Anastasia was a nonpareil of virtue and beauty. Lord Starr hope, as a dwarf to the said giant, joked on his side, and was challenged for his pains. Lord Delawar was Lord Peterborough's second; my lady miscarried; the whole town divided into parties on this important point. Innumerable have been the disorders between the two sexes on so great an account, besides half the House of Peers being put under an arrest. By the providence of Heaven, and the wise cares of his Majesty, no bloodshed ensued. However, things are now tolerably accommodated; and the fair lady rides through the town in triumph in the shining berlin of her hero, not to reckon the more solid advantage of 100*l.* a month, which 'tis said he allows her.'

because the marriage was a happy one; second, *because all mention of it is omitted in the Peerages*; and third, because Lord Wharncliffe, in his edition of the *Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*, above mentioned, designated Beard, we know not on what authority, as 'a man of very indifferent character.' Now it has ever been acknowledged by the common feelings of society, that the reputation of an honest man is the property of all who resemble him; and therefore his lordship, as one of them, was bound either to own himself mistaken in this matter, or inform us upon what ground he differed with the received opinion. We never met with a mention of Beard, in which his character was spoken of at all, without its being accompanied with high approbation, sometimes enthusiastic. We are not sure that, in the extracts we are about to make, we have not even missed the most glowing of the instances. The ensuing passage is from the *Gentleman's Magazine*:—

'Feb. 5th, 1791.—In his 75th year, at Hampton, where he has resided since his retirement from the stage, John Beard, Esq., formerly one of the proprietors and acting-manager of Covent Garden Theatre, and long a very eminent and popular singer, till the loss of his hearing disqualified him from performing. His first marriage is thus recorded on a handsome pyramidal monument in Pancras churchyard:—

'Sacred to the remains of Lady Henrietta Beard, only daughter of James Earl of Waldegrave. In the year 1734 she was married to Lord Edward Herbert, second son to the Marquis of Powis; by whom she had issue one daughter, Barbara, Countess of Powis. On the 8th of January, 1738-9, she became the wife of Mr. John Beard, who, during a happy union of fourteen years, tenderly loved her person, and admired her virtues; who sincerely feels and laments her loss; and must for ever revere her memory; to which he consecrates this monument.

'Ob. xxxi. Maii, MDCCLIII, æt. xxxvi.

'Requiescat in pace.'

'By this lady's death, a jointure of 600*l.* a year devolved to Earl Powis. He married, secondly, a daughter of Mr. Rich, patentee of Covent Garden Theatre, whose sister married, 1. Mr. Morris, 2. Mr. Horsley, brother to the Bishop of St. David's By the death of his father-in-law Mr. Rich, Mr. B. found himself in affluent circumstances, and his agreeable talents secured to him a circle of friends in his retirement. He has left legacies to the amount of 3,000*l.*; which, considering his expenses in his house at Hampton, and his hospitable manner of living, with the settlement on his widow, is almost the whole of his fortune; 100*l.* to the fund for decayed performers; and to Mr. Hull, his intimate friend and acquaintance, 50*l.* to buy a ring in memory of him. The following epitaph, probably by Mr. Hull,* has been sent by a correspondent:—

* It appears, from a subsequent passage, to have been written by Dr. Cousens, Rector of St. Gregory, Old Fish Street.

'"Satire, be dumb! nor dream the scenic art
Must spoil the morals, and corrupt the heart.
Here lies JOHN BEARD.
——— Confess with pensive pause
His modesty was great as our applause.
Whence had that voice such magic to control?
'Twas but the echo of a well-tun'd soul:
Through life his morals and his music ran
In symphony, and spoke the virtuous man.
Go, gentle harmonist! our hopes approve,
To meet and hear thy sacred songs above;
When taught by thee, the stage of life well trod,
We rise to raptures round the throne of God."'

Dr. Burney, speaking of Beard as a rival singer, says

'Lowe had sometimes a subordinate part given him; but with the finest tenor voice I ever heard in my life, for want of diligence and cultivation, he never could be safely trusted with anything better than a ballad, which he constantly learned by the ear; whereas Mr. Beard, with an inferior voice, constantly possessed the favour of the public, *by his superior conduct*, knowledge of music, and intelligence as an actor.' *

And in the *General Biographical Dictionary* is this cordial eulogy of him in *all* characters:—

'He was long the deserved favourite of the public; and whoever remembers the variety of his abilities, as actor and singer, in oratories and operas, both serious and comic, will testify to his having stood unrivalled in fame and excellence. This praise, however, great as it was, fell short of what his private merits acquired. He had one of the sincerest hearts joined to the most polished manners; he was a most delightful companion, whether as host or guest. His time, his pen, and purse were devoted to the alleviation of every distress that fell within the compass of his power, and through life he fulfilled the relative duties of a son, brother, guardian, friend, and husband, with the most exemplary truth and tenderness.'

'We hope here be proofs.'

In short, we fear his lordship must have taken a certain moral criticism for granted, with which his great-grandmother favoured one of her correspondents;—a perilous assumption at any time where Lady Mary is concerned, and the extremely vulgar style of which, in the present instance, one should think, might have warned off the better taste of the noble editor. The reader is here presented with it, as a *just-bearable* specimen of the way in which ladies of quality could write to one another in those days:—

* *History of Music*, vol. iv. p. 667.

'Lady Townshend has entertained the Bath with a variety of lively scenes; and Lady Harriet Herbert furnished the tea-tables here with fresh tattle for this last fortnight. I was one of the first informed of her adventure by Lady Gage, who was told that morning by a priest, that she had desired him to marry her the next day to Beard, who sings in the farce at Drury Lane. He refused her that good office, and immediately told Lady Gage, who (having been unfortunate in her friends) was frighted in this affair and asked my advice. I told her honestly, that since the lady was capable of such amours, I did not doubt if this was broke off she would bestow her person and fortune on some hackney-coachman or chairman; and that I really saw no method of saving her from ruin, and her family from dishonour, but by poisoning her, and offering to be at the expense of the arsenic, and even to administer it with my own hands if she would invite her to drink tea with her that evening. But on her not approving of that method, she sent to Lady Montacute, Mrs. Dunch, and all the relations within the reach of messengers. They carried Lady Harriet to Twickenham; though I told them it was a bad air for girls. She is since returned to London, and some people believe her married; others that he is too much intimidated by Mr. Waldegrave's threat to dare to go through the ceremony; but the secret is now public, and in what manner it will conclude I know not. Her relations have certainly no reason to be amazed at her constitution, but are violently surprised at the mixture of devotion that forces her to have recourse to the Church in her necessities; which has not been the road taken by the matrons of the family. Such examples are very detrimental to our whole sex; and are apt to influence the others into a belief that we are unfit to manage either liberty or money. These melancholy reflections make me incapable of a lively conclusion to my letter; you must accept of a very sincere one in the assurance

'That I am, dear madam,

'Inviolably yours, &c.'

We now come to one who was first a mistress, though subsequently a wife—LAVINIA FENTON, otherwise called Mrs. Beswick (Lavinia Fenton sounds like a stage-name). This actress was married in 1751 to Charles, third Duke of Bolton, on the decease of his Duchess, with whom he is said never to have cohabited. The Duke had had three children (all sons) by his mistress previously, but he had none when she became his wife; so that on his death in 1754, the title went to his brother.* He was then sixty-nine. He is described in his latter days by Horace Walpole, as an old beau, fair-complexioned, in a white wig, gallanting the ladies about in public. The Duchess was the original 'Polly' in the *Beggar's Opera*, and so much the rage in that character, that it was probably thought a feat in the gallant Duke to carry her off the stage. Her good qualities appear to have fixed a passion,

* In Sir Egerton Brydges' edition of Collins's *Peerage*, vol. ii. p. 386, published in the year 1812, is a list of the Duke's family by Mrs. Beswick.

created perhaps by vanity. It is said, that on his once threatening to leave her, she knelt and sang, 'Oh, ponder well' in a style so tender that he had not the heart to do it. She survived her husband till 1760, after behaving, according to Walpole, not so well in the character of widow as of wife. 'The famous Polly, Duchess of Bolton,' says he, in one of his letters, 'is dead, having, after a life of merit, relapsed into her *Pollyhood*. Two years ago, ill at Tonbridge, she pitched upon an Irish surgeon. When she was dying, this fellow sent for a lawyer to make her will; but the man, finding who was to be her heir instead of her children, refused to draw it. The Court of Chancery did furnish one other, not quite so scrupulous, and her three sons have but a thousand pounds apiece; the surgeon about nine thousand.'* This may be true, or it may be totally false. There is no trusting to these pieces of gossip; nor is any conclusion to be drawn from one part of a story, particularly a family one, till we know the other. Preposterous wills of all sorts are frequent; but 'a life of merit,' especially of kindly merit, is seldom closed by contradiction; and supposing the statement to be true, the Duchess may have had other reasons for leaving no more to her children. They were the Duke's as well as hers, and may have been already provided for; or she might have felt certain they would be so.

In addition to the words 'a life of merit,' as affecting the Duchess of Bolton, a strong, though negative testimony, both to the good behaviour of Beard towards his wife, and of Lavinia Fenton towards the Duke, in one whose memory was so sensitive on the point, is observable in the very silence maintained respecting them by Horace Walpole in a list of names we shall give presently, connected with those of whom we are going to speak. The first of these is MARY WOFFINGTON, sister of the celebrated Margaret; a name by which Horace's own pride was injured.

'I have been unfortunate in my own family,' says he, in another letter to the friend above mentioned; 'my nephew, Captain Cholmondeley, has married a player's sister; and I fear Lord Malpas' (his brother) 'is on the brink of marriage with another girl of no fortune. Here is a ruined family! their father totally undone, and all he has seized for debt.'† Lavinia Fenton and Mary Woffington appear to have been married the same

* *Letters to Sir Horace Mann*, vol. iii. p. 403.
† *Ib.*, vol. ii. p. 263.

year. Mary was a player herself as well as a 'player's sister;' at least, she is mentioned by a contemporary as having made her *début*.* Like her sister, she was handsome. The annoyance of her marriage to the husband's connexions must have been aggravated by Margaret's character, who, notwithstanding her talents and good qualities, had little delicacy. She was accustomed to preside at the Beef-steak Club in man's clothes; and had been Garrick's mistress. To crown all, her father had kept a huckster's shop. *Captain* Cholmondeley's fortunes, however, were mended after a fashion not uncommon to 'ruined' young officers of noble families, by his 'preferring an ecclesiastical to a military life.' He obtained two church livings; and to these contrived to add the lay office of Auditor-General of the Revenues of America.† The Captain had a numerous progeny by his wife, and we hear no more of her. But there appears to have been much amiableness in his offspring, from whichever party derived, perhaps from both. One of the daughters was the Miss Cholmondeley, who was killed by the overturning of the Princess Charlotte's carriage in 1806; and another was Lady Bellingham, wife of Sir William, the late Baronet, who has left their sisterly attachment on record. There is no saying how much good and happiness a real bit of love may have put into the family blood, from whatever source. Horace Walpole, with his fastidious celibacy (or whatever epithet might apply to it), left no children, merry or sad.

But we now come to the first unhappy marriage of this sort, known to have existed, and against which Horace had reason to lift up his voice. This was the union of Lady Elizabeth Bertie, daughter of the Earl of Abingdon, with Gallini the dancer, afterwards 'Sir John,' as he called himself; though it does not appear that this poor papal title of 'Knight of the Golden Spur' (however fit for his heel) was ever warranted to assume the English form of address.

Gallini, though a good dancer, or teacher of dancing, and a prosperous lessee of the Hanover Square Rooms, was nothing more. He was honest in his money dealings, and this appears to be the amount of his virtue. He was a shrewd man of the world, parsimonious, with nothing but a leg to go upon in matters of love; and that never turns out to be sufficient 'in the long run.' The lady and he lived asunder many years, and died

* *Apology for the Life of George Anne Bellamy*, vol. i. p. 44.

† Collins's *Peerage*, as above, vol. iv. p. 34.

asunder; he in 1805, aged seventy-one, and she in 1804 at eighty; so that, besides other unsuitableness, she was eight years his senior. Gallini had been her dancing master. Many ridiculous stories were in circulation respecting the honours which he counted upon in consequence of his marriage with a noble family. He imagined it would confer on him the title of lord. When the marriage became the subject of conversation, Dr. Burney overheard in the gangway of the Opera pit the following conversation:—A lady said to another, 'It is reported that one of the dancers is married to a woman of quality.' Gallini, who happened to be in the passage, said, 'Lustrissima, son io' ('I am the man, my lady.')—'And who are you?' demanded the lady.—'Eccellenza, mi chiamo Signor Gallini, *esquoire*.'* ('Your excellency, my name is Signor Gallini, *esquoire*.')

This was a bad business. Not such, though Horace Walpole was in despair about it, appears to have been the marriage of William O'Brien, comedian (styled, in the Peerages, William O'Brien, Esq. of Stinsford, Dorsetshire), with Lady Susan Strangeways (Fox), daughter of the Earl of Ilchester, in the year 1773. The outset of the affair, however, looked ill. The following is Walpole's account of it:—

'You will have heard of the sad misfortune that has happened to Lord Ilchester, by his daughter's marriage with O'Brien, the actor. But perhaps you do not know the circumstances, and how much his grief must be aggravated by reflection on his own credulity and negligence. The affair has been in train for eighteen months. The swain had learned to counterfeit Lady Sarah Bunbury's hand so well, that in the country Lord Ilchester has himself delivered several of O'Brien's letters to Lady Susan; but it was not till about a week before the catastrophe that the family was apprised of the intrigue. Lord Cathcart went to Miss Reade's the paintress. She said softly to him: "My lord, there is a couple in the next room, that I am sure ought not to be together; I wish your lordship would look in." He did, shut the door again, and went and informed Lord Ilchester. Lady Susan was examined, flung herself at her father's feet, confessed all, vowed to break off—but—what a but!—desired to see the loved object, and take a last leave. You will be amazed—even this was granted. The parting scene happened the beginning of the week. On Friday she came of age, and on Saturday morning—instead of being under lock and key in the country—walked downstairs, took her footman, said she was going to breakfast with Lady Sarah; but would call at Miss Reade's; in the street, pretended to recollect a particular cap in which she was to be drawn, sent the footman back for it, whipped into a hackney-chair, was married at Covent Garden Church, and set out for Mr. O'Brien's villa at Dunstable.

* *General Biographical Dictionary*, vol. iv. p. 427.

My Lady—my Lady Hertford! what say *you* to permitting young ladies to act plays, and go to painters by themselves?

'Poor Lord Ilchester is almost distracted; indeed it is the completion of disgrace—even a footman were preferable; the publicity of the hero's profession perpetuates the mortification. *Il ne sera pas milord tout comme un autre.* I could not have believed that Lady Susan would have stooped so low. She may, however, still keep good company, and say, *Nos numeri sumus.* Lady Mary Duncan, Lady Caroline Adair, Lady Betty Gallini,—the shopkeepers of next age will be mighty well born.' *

The Lady Mary Duncan, whose surname is thus contemptuously mentioned, was daughter of the Earl of Thanet, and married a *physician.* The husband of Lady Caroline Adair, a daughter of the Earl of Albemarle, was a *surgeon.*† In a book, printed at Harrisburg, in America, in the year 1811, and entitled *Memoirs of a Life chiefly passed in Pennsylvania within the last Sixty Years, &c.*, is an account of some inmates of a lodging-house at Philadelphia, among whom were Lady Susan O'Brien and her husband:—

'Another,' says the writer, 'was Lady Susan O'Brien, not more distinguished by her title, than by her husband who accompanied her, and had figured as a comedian on the London stage, in the time of Garrick, Mossop, and Barry. Although Churchill charges him with being an imitator of Woodward, he yet admits him to be a man of parts; and he has been said to have surpassed all his contemporaries in the character of the fine gentleman; in his easy manner of treading the stage; and particularly of drawing his sword, to which action he communicated a swiftness and a grace which Garrick imitated, but could not equal. O'Brien is presented to my recollection as a man of the middle height, with a symmetrical form, rather light than athletic. Employed by the father to instruct Lady Susan in elocution, he taught her, it seems, that it was no sin to love; for she became his wife and as I have seen it mentioned in the *Theatrical Mirror*, obtained for him, through the interests of her family, a post in America. But what this post was, or where it located him, I never heard.'‡

It thus appears that Lady Susan had at least love enough for her husband to accompany him to the other side of the globe;

* *Letters to the Earl of Hertford*, &c. p. 106.

† The same, to whom an article is devoted in the *Lounger's Common-Place Book.* For some curious accounts of Lady Mary Duncan's eccentricities and generosity, *see* Madame d'Arblay's *Memoirs of Dr. Burney.* The best of the joke, as regards her marriage, was, that the connexions of her husband the physician were not only as respectable as himself, but produced the famous naval warrior; on occasion of whose victory over the Dutch, Lady Mary exclaimed, 'Well, my honours, you see, are to come after all, from the Duncans.'

‡ *Memoirs of a Life*, &c., p. 56.

nor from Churchill's account of O'Brien would it seem that he was unworthy of it:—

> 'Shadows behind of Foote and Woodward came;
> Wilkinson this, O'Brien was that name:
> Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,
> That even shadows have their shadows too.
> With not a single comic power endued,
> The first a mere mere mimic's mimic stood;
> The last, *by nature form'd to please*, who shows
> In Jonson's Stephen, which way *genius* grows,
> Self quite put off, affects, with too much art,
> To put on Woodward in each mingled part;
> Adopts his shrug, his wink, his stare; nay, more,
> His voice, and croaks: for Woodward croak'd before.
> When a dull copier simple grace neglects,
> And rests his imitation in defects,
> We readily forgive; but such vile arts
> Are double guilt in men of real parts.'—ROSCIAD.

O'Brien is here not only styled a man of parts, but is said to have shown 'genius,' and to have been 'by nature formed to please;' which seems to imply that he was both well looking and agreeable. And his very propensity, under these circumstances, to imitate another rather than trust to his own powers, argues at least no superabundance of that metal upon which the faces of Irishmen have been complimented.

The union which, of all those of professional origin, seemed to promise most for felicity, that of ELIZABETH LINLEY with the subsequently famous Sheridan, is understood to have had but an ill result. The lady, daughter of Linley, the composer, was beautiful, accomplished, and a fine singer; the gentleman, a wit, a man of courage, and with, apparently, a bright and prosperous life before him. He had fought for her with a rival, under circumstances of romantic valour; and no one appeared every way so fit to carry off the warbling beauty, since he could alike protect her with the sword, and write songs fit for her to warble. But Sheridan, with all his talents, was not provident enough to save a wife from ordinary disquietudes, nor (for aught that has appeared) had he steadiness of heart enough to make her happy in spite of them; and Miss Linley, besides the vanity perhaps natural to a flattered beauty, and therefore a craving for admiration, wanted economy herself, and had a double portion of sensibility. It is to be doubted, whether the author of the *Rivals* and the *School for Scandal* possessed the sentiment of love in any

proportion to the animal passion of it. An harmonious nature probably left no sympathy out of the composition of his wife. The result, chiefly as it affected their fortunes, has been intimated by Madame d'Arblay in very solemn, head-shaking style. The less bounded sympathy of a poet (Thomas Moore) has, if we are not mistaken, delicately touched upon the remainder of the story somewhere; but we cannot find the passage, and it is not material to the purpose before us.

It was looked upon, no doubt, as a far less daring thing to take a wife from the concert-room than the theatre, especially as Miss Linley had not long been in it, and the precedent of Anastasia Robinson had been redeemed by the grace and propriety of her manners. But a female was now to appear on the stage, and in comedy too, who by her singular fitness for personating the character of a gentlewoman, was justly accorded the rank of one by common consent;—so much so, that her marriage into high life seems to have taken off the worst part of the opprobrium from all similar unions in future. We allude to Elizabeth Farren, who, in the year 1797, upon the death of his first Countess, was married to Edward, Earl of Derby, father of the present Earl. His lordship was neither young nor handsome; the lady was prudent; quietly transferred her elegant manners from the stage to the drawing-room, and the public heard no more of her.

This sensible example on the part of the lady was followed by those whom it had probably assisted towards the like exaltation. In 1807, Louisa Brunton was married to the late Earl Craven, by whom she was mother to the present; and like Miss Farren she disappeared into private life. We recollect her as being what is called a fine woman, and one that had lady-like manners, carried to a pitch of fashionable indifference. She would sometimes, for instance, twist about a leaf, or bit of thread, between her lips while speaking, by way of evincing her naturalness, or *nonchalance*. She was sister of the respectable actor of that name, and aunt of Mrs. Yates, the admirable performer of *Victorine*.

In the same year, Miss Searle (we know not her Christian name, which is a pity, considering that she was one of the delights of our boyish eyes) became the wife of Robert Heathcote, Esq., brother of Sir Gilbert; and vanished like her predecessors. She was a dancer, but of great elegance, with a rare look of lady-like self-possession, which she contrived to preserve without injuring

a certain air of enjoyment fitting for the dance It was this union that captivated us.

The Beggar's Opera now put a coronet on the brows of another Polly :—at least, this character, we believe, was the one which chiefly brought forward the gentle attractions of MARY CATHERINE BOLTON, called also *Polly* Bolton, who, in 1813, became the wife of Lord Thurlow, nephew of the first Lord Thurlow, the Judge, and what is more, a true poet, notwithstanding the fantastical things he mixed up with his poetry. There are passages in them of the right inspired sort—remote in the fancy, yet close to feeling,—and worthy to stand in the first rank of modern genius. We fear he made but too poetical a consort, richer in the article of mind than money; but if he had a poet's kindness, and her ladyship heart enough to understand him (as her look promised), she may still have been happy. We know nothing further of his lordship or his marriage, except that the present lord is the result.

We have no records before us to show when Mr. Beecher, a gentleman of fortune, married the celebrated tragic actress, Miss O'NEIL; nor when Mr. Bradshaw, another, married Miss TREE, one of the truest of the representatives of Shakspeare's gentler heroines, albeit there was something a little fastidious in her countenance. The latest of these unions, Mrs. Coutts's marriage to the Duke of St. Albans, came the first under our notice; and therefore we shall now conclude with some general remarks on the spirit of this custom of wedding with the stage, and the light in which it ought to be regarded.

And this simply concentrates itself, we conceive, into one point; which is, that the theatrical world no more renders a person unworthy of the highest and happiest fortune, if the individual has been unspoilt by it, *than the world of fashion does*. See what has transpired in the course of this article, respecting people of fashion, and let anyone ask himself whether it would be fairer to say, 'Don't take a wife or husband from the stage,' than 'Don't take one from the world of fashion.' Mrs. Bradshaw was of unexceptionable character; Lady Peterborough was unexceptionable; Beard was unexceptionable; so was O'Brien, for ought we know to the contrary; so was Miss Linley, Miss Farren, Miss Brunton, Miss Searle, Miss Bolton, Miss O'Neil, Miss Tree. Really the stage, instead of a sorry figure on these occasions, presents, upon the whole, an excellent one; and considering its comparative smallness, and inferior education, may put its fashionable friend on the defensive!

We have seen what sort of a character for 'moral restraint' Lord Peterborough had, who, with all his valour, was so frightened at the idea of introducing an honest gentlewoman into the great world! and yet this was a world which would have made him laugh in your teeth, if you had given it credit for any one virtue! But so enormous was the honour to be bestowed on her by giving her his name, that he found it hardly endurable to think of. He postponed it till he stood between heaven and earth, dying, and when it just became possible to see such distinctions in their true light; an Earl being, after all, 'a little lower than the angels!' One of Lord Peterborough's grand-aunts was the Duchess of Norfolk, who caused so much scandal in the year 1700, and who after her divorce married Sir John Germain; a man so ignorant, that it was a joke against him in the fashionable world to pretend that he left a legacy to Sir Matthew Decker, as believing him to be the author of St. Matthew's Gospel!

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is scandalised at the marriage of Lady Henrietta Herbert with Beard; and she contrives that the question shall be begged against the bridegroom by her very descendant. But what sort of a life was Lady Mary's! and how must the noble editor have felt in recording it? What sort of language did she use? and what did she really think of these vivacities of temperament in other people and in *herself*, which she assumes in the case of Lady Henrietta, and only thinks objectionable because legalised with an actor? Here's a chaos of conventional morality! But 'Lady Mary,' it may be said, was an exception; she was a genius, flighty, and 'all that.' Well, her father was a man of pleasure; her successor in the Dukedom of Kingston another, or an imbecile; and her own son another, eccentric beyond herself. And as to her husband's relatives, the Montagues (with no disparagement to the better part of them), see what is said of them in Pepys, in Grammont, &c., down to the times of 'Jemmy Twitcher' and Miss Ray. 'Jemmy Twitcher' is not a nickname given on the stage in a farce. It is one of the numerous sallies of the anti-theatrical tongue of fashion. 'Jemmy Twitcher' was John Montagu, fourth Earl of Sandwich, and First Lord of the Admiralty, famous for having a mistress who did not love him, and for playing the kettle-drum. Compare him with any given player of kettle-drums in an orchestra, who can get a living by it, and has a mistress that loves him. Which of the two has the right to look down on the other?

We do not wish to be getting scandalous, even retrospectively.

Our sole object is to admonish scandal, and vindicate justice. Lady Henrietta Herbert's own family, the Waldegraves, produced excellent people, nor do we mean to blame them for having had natural children among their ancestors, and yet even a conventional moralist, standing up for his principles, is bound to ask, why an honest player was to be despised by them, while they thought it an honour to be descended from the illegitimate offspring of princes and ministers? Lady Henrietta's name came to her from her grandmother Henrietta Churchill, daughter of James the Second by the sister of the famous Duke of Marlborough; which great General, by the way, is understood to have owed his first advancement in life to the favours of the Duchess of Cleveland, mistress of James's brother. On whichever side one turns in the great world, one meets with lessons against the stone-throwers among them. The 'glass-houses' are innumerable. It is a city of fragility; and the theatres, we must say, teaching the humanities of Shakspeare, cut a solid figure in the perspective. We do not wonder at the 'great world,' nor blame it, at long as it is considerate to others. Its faults are among the natural consequences of the refinement of civilization; and the glass, it is to be hoped, will consolidate itself somehow or other into a nobler material. But we must proceed with our case.

Poor flimsy, witty, wise, foolish, aristocratical, old-bachelor Horace Walpole is shocked at his nephew marrying an actress who brought him good children, and at Lady Susan Fox's running away with William O'Brien, 'by nature formed to please.' Why, the Foxes themselves nobly as they have been allied, and higher as their blood has been carried by intellect, originated in a singing-boy (Stephen Fox); and who that loves the open nature of Charles Fox, or the indulgent paternity of his father, or the many admirable qualities of the late Lord Holland, or any other real virtues in this or any family in high life, would willingly rake up whatsoever faults might be found mixed with them, to the chance of being considered a hypocrite and a fop, if such a man as Horace Walpole would but leave other people's virtues alone, and not take up a *bâton sinister* to lay it over the shoulders of the untitled? Horace's own friends and relations, including his father and mother, were tattled of in their day, in connexion with all sorts of moral offences, gallantry in particular. Divorces and natural children, and open scandal, were rife among them. It was doubted by some, whether Horace himself was his father's

own son! Yet we do not find the prince of gossips crying out against these things with the grief and agitation that afflict him at an honest marriage with the green-room. He makes pastime of them with his correspondents,—mere 'fun and drollery.' But in an actress! or in a Duchess who has been an actress! *That* he calls relapsing into her 'Pollyhood.'

Swift, on the other hand, did not wait for Duchesses to have been actresses, in order to think they might rank among the lowest of the sex. He speaks, in one of his letters, of having been at a party the night before, where he saw my lady this and that, the 'Duchess' of something, and '*other drabs*!' Nay, Horace himself might have said this, when in another humour; but here is one of the preposterous assumptions of the 'great world,' or rather the very heart of its mystery;—it is to be allowed to rail at itself, as much as it will, and for all sorts of basenesses, while simply to *be* the great world gives it a virtue above virtue, which no plebeian goodness is to think of approaching.

Since Walpole's time, the spread of education, and the general rise of most ranks in knowledge (for the highest, with sullen folly, seem to think any addition to their stock unnecessary), have rendered it almost as ridiculous to make this sort of lamentation over a marriage with the green-room, as it would be to think of showing anything but respect to one with the learned professions. The Pepyses and Halfords have delivered the 'faculty' from the 'prohibited degrees;' and few would be surprised nowadays, at hearing that a Lawrence or a Carlisle had married the daughter of a nobleman. Almost as little does anyone think of the Lady Derbys and Cravens with a feeling of levity or surprise. The staid conduct and previous elegance of a succession of coroneted actresses has tranquilly displaced the old barriers, which it shook the poor fashionable world to the soul to see touched; and by one of those curious compromises with morality, which always existed in that quarter, and betrayed its want of dignity, the riches and high title of the great banker's widow have strengthened rather than diminished the effect of unequivocal virtue itself, and left the stage in possession of the most unbounded rights of expectation. When an actress of celebrity now marries, the surprise of the public is, that she puts up with a private gentleman. Wealth is power, and power is everything with the gratuitously meritorious. It is not indeed to be despised by anybody, inasmuch as it is substantial and effective; and hence the delusion of those who,

because they are in possession of the remains of it, fancy they inherit it for ever, undiminished by the encroachments of the power derived from that very knowledge which, after all, is the only basis of their own, and which is sliding from under their proud and careless feet. Some real superiority, was it only in bodily strength or cunning, was the first exaltation of men above their fellows. The advantages derived from it gradually secured to them those of the superiority of knowledge; and a feeling has been increasing of later years, that knowledge and accomplishments, and the moral graces that attend them, now make the only real difference between the pretensions of decent people. 'The shopkeepers of the next age,' says Horace Walpole, in a sneer which now recoils on his memory, 'will be mightily well born.' They are better than that;—they are mightily well educated;—that is to say, their children are brought up to be as accomplished and well behaved as those of their quondam superiors; and hence has arisen a change in society, which, if it has not yet completed the justice to be done in like manner to all classes (far, God knows, from it!), has at any rate put an end to the fine marriageable distinctions between a gentlewoman off the stage, whose attractions lie in the tombs of her ancestors, and a gentlewoman on it who delights the eyes and understandings of thousands. The fair fames of the Derbys and Cravens, and the novels of Gore and Blessington, have avenged the vulgar insults offered to the sisters of the stage by the dimireps of the days of Walpole and Montagu.*

* By a singular forgetfulness we have omitted one name in our list, well known in the annals of beauty and a trying life. But the omission is as well; considering that society is not yet in a condition to do thorough justice to the victims of its perplexities.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU:

AN ACCOUNT OF HER LIFE AND WRITINGS.*

A PARTY OF WITS AND BEAUTIES—LADY LOUISA STUART'S INTRODUCTORY ANECDOTES—LADY MARY'S RECOMMENDATION RESPECTING MARRIAGE —HER EARLY LIFE AND STUDIES — MARRIES MR. WORTLEY — THE UNION NOT HAPPY — HER INTRODUCTION AT COURT, AND CURIOUS ADVENTURE THERE WITH MR. CRAGGS—ACCOMPANIES HER HUSBAND IN HIS EMBASSY TO CONSTANTINOPLE—EXCELLENCE OF HER LETTERS FROM TURKEY — PORTRAITS OF HER — CONJUGAL INSIGNIFICANCE OF MR. WORTLEY—POPE'S UNFORTUNATE PASSION DISCUSSED—LADY MARY THE INTRODUCER OF INOCULATION INTO ENGLAND — SHE SEPARATES FROM MR. WORTLEY, AND RESIDES ABROAD FOR TWENTY-TWO YEARS— REASON OF THAT SOJOURN—HER ADDICTION TO SCANDAL—MORALITY OF THAT DAY—QUESTION FOR MORAL PROGRESS—ALLEGED CONDUCT OF LADY MARY ABROAD—HER RETURN TO HER NATIVE COUNTRY— HER LAST DAYS AND CURIOUS ESTABLISHMENT—CHARACTER OF WORTLEY, JUN.—SPECIMEN OF LADY MARY'S WIT AND GOOD WRITING; AND SUMMARY OF HER CHARACTER.

To have a new edition of 'Lady Mary,' with new particulars of her life, new letters, and a new portrait, is like seeing her come back again in *propriâ personâ*, together with the circles in which she flourished. We perceive a rustling of hoop-petticoats about us, a fluttering of fans, an obeisance of perukes. We behold her in the bloom of her ascendancy, the most prominent object in a party of wits and beauties, talking perhaps with Prior or with Congreve, and putting him to all his resources of repartee. The conversation would be thought a little 'bold' for these times. Miss Howe and Miss Bicknell, nevertheless, are laughing outright; my Lady Winchelsea is smiling, and so is Mrs. Howard, for all her staid eyes. Steele, pretending not to see Addison, is about to say something which shall turn the equivoque into an elegance, comfortable to all parties; Addison is pretending not to hear; and Pope, with his lean earnest face and fine eyes, is standing behind her ladyship's chair, too happy to be able to screen his person and to have the advantage of her in point of

* From the *Westminster Review* for 1837. Occasioned by Lord Wharncliffe's edition of her *Letters*, &c.

height; while he is meditating to whisper a sentence in her ear, fervid with passion she laughs at.

Alas! that neither he nor she should become the happier for all this drawing-room delight; that she, by her sarcasm and self-committals, or whatever it was, should be driven into a long exile; and that he, from the most loving of her flatterers, should become the bitterest of her denouncers, and render his hatred as well as love immortal! And yet why lament? All who have any solid pretensions make out their case somehow, both of repute and consolation. The little, crooked, despised person became the 'prince of the poets of his time,' acknowledged by all, and nursed by many affections instead of one; and the over-flattered and presumptuous fine lady—the Duke's daughter, wit, and beauty—forced upon solitude and self-reflection, found less uneasy resources in books and gardens, and the love of a daughter of her own; besides knowing that she should leave writings behind her admired by all the world, and the reputation of a benefactress of her species.

The present edition of her ladyship's works is by far the best that has appeared, for it contains additional information respecting herself, and a great deal of new matter from her pen, besides correcting inaccuracies and supplying omitted names. Many letters are brought forward in which the former series was deficient; and we have entirely new sets addressed to the Countesses of Pomfret and Oxford and Sir James Stuart and his lady, besides a paper *On the State of Parties, at the Accession of George the First*, by Mr. Wortley; *An account of the Court* at the same period, by Lady Mary herself; a curious *Appendix* respecting an extraordinary charge against her; and a very interesting set of *Introductory Anecdotes*, written, as a contemporary informs the public, by her grand-daughter, Lady Louisa Stuart, daughter of George the Third's first favourite, the Earl of Bute; a lady who has taken up her pen in her eightieth year, as if on purpose to give us a pleasing verification of what the noble editor thinks of her—namely, that 'a ray of Lady Mary's talent has fallen upon one of her descendants.' Till we received this information from our contemporary, we fancied that the anecdotes were the production of the editor's cousin, Dr. Corbett, of whom he has shown a handsome anxiety to let us know that we are mainly indebted to him for the appearance of the edition. We must also not omit noticing, that the volumes, besides a new portrait of Lady Mary in her Eastern costume, contain those of

Wortley her husband; of his sister Miss Wortley; of Wortley, junior, with his flighty eyes, dressed like a Turk; and of her ladyship's daughter, the Countess of Bute, looking singularly old and plain, after her dashing young mother in the frontispiece.

We are sorry we cannot but add, that the edition, with all this new interest, is not as complete, accurate, or well arranged as it might have been, and that many notes are still wanting, while some might have been spared; as the *information* respecting Smollett for instance (vol. iii. p. 106), and the slur (vol. ii. p. 218) on the character of Beard the singer, which, from all we ever read of him, we believe to be the reverse of fact. It would also have been as well if the fair and venerable writer of the anecdotes had spared, in Christian charity, and especially in a set of remarks so considerate to the fame of one lady, the reproaches intimated against another in page 51; a woman who was certainly not less conscientious than her ladyship's ancestor, whether her opinions were right or wrong, and who suffered severely for those opinions, and was born during a period of conflicting principles. It is curious to see how difficult it is for the most estimable individuals in high life to avoid giving way to a spirit of scandal and sarcasm—so beset are they with occasions for it. But above all, in this collection of the 'Works' of Lady Mary, what has become of the '*Treatise*' which Spence mentions as existing on two very curious subjects, and which, from the silence of the noble editor, we may suppose to be existing still? 'It was from the custom of the Turks,' said her ladyship in a conversation with Spence, 'that I first thought of a septennial bill for the benefit of married people, and of the advantages that might arise from our wives having no portions'—*Spence's Anecdotes* (Singer's edition, p. 231). Upon which, saith the ingenuous Spence, 'that lady's little treatise upon these two subjects is very prettily written, and has very uncommon arguments in it. She is very strenuous for both these tenets,—that every married person should have the liberty of declaring every seventh year, whether we choose to continue to live together in that state for another seven years, or not: and she also argues, that if women had nothing but their own good qualities and merit to recommend them, it would make them more virtuous, and their husbands more happy, than in the present marketing-way among us. She seems very earnest and serious on the subject, and wishes the legislature would take it under their consideraon, and regulate those two points by her system.'—*Ibid.* Now,

why, in these legislative times, should we miss the very legislative history treatise, especially upon a subject in which the ladies are so much considered, upon which they are not soon likely to have so plain-spoken an advocate? Finally, it would have completed the rich look of the edition, and its retrospective merits compared with others, if it had included Dallaway's two portraits of Lady Mary, one in her girlhood, and the other after Sir Godfrey Kneller, together with the fac-similes he gave of the handwritings of herself and Pope, Fielding, and Addison, &c. An edition intended to be final can hardly be too comprehensive. Even the whole of the little reports of conversation in Spence should have been met with; and still more desirable was the account given of Lady Mary on her return to England, by Mrs. Montagu, since it fills up an obvious gap, and one that demands supply. It shall be furnished in the course of the present article. In fact, as the best means of satisfying the curiosity newly excited in the public by the appearance of these volumes, we purpose to throw the chief part of the article into a biographical shape,—thus affording the most complete and regular account of this extraordinary woman which, after all, has yet been furnished, and bringing into play, as we go, the information newly contributed, and the reflections to which it gives rise. At the end of it we shall extract some of the choicest morsels we can find of her wit and good sense; and conclude with what appears to us to be an impartial summary of her character, both as a writer and a woman.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, eldest daughter of Evelyn Pierrepont, then Earl of Kingston, afterwards Marquis of Dorchester and Duke of Kingston; and of Lady Mary Fielding, daughter of William the third Earl of Denbigh, was born at Thorseby, in Nottinghamshire, in the year 1690. She had two sisters by the same parents (for the Duke had two other daughters by a second wife), and one brother, who died during his father's lifetime, and whose son became second and last Duke of Kingston. One of the sisters married John Earl of Gower, and the other John Earl of Mar; which latter is the one to whom she addressed some of her best letters. Both on father's and mother's side, Lady Mary came of a stirring race; for the Pierreponts and Fieldings took active parts in the civil war, and under painful circumstances of family divisions, two brothers among the former having chosen different sides; and among the latter, a father and son. But there was genius as well as activity in her blood. The

mother of Beaumont the dramatist was a Pierrepont; and, curiously enough, Lady Mary, in another Beaumont of Coleorton (the same stock), had a common ancestor with Villiers, the witty Duke of Buckingham, who was her great-uncle. The noble editor does not mention these particulars; but surely they are not uninteresting, considering the names concerned, particularly in connection with such a woman. Since the alarming discovery of the Frenchman, that, at a certain remove, every individual of a nation is related to everybody else (so that anyone who can trace his family at all, may select the Duke or Prince he chooses to be descended from), it will produce a little closer satisfaction to notice the near relationship between Lady Mary and Henry Fielding, who was her second-cousin. It is not so pleasant to observe the distance, which circumstances doubtless, rather than her own inclination, kept up between them; the author of *Tom Jones*, though a friend of hers, and treated as such, still being a sort of humble one, and addressing her in his letters with the greatest ceremony. It is true, this was more in the state of the age than it is at present; but Fielding was the poor son of the poor son of a younger brother; while she, though his cousin by the mother's side, was a Duke's daughter. It is lucky that poverty did not separate them much farther. It was told the other day of the late Duke of Norfolk, that he proposed to give a dinner to all the Howards he could bring together, who were lineally descended from 'Jockey of Norfolk,' the first Duke; but after finding if we are not mistaken) several hundreds, they came upon him by such shoals, out of lanes and alleys, and all sorts of homely modes of life, that he was fain to back in alarm out of his project.

The Fieldings, till Henry came up to mend the reputation, were not thought very clever. Lady Mary says they were all called 'fair and foolish!' This may account for an anecdote reported of the great novelist—that being asked by the then Earl of Denbigh, how he came to write Fielding with the *i* first, when the Earl and the rest of his kindred wrote it with the *e*, he said he really could not inform his lordship, unless it was that he was the first of the family that knew how to spell.

The last Duke of Kingston, who appears to have been a kind but weak man, was the subject of town-talk in connection with his widow, Miss Chudleigh, who, before she married him, had become the wife, in private, of the Hon. Augustus Hervey, afterwards Earl of Bristol. The Pierrepont family is now represented

by Earl Manvers, whose ancestor, Mr. Meadows, married his grace's sister and heir, Lady Frances. But as a Wortley, Lady Mary has numerous descendants living, through the Earl of Bute, who married her daughter; and it is pleasant to see those of opposite parties contributing to the success of her works. Her ladyship was a Whig; but Lord Wharncliffe, a Tory, is proud to be her editor, and to style himself in the title-page, her great-grandson; and in the same degree of relationship stands Lord Dudley Stuart, a Liberal, to whom the noble editor pays his acknowledgments for the free use of letters and papers. The wife of Lord Dudley is the daughter of the Prince of Canino, Lucien Bonaparte. Here is a curious mixture of bloods! Villierses, Beaumonts, Lady Marys, Stuarts, and Bonapartes! But in comes the disenchanting Frenchman, and scatters the colours of heraldry wide as heaven does the flowers, or the gules and azure are scattered in the cheeks and eyes of bumpkins.

At four years of age, our heroine lost her mother, a special misfortune most probably in her case; for a certain habitual want of feminine self-restraint was the cause of much from which she afterwards suffered. Her grandmother, however, a very sensible woman, seems to have done something towards supplying the maternal duties. Lady Mary's mother, grandmother, and herself, had the same nurse, who did her best to render one of them, and probably all three, weak and superstitious; yet all seems to have escaped the infection; though why such intelligent women retained her in the family, we are not told. Lady Mary compares her father and mother to Sir Thomas and Lady Grandison, in Richardson's novel. This paints their characters at once; the lady a most excellent woman, at once reasonable and cordial; the gentleman a very disagreeable person, between a formalist and a man of pleasure, exacting submission from others, practising none himself, and letting most matters take their course as long as they did not interfere with his ease. Accordingly, having provided his son with a teacher of languages, he left the boy to his tutor, and his daughter to her nurse and governess; and Lady Mary's understanding being so much better than that of her instructress, scrambled, as it were, by the side of her brother's advantages, and bore away some of his Latin, and perhaps a smattering of Greek; and this appears to be the amount of the classical education which, Dr. Dallaway says, her father gave her. Lady Mary's own account of her education was, that it was 'one of the worst in the world, being exactly the same as Clarissa

Harlowe's.' The very fact, however, of its being one of the worst, contributed, under the circumstances, to render it one of the best, with the exception of something more feminine. The understanding, discovering its strength by the weakness which it detected in others, threw off its trammels, and secured itself a healthier growth; and to this vindication of its natural independence, and the child's unusual and miscellaneous reading, may be traced that unflinching good sense, and toleration of other creeds and opinions, for which the author of the letters became remarkable.

But if Lady Mary's father was not of a nature to be very fond of her, or do her much good, he could be very proud of her, and help to excite her vanity. The effect of the following well-painted scene probably remained with her for life, though, to a mind like hers, not without its good as well as evil:—

'As a leader of the fashionable world, and a strenuous Whig in party, he (Lord Kingston) of course belonged to the Kit-Kat Club. One day, at a meeting to choose toasts for the year, a whim seized him to nominate her, then not eight years old, a candidate; alleging that she was far prettier than any lady on the list. The other members demurred, because the rules of the Club forbade them to elect a beauty whom they had never seen. "Then you shall see her!" cried he; and he, in the gaiety of the moment, sent orders home to have her finely dressed, and brought to him at the tavern; where she was received with acclamations, her claim unanimously allowed, her health drank by everyone present, and her name engraved, in due form, upon a drinking-glass. The company consisted of some of the most eminent men in England; she went from the lap of one poet, or patriot, or statesman, to the arms of another; was feasted with sweetmeats, overwhelmed with caresses, and, what perhaps pleased her better than either, heard her wit and beauty loudly extolled on every side. Pleasure, she said, was too poor a word to express her sensations; they amounted to ecstasy. Never again, throughout her whole future life, did she pass so happy a day. Nor indeed could she; for the love of admiration, which this scene was calculated to excite or increase, could never again be so fully gratified; there is always some alloying ingredient in the cup, some drawback upon the triumphs of grown people. Her father carried on the frolic, and, we may conclude, confirmed the taste, by giving her a picture painted for the Club-room, that she might be enrolled a regular toast.'—p. 5.

Our little woman of letters (for such she had now been regularly installed) read all the books she could lay her hands on,—poetry, philosophy, romances. She was so fond of the romances of the old French school, *Cleopatra*, *Cassandra*, &c., that in a blank page in one of them (the *Astrea*) she has written, 'in her fairest youthful hand, the names and characteristic qualities of the chief personages,'—as, 'the beautiful Diana, the volatile

Climene, the melancholy Doris,' &c., to the amount of two long columns. Her first known poetic effusion, agreeably to this taste, which delighted in mixing up the classics with love, was an *Epistle from Julia to Ovid*, which she wrote at the age of twelve. It exhibits so nice an apprehension of the reigning melody in verse, and the complimentary cant of gallantry, that if the authoress at twelve had not probably been as matured in her faculties as most young ladies at twenty, she might be suspected of having given it some after-touches:—

'Are love and power incapable to meet?
And must they all be wretched who are great?
Enslaved by titles, and by forms confined,
For wretched victims to the state designed?

* * * * *

'O love! though pleasure never dearly bought;
Whose joys exceed the very lover's thought;
Of that soft passion, when *you* teach the art,

(she is here turning from love to her lover)

'In gentle sounds it steals into the heart;
With such sweet magic does the soul surprise,
'Tis only taught us better by your eyes.'

This is exactly the style in which Dryden would have addressed Lady Castlemain, or Garth (one of the Kit-Kat Club) have written verses to her own beauty on the drinking-glasses. Perhaps in selecting the daughter of Augustus for her heroine, she had an eye to her own rank; and the 'Ovid' she thought of may have been one of the Club,—great versifiers of him and his epistles.

We next find her, at the age of fourteen, complaining that truth is not to be found either in courts or in 'sanctuaries.' At fifteen she has a project of an *English nunnery*! and at twenty she translates the austere *Epictetus*, no doubt from the Latin version, under the eye of her friend, Bishop Burnet. Writing to her daughter, Lady Bute, forty years afterwards, she says of the nunnery project, in allusion to the commendation of such a plan by Richardson:—

'It was a favourite scheme of mine when I was fifteen; and had I then been mistress of an independent fortune, I would certainly have executed it, and elected myself lady-abbess. There would you and your ten children have been lost for ever.'

And in a subsequent letter she observes,—

'Lady Stafford (who knew me better than anybody else in the world, both from her own just discernment, and my heart being ever as open to her as myself) used to tell me, that my true vocation was a monastery; and I now find, by experience, more sincere pleasure with my books and garden, than all the flutter of a court could give me.'

That may be, and yet the threatened non-existence of poor Lady Bute and her ten children have been a non-sequitur. Lady Stafford was the daughter of the famous Count de Grammont and *la belle Hamilton*; and her ladyship, backed also by 'experience,' and the perusal of *Boccaccio*, another lover of books and gardens, might have told her friend, that by a vocation for a nunnery, she certainly did not mean a nunnery of a very rigid order. The love of books and gardens, of influence in childhood, and repose in old age, most assuredly does not inply an indifference to any other pleasure in due season; nor did Lady Mary's monastic tendencies end in proving that it did. She became, in fact, as pretty an inhabitant of Rabelais' Abbey of the *Thelemites* as will and pleasure could desire.

Nevertheless, we cannot help thinking, that there was one period of her life, now approaching, at which it depended upon the turn of a die, whether our heroine's vivacities might not all have compressed themselves, not indeed into a lady-abbess, but into a very good lady-wife. It really does seem to us that she only required to be a little better matched, in order to have met the comforts, or mutual good will and humanities of the wedded life more than half way; and that if the chief causes of a separation lay finally at her door (as they probably did), they began with the impatience and inattention of the party who has the staider repute.

Among the early female friends of Lady Mary was Miss, or (as it was then the custom to call unmarried ladies) Mrs. Anne Wortley, sister of Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu, whose father, Sidney, one of the sons of the well-known Earl of Sandwich (Pepys' hero), had added the name of Wortley to that of Montagu, in consequence of his marriage with an heiress. Edward Wortley, who was not a man of gallantry, and had taken no pains to cultivate even a favourite sister's acquaintance, happened one day to meet with Lady Mary Pierrepont in her apartments, and was so struck with her wit as well as beauty, and charmed with the unusual accomplishment of a regard

for his favourite classics, that in a few days he made her a present of a superb edition of *Quintus Curtius;*—no very gallant author, but one whom she had mentioned as having never read. The present was even accompanied with some verses, not very good, but quite glowing enough from a person of his character to amount to a 'declaration of love.' His sister fanned the flame with all her might; and a correspondence ensued, the nature and consequence of which are thus narrated in the *Introductory Anecdotes*:—

'How soon this declaration of love in verse was followed by one in prose does not appear; but Mrs. Anne Wortley grew more eloquent in Lady Mary's praise, and more eagerly desirous of her correspondence. No wonder; since the rough draft of a letter in her brother's hand, indorsed "For my sister to Lady M. P." betrays that he was the writer, and she only the transcriber, of professions and encomiums that sound extravagant as addressed by one woman to another. But she did not live to be long the medium through which they passed; a more direct correspondence soon began, and was continued after her decease. When married, Mr. Wortley and Lady Mary agreed to put by and preserve as memorials of the days of courtship, all their letters; a curious collection, and very different from what a romance-writer would have framed; on his side, no longer complimentary, but strikingly expressive of a real strong passion, combated in vain by a mind equally strong, which yielded to it against its conviction and against its will. "*Celui qui aime plus qu'il ne voudroit,*" as a French author somewhere says, is, after all, the person in whom love has taken the strongest hold. They were perpetually on the point of breaking together; he felt and knew that they suited each other very ill; he saw, or thought he saw, his rivals encouraged, if not preferred; he was more affronted than satisfied with her assurance of a *sober* esteem and regard; and yet every struggle to get free did but end where it set out, leaving him still a captive, galled by his chain, but unable to sever one link of it effectually.

'After some time thus spent in fluctuations, disputes, and lovers' quarrels, he at length made his proposals to Lord Dorchester, who received them favourably, and was very gracious to him, till the *Grim-Gribber* part of the business—the portion and settlements—came under consideration; but then broke off the match with great anger, on account of a disagreement which subsequent events had rendered memorable. We see how the practice of a man's entailing his estate upon his eldest son while as yet an unborn child, an unknown being, is ridiculed in the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, whose authors, it may be observed, had no estates to entail. Mr. Wortley, who *had*, entertained the same opinions. Possibly they were originally his own, and promulgated by Addison and Steele at his suggestion; for, as he always liked to think for himself, many of his notions were singular and speculative. However this might be, he upheld the system, and acted upon it, offering to make the best provision in his power for Lady Mary, but steadily refusing to settle his landed property upon a son who, for aught he knew, might prove unworthy to possess it—might be a spendthrift, an idiot, or villain.

'Lord Dorchester, on the other hand, said that these philosophic theories were very fine, but *his* grandchildren should not run the risk of being left beggars; and as he had to do with a person of no common firmness, the treaty ended there.

'The secret correspondence and intercourse went on as before; and shortly Lady Mary acquainted her lover that she was peremptorily commanded to accept the offers of another suitor, ready to close with all her father's terms, to settle handsome pin-money, jointure, provision for heirs, and so forth; and, moreover, concede the point most agreeable to herself, that of giving her a fixed establishment in London, which, by-the-by, Mr. Wortley had always protested against. Lord Dorchester seems to have asked no questions touching her inclination in either instance. A man who is now about to sell an estate, seldom thinks of enquiring whether it will please or displease his tenantry, to be transferred to a new landlord; and just as little then did parents, in disposing of a daughter, conceive it necessary to consult her will and pleasure. For a young lady to interfere, or claim a right of choice, was almost thought, as it is in France, a species of indelicacy. Lady Mary nevertheless declared, though timidly, her utter antipathy to the person proposed to her. Upon this, her father summoned her to his awful presence, and after expressing surprise at her presumption in questioning his judgment, assured her he would not give her a single sixpence if she married anybody else. She sought the usual recourse of poor damsels in the like case, begging permission to split the difference (if we may so say), by not marrying at all; but he answered that she should be immediately sent to a remote place in the country, reside there during his life, and at his death have no portion save a moderate annuity. Relying upon the effect of these threats, he proceeded as if she had given her fullest and freest consent; settlements were drawn, wedding-clothes bought, the day was appointed, and everything made ready, when she left the house to marry Mr. Wortley.'—p. 17.

Lady Mary has expressed it better. She seems to imply also, that Mr. Wortley's hand was not her only alternative. We will quote the whole passage alluded to, as it is characteristic both of herself and of Spence, in one of whose letters it is to be found:—

'"I already desired," says he, "to be acquainted with Lady Mary, and could never bring it about, though we were so often together in London. Soon after we came to this place (Rome) her ladyship came here; and in five days I was well acquainted with her. She is one of the most shining characters in the world, but shines like a comet; she is all irregularity, and always wandering; the most wise, the most imprudent; loveliest, most disagreeable; best-natured, cruellest woman in the world; 'all things by turns, and nothing long.' She was married young; and she told me with that freedom which travelling gives, that she was never in so great a hurry of thought, as the month before she was married; she scarce slept any one night that month. You know she was one of the most celebrated beauties of her day, and had a vast number of offers, and the thing that kept her awake was *who to fix upon*. She was determined as to two points from the first: that is, to be married to somebody, and not to be

married to the man her father advised her to have. The last night of the month she determined; and in the morning left the husband of her father's choice buying the wedding-ring, and scuttled away to be married to Mr. Wortley." '—*Spence's Anecdotes, ut sup.*, p. 18.

This phrase '*scuttling away*' was no very sentimental way of putting the case; but it was very lively and characteristic, and just what was to be expected from the writer of the letters to Mrs. Hewett, her friend, at that time; which, if Mr. Wortley has seen, or seen the like, no wonder he felt a little ante-bridal trepidation.

Now it is clear to us, from the above statements, and from all that was said and done by the parties, before and after marriage, that there was no real love on either side. There may indeed have been a 'real strong *passion*' in one or both, for having their way; much suffering and struggling with the will and the desire of ascendancy, and a final resolution to indulge it, happen what might; but real, strong love, is not the thing to hesitate, and calculate, and quarrel. It is too much inclined to take everything for granted; and too humble and absorbed in its object, not to be glad to make every concession. The whole truth of the matter we take to be, that both parties were young and handsome; that the gentleman was somewhat dull and perplexed by the very vivacity he admired; and the lady a little impatient at the dulness in a gentleman otherwise so good and good-looking. Probably she endeavoured to pique him into admiration by coquetry with others (a dangerous step); and her impatience rendered it difficult for her to suppress a few sarcastic evidences of her superiority in point of wit; and hence, doubt on both sides before marriage, and speedy confirmation of it afterwards.

The writer of the *Introductory Anecdotes* thinks it 'hard to divine' why Mr. Edward Wortley has been represented by Dallaway and others 'as a dull, phlegmatic country gentleman, of a tame genius, and moderate capacity,' or, 'of parts more solid than brilliant,' which, 'in common parlance, is a civil way of saying the same thing.' But we should like to know what there is to show to the contrary; and how much there is not, throughout these volumes, to make out the character; not, indeed, in its dullest sense—far from it—but still dull in comparison with a husband more suitable to Lady Mary, and quite compatibly so with his attainments as a scholar and a politician. A man of very limited capacity may be all which the writer speaks of;

praised by his circle for soundness of judgment (especially if he be a man of quality and staid manners), a professor of scholarship and polite literature,—one who has made the grand tour, and mastered divers languages,—nay, a holder of unconventional opinions, member of a club of wits, and one who has chosen Addison himself for his bosom friend; and yet it does not follow that all this may not have been the result of a want instead of an abundance of high intellectual qualities, and justly terminate in a mediocrity of reputation. You may differ with society out of a paucity as well as an abundance of ideas, especially if your self-will and your consciousness of good intention are pretty much on a par. There are dull fellows on the side of innovation, as well as Rousseaus and Platos. Many a solemn pretender has been member of a literary club; and Addison himself, with all his wit, could not talk till he had had his bottle, and might have admitted to his friendship a gentleman 'more solid than brilliant,' without the implication of anything very particular *sub rosâ*. In short, we would refer to the letters of Mr. Wortley Montagu in the volumes before us, and ask what there is in these beyond a decent amount of intellect? His early ones imply the jealousies and hesitation of an understanding inferior to the lady's; and his later, a mere turn for matter-of-fact, or the duller parts of scholarship. Before marriage, he was always expressing a desire to know what was passing in his mistress's heart; a curiosity so teasing and futile, that she could not repress an impatience at it. She says, in a mixed tone of annoyance and *naïveté*, 'Pray which way would you see into my heart? You can frame no guesses about it, from either my speaking or writing; and supposing I should attempt to show it you, I know no other way.'

But, dull or not, or whether there was any love or not between them before marriage, he seems to have had the opportunity of realising her affection afterwards, could he have shown a reasonable measure of it himself, either towards her or his child; for in both these respects he appears to have been as dull as in others; so much so, indeed, that the thing amounts to a mystery. Shortly after the marriage, he took occasion of his parliamentary duties to be away from his wife as much as possible, keeping her in the country while he was in town, and never seeing either her or his child for five or six months together. The following is the constant tone of her earlier matrimonial letters, intermingled with expressions of fondness:—

'Your short letter came to me this morning; but I won't quarrel with

it, since it brought me good news of your health. I wait with impatience for that of your return.'—vol. i. p. 194.

'I continue indifferently well, and endeavour as much as I can to preserve myself from spleen and melancholy; not for my own sake, but in the condition I am, I believe it may be of very ill consequence; passing whole days alone as I do, I do not always find it possible.'—p. 197.

'I don't believe you expect to hear from me so soon! I remember you did not so much as desire it; but I will not be so nice as to quarrel with you on that point; perhaps you would laugh at that delicacy, which is, however, an attendant upon tender friendship. I expect a letter next post to tell me you are well in London, and that your business will not detain you long from her who cannot live without you.'—p. 198.

'I am alone, without any amusement to take up my thoughts. I am in circumstances in which melancholy is apt to prevail even over all amusements, dispirited and alone, and you write me quarrelling letters.'—p. 199.

'How can you be so careless? Is it because you don't love writing?' —p. 202.

'You know where I am, and I have not once heard from you. I am tired of this place, because I do not; and if you persist in your silence, I will return to Wharncliffe.'—p. 203.

'Your absence increases my melancholy so much, I fright myself with imaginary horrors; and shall always be fancying dangers for you, while you are out of my sight. I am afraid of Lord H———, I am afraid of everything; there wants but little of my being afraid of the smallpox for you; so unreasonable are my fears, which, however, proceed from an unlimited love. If I lose you—I cannot bear that if—which, bless God, is without probability; but since the loss of my poor unhappy brother, I dread every evil.'—p. 204.

'I am concerned I have not heard from you; you might have writ while I was on the road, and your letter would have met me here. I am in abundance of pain about our dear child: though I am convinced it is both silly and wicked to set my heart too fondly on anything in this world, yet I cannot overcome myself as far as to think of parting with him with the resignation I ought to do. I hope and I beg of God he may live to be a comfort to us both.'—p. 205.

'I know very well that nobody was ever teased into a liking; and 'tis perhaps harder to revive a past one than to overcome an aversion; but I cannot forbear any longer telling you, I think you use me very unkindly. I don't say so much of your absence as I should do, if you were in the country and I in London; because I would not have you believe that I am impatient to be in town; but I am very sensible I parted with you in July, and it is now the middle of November—as if this was not hardship enough, you do not tell me you are sorry for it. You write seldom, and with so much indifference as shows you hardly think of me at all. I complain of ill-health, and you only say you hope it is not so bad as I make it. You never inquire after your child. I would fain flatter myself you have more kindness for him and me than you express; but I reflect with grief that a man that is ashamed of passions that are natural and reasonable, *is generally proud of those that are shameful and silly*.'—p. 206.

'Oh, oh!' as they say in Parliament. But here, we con-

ceive, lay the secret of this growing alienation. The lady, in all respects, was too much for him,—had too much fondness (if he could but have responded to it), too much vivacity of all sorts, and even too much of his favourite 'good sense.' She saw further than he did, and with greater brilliancy. Her eye cast a lustre, and dazzled and humiliated his plainer perceptions. Gaiety and tenderness she might probably have taken as substitutes for what was wanting in mind; but these he was too formal, or too afraid of self-committals to give. Not liking to acknowledge his inferiority, he must lower her to his level by doubts of her moral qualities, her sincerity, and good temper. By degrees he probably did try them a little overmuch; and she, beginning to despair of finally winning him, looked about for other consolations, not, however, without an occasional twit at him for disappointing her. After one or two more bitter complainings, they take a sarcastic turn:—

'Adieu! I wish you would learn of Mr. Steele to write to your wife.'—p. 212.

What a pity, by the way, she could not have married such a man as Steele! Her money, and prudence in money matters, without the coldness of his own wife, would have given him what he wanted; and he might have kept her tenderness and respect alive by an understanding as good as her own, and a vivacity no way inferior. Yet, perhaps, a husband of more manifest ascendancy, provided he was loving also, would have suited her still better. The height of her spirit may have required to be overtopped.

At length complaint ceases, and advice-giving commences, and in no very complimentary style. The following touch, however, accompanies the Steele innuendo:—

'I am told that you are very secure at Newark: if you are so in the west, I cannot see why you should set up in three different places, unless it be to treble the expense.'—p. 211.

''Tis surprising to me that you are all this while in the midst of your friends without being sure of a place, when so many insignificant creatures come in without any opposition.'—p. 217.

'Your letter very much vexed me. I cannot imagine why you should doubt being the better for a place of that consideration, which it is in your power to lay down, whenever you dislike the measures that are taken.'—p. 218.

'You seem not to have received my letters, or not to have understood them; you had been chosen undoubtedly at York, had you declared in time.'—p. 220.

If her temper was not good, however, all is accounted for at

once; for Wortley was hardly the man to supply any defects on her part out of his own stock, or to bear with them very long. Her descendants, it is true, say her temper was good, and that her 'servants' thought so; which is saying much: but report has made loud insinuations to the contrary; and her sarcasms and self-will, we must say, go nigh to confirm it. Still, a woman of her great good sense might have modified, if she could not get rid of the infirmity, had her husband's intellect been at all on a par with hers, or his heart capable of calling hers forth. But this, alas! was not the case.

Such is the state of feeling between the parties, when Mr. Wortley obtains a place in the Treasury, and is forced to bring Lady Mary to court. She attracts the notice to be expected by her wit and beauty. The Prince of Wales (George the Second) calls out to the Princess 'in a rapture,' to look 'how becomingly Lady Mary was dressed.' 'Lady Mary always dresses well,' said the Princess, drily, and returned to her cards. But a liberty taken with her ladyship by 'Mr. Secretary Craggs' (Pope's friend) lets us perhaps more into the interior of her life and manners at this period, than the relator of it seems to suppose.

'A former edition,' says Lady Louisa, 'tells us that the court of George the First was modelled upon that of Louis the Fifteenth.' A whimsical model! Since Louis was about seven years old when George, a man of sixty, ascended the British throne. One would think Louis the *Fourteenth* must have been the person meant, but that the retired habits of the English monarch accorded no better with the stately ceremonial of the elder French one, than with the amusements and regulations of his great-grandson's nursery. George the First went to the play or opera in a sedan-chair, and sat, like another gentleman, in the corner of a lady's (a German lady's) box, with a couple of Turks in waiting, instead of lords or grooms of the bedchamber. In one respect his court, if court it could be called, bore some resemblance to the old establishment of Versailles. There was a Madame de Maintenon. Of the three favourite ladies who had accompanied him from Hanover, viz. Mademoiselle de Schulenberg, the Countess Platen, and Madame Kilmansegg, the first alone, whom he created Duchess of Kendal, was lodged in St. James's Palace, and had such respect paid her as much confirmed the rumour of a left-hand marriage. She presided at the King's evening-parties, consisting of the Germans who formed his familiar society, a few English ladies, and fewer Englishmen; among

them Mr. Craggs the Secretary of State, who had been at Hanover in the Queen's time, and by thus giving the *entrée* in private, passed for a sort of favourite.

'Lady Mary's journal related a ridiculous adventure of her own at one of these royal parties; which, by-the-by, stood in great need of some laughing matter to enliven them, for they seem to have been even more dull than it was reasonable to expect they should be. She had one evening a particular engagement that made her wish to be dismissed unusually early; she explained her reasons to the Duchess of Kendal, and the duchess informed the King, who, after a few complimentary remonstrances, appeared to acquiesce. But when he saw her about to take her leave, he began battling the point afresh, declaring it was unfair and perfidious to cheat him in such a manner, and saying many other fine things, in spite of which she at last contrived to escape. At the foot of the great stairs she ran against Secretary Craggs, just coming in, who stopped to inquire what was the matter? were the company put off? She told him why she went away, and how urgently the King had pressed her to stay longer: possibly dwelling on that head with some small complacency. Mr. Craggs made no remark; but, when he had heard all, snatching her up in his arms as a nurse carries a child, he ran full speed with her upstairs, deposited her within the ante-chamber, kissed both her hands respectfully (still not saying a word), and vanished. The pages seeing her returned, they knew not how, hastily threw open the inner doors, and, before she had recovered her breath, she found herself again in the King's presence. '*Ah! la revoilà*,' cried he and the duchess, extremely pleased, and began thanking her for her obliging change of mind. The motto on all palace gates is "Hush," as Lady Mary very well knew. She had not to learn that mystery and caution ever spread their awful wings over the precincts of a court; where nobody knows what dire mischief may ensue from one unlucky syllable babbled about anything, or about *nothing* at a wrong time. But she was bewildered, fluttered, and entirely off her guard; so beginning giddily with, "Oh lord, sir! I have been so frightened!" she told his majesty the whole story exactly as she would have told it to anyone else. He had not done exclaiming, nor his Germans wondering, when again the door flew open, and the attendants announced Mr. Secretary Craggs, who, but that moment arrived, it would seem, entered with the usual obeisance, and as composed an air as if nothing had happened. "*Mais comment donc, Monsieur Craggs*," said the King, going up to him, "*est ce que c'est l'usage de ce pays de porter des belles comme un sac de froment?*" ("Is it the custom of this country to carry about fair ladies like a sack of wheat?") The minister, struck dumb by this unexpected attack, stood a minute or two, not knowing which way to look; then recovering his self-possession, answered, with a low bow, "There is nothing I would not do for your majesty's satisfaction." This was coming off tolerably well; but he did not forgive the tell-tale culprit, in whose ear, watching his opportunity when the King turned from them, he muttered a bitter reproach, with a round oath to enforce it; "which I durst not resent," continued she, "for I had drawn it upon myself; and indeed I was heartily vexed at my own imprudence."'—p. 37.

Now, as subjects are understood to have no wills of their own

in the presence of royalty, it was, without doubt, an oversight in Lady Mary to behave as if she had one; and as a gallant confidence carries much before it, and success is its vindication, Mr. Secretary Craggs must be allowed the glory of having performed his achievement well, the oath and rebuke excepted; unless, indeed, those are to be regarded as subtle proofs of his very gallantry,—manifestations of the dire necessity which he had felt of hazarding offence to so charming a provoker. But how came he to hazard the offence at all? How came he, James Craggs, the son of a footman (according to her own account of him), to take such a liberty under any circumstances with the high-born and worthily married Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the wife of a lord of the treasury, and daughter of the House of Kingston? The reason she gives for not resenting the freedom is none to the reader. Compare the mysterious and deferential manner in which he is treated in this anecdote of hers, in her contemporary journal, with the following, which she gives of him in her *Account of the Court of George the First*:—

'Young Craggs came about this time to Hanover, where his father sent him to take a view of that court in his tour of travelling. He was in his first bloom of youth; and had so strong an appearance of that perfection, that it was called beauty by the generality of women; though, in my opinion, there was a coarseness in his face and shape, that had more the air of a porter than a gentleman; and, if fortune had not interposed her mighty power, he might by his birth have appeared in that figure; his father being nothing more considerable at his first appearance in the world than footman to Lady Mary Mordaunt, the gallant Duchess of Norfolk, who had always half a dozen intrigues to manage.'

After giving a terrible account of his father, she resumes:—

'Young Craggs had great vivacity, a happy memory, and flowing elocution: he was brave and generous, and had an appearance of openheartedness in his manner that gained him a universal good will, if not a universal esteem. It is true, there appeared a heat and want of judgment in all his words and actions, which did not make him very valuable in the eyes of cool judges; but Madame Platen (the Elector's mistress) was not of that number. His youth and fire made him appear a conquest worthy of her charms, and her charms made her appear very well worthy his passionate addresses.'—p. 112.

Such was the person whom the wife of the staid Mr. Wortley permitted to seize hold of her 'like a sack of wheat,' and run upstairs to re-deposit her in an ante-chamber, without thinking it necessary to say a word. It might have been a very gallant action, and much admired by ladies of an extemporaneous turn of

mind; but would the son of the footman have ventured it within the husband's knowledge, or with a lady of Mr. Wortley's own sort of repute?

Mr. Wortley, not having succeeded much as a minister at home, was appointed, in 1716, ambassador to Constantinople, where he succeeded as little; but he took his wife with him, who was destined to triumph at all events; and thus he was the cause of her charming the world with the most luxurious pictures ever yet given of a luxurious people, and of bringing away with her a talisman for the preservation of beauty. Her letters from the Levant are so much in the interior of Turkish taste and feeling, that Mr. Dallaway, although they told him to the contrary, could not help seeing in them the long-supposed fact, now finally disproved, of her having been admitted inside the harem. Her visit to the lovely Fatima is as if all English beauty, in her shape, had gone to compare notes with all Turkish; and if she soon leaves the coldness or reserve of her country behind her, in her sympathy with languishing airs, illustrative dances, and rakish and sceptical Effendis, her communications only become so much the more original and true, and convert her into a kind of Sultana herself, ravishing the wits of Turkey, Mr. Pope, and posterity. No wonder her portrait was afterwards painted in the Eastern habit. The sensual graces both of her mind and countenance (not to use the words offensively), were brought forward by the new scenes to which she had travelled; and yet so much confirmation was given, at the same time, to the best tendencies of her tolerant and liberal good sense, and she did so much good as the importer of inoculation, that she had reason to look on her new paraphernalia with pride. We beg leave to say, however, that we prefer the way in which she wears them in the portrait painted by Sir Godfrey, of which there is a poor engraving in Mr. Dallaway's edition. We do not at all hold with the arm a-kimbo exactions of the one in the frontispiece before us; besides doubting whether the face is done justice to. We feel sure, indeed, it is not. The intellect is not there. It is too hard, and bold, and vulgarly pretty. We protest against it in the name of all the Sultans; not excepting him who fell in love with the turn-up nose and pretty audacities of Roxalana. A true woman's boldness never is a man's, and cannot be mistaken for it. It has nothing to do with arms a-kimbo.

Two points are clear throughout these and all her future letters,—that her good sense (making allowance for a deficiency

in sentiment, and a very little superfluous aristocracy) was of the soundest and most uncompromising order, with an ever-increasing tendency to universal justice; and that her husband, except as holder of the purse, and a gentleman for whom circumstances and a kindly habit maintained a reasonable consideration, had already become, to all prominent purposes, an individual of no mark or likelihood,—a sleeping partner. Nobody seems to think of him as she travels, except out of delicacy towards his companion. Gallants at Vienna and elsewhere do not see him. Pope makes flagrant love to her in his letters, as if no such person existed; or adds his compliments to him, as if the love-making was not at all in the way.

We come now to the second disputed point in her history. Pope, who seems to have made her acquaintance not long before she left England, was dazzled by the combination of rank, beauty, and accomplishments into an overwhelming passion. He became an ardent correspondent; and the moment she returned, prevailed on her to come and live near him at Twickenham. Both he and she were then at the zenith of their reputation; and here commences the sad question, what it was that brought so much love to so much hate.—*tantas animis cœlestibus iras*. Question, however, it is no longer, for the *Introductory Anecdotes* have settled it. To attribute it to Pope's jealousy of her wit, and to certain imbroglios about the proprietorship and publication of her *Town Eclogues*, was very idle. Pope could no more be jealous of her wit than the sun of the moon; or, to make a less grand simile, than the bee in its garden of the butterfly taking a few sips. 'Her own statement' (and a very tremendous statement it was, for all its levity) 'was this: that at some ill-chosen time, when she least expected what romances call a *declaration*, he made such passionate love to her as, in spite of her utmost endeavours to be angry and look grave, provoked an immediate fit of laughter; from which moment he became her implacable enemy.'

A pause comes upon the spirit and the tongue at hearing such an explanation as this;—a pause in which no one of any imagination can help having a deep sense of the blackness of the mortification with which the poor mis-shaped, applauded poet must have felt his lustre smitten, and his future recollections degraded. To say that he had any right to make love to her is one thing; yet to believe that her manners, and cast of character, as well as the nature of the times, and of the circles in which she

moved, had given no licence, no encouragement, no pardoning hope to the presumption, is impossible; and to trample in this way upon the whole miserable body of his vanity and humility, upon all which the consciousness of acceptability and glory among his fellow-creatures had given to sustain himself, and all which in so poor, and fragile, and dwarfed, and degrading a shape, required so much to be so sustained;—assuredly it was inexcusable,—it was inhuman. At all events, it would have been inexcusable, had anything in poor human nature been inexcusable; and had a thousand things not encouraged the flattered beauty to resent a hope so presumptuous from one unlike herself. But if she was astonished, as she professed to be, at his thus trespassing beyond barriers which she had continually suffered to be approached, she might have been more humane in her astonishment. A little pity might, at least, have divided the moment with contempt. It was not necessary to be quite so cruel with one so insignificant. She had address:—could she not have had recourse to a little of it, under circumstances which would have done it such special honour? She had every advantage on her side:—could not even this induce her to put a little more heart and consideration into her repulse? Oh, Lady Mary! A duke's daughter wert thou, and a beauty, and a wit, and a very triumphant and flattered personage, and covered with glory as with lute-string and diamonds; and yet false measure didst thou take of thy superiority, and didst not see how small thou becamest in the comparison when thou didst thus, with laughing cheeks, trample under foot the poor little *immortal!*

On the other hand, manifold as were Pope's excuses, in comparison with hers, unworthily did he act, both for his love and fame, in afterwards resenting her conduct as he did, and making her the object of his satire. The writer of the *Introductory Anecdotes* pronounces a judgment unbefitting her acuteness in falling into the commonplace opinion that Pope's letters, however 'far fetched' and 'extravagant,' are expressive 'neither of passion, nor affection, nor any natural feeling whatsoever.' They are undoubtedly not expressive of the highest of any of these things, otherwise they would not have been written in so artificial a style. But it does not follow that they expressed none; or that a man, bred up in the schools of Balzac and Voiture, and writing to a wit with a consciousness that his own repute for wit was his best recommendation, might not, out of real feeling, as well as false, clothe genuine emotions in artificial words. He might even resort

to them to express a height of passion, which he wanted, or thought he wanted, genius to vent otherwise; and, after all, passion itself has not seldom a tendency to exaggerate phrases, out of a like instinct. An excessive state of mind may seek excessive words to do itself justice. The very youngest and most natural of all love, in enthusiastic temperaments, often talks or writes in a way incomprehensible to staider ones, as Shakspeare has shown us in *Romeo and Juliet*; and we really believe Pope's love to have been, in some respects, as true, and as *green* as theirs. That it was not of the highest order, we admit; and one of the great proofs of it is this,—that he afterwards allowed himself to write of her as he did,—to treat her with contumely, and even associate her image with nauseous ideas,—a desecration which no lover ever permits to a noble passion, however it may have terminated. As to his pretence that his allusions were not made to herself, it was manifestly disingenuous; it was a part of the unworthiness; and only excusable upon considerations which humiliate while they excuse.

It is fortunately a relief to turn from the sight of Lady Mary as a beauty, to consider her in the character of a mother; and, what is more, as a public benefactress. On her return from Constantinople, she introduced inoculation for the smallpox into England, through the medium of the medical attendant of the embassy. She had lost her only brother by the disease, and (what Pope would have put into the same couplet) her own beautiful eyelashes; and she was resolved to give her family and the world the benefit of a practice, which promised to extend the salvation of life and beauty to millions. She began, with courageous love, upon her own offspring, and lived to see the innovation triumph, but through such opposition for several years, that she honestly confessed she often repented her philanthropy. If this abates some of the lustre of her good-will, it leaves her perhaps in still stronger possession of the merits of her first perseverance, and of the many sacrifices of time and spirit; for she consented to be hawked about as a sort of nurse and overseer, in families that required comfort under the experiment. Her descendant tells us, that when four great physicians were deputed by Government to watch the progress of her daughter's inoculation, they 'betrayed not only such incredulity as to its success, but such an unwillingness to have it succeed,—such an evident spirit of rancour and *malignity*—that she never cared to leave the child with them one second, lest it should in some

secret way suffer from their interference.' These must surely have been a mother's terrors, aggravated perhaps by a little of her own sarcasm and vehemence. We dare say she contrived to make the physicians appear very small in their own eyes with her topping wit; and they were fain to assert their dignity by trying to look big and contemptuous. We should like to have seen their names. Garth could surely not have been one of them (on looking into his biography we see he was just dead); but neither could anyone else who was worthy of belonging to the profession,—one of the most truly liberal in the persons of its genuine members. A true physician, professing, as he does, an art that ascertains so little, and that brings him acquainted with his fellow-creatures so widely, becomes almost of necessity, if he is a gentleman, and has a brain, one of the modestest and most generous of philosophers.

While abroad, Lady Mary and her husband, besides Constantinople, visited several parts of Germany; and on their return came through the Archipelago, touched at the coast of Africa, and crossing the Mediterranean to Genoa, reached home through Lyons and Paris; from all which places we have letters of the liveliest, and, as they were felt to be then, still more than now, of the most literal description; for a traveller of so vivacious a kind was till then unknown, and her sex gave the novelty additional effect. The manners of Italy, being a mixture of the light and solid beyond those of any other nation, she found especially congenial with her disposition; and when, in the year 1739, she resolved to pass the remainder of her life on the continent, to Italy she went, and staid there, or in the neighbourhood, till within a year of her death.

The reason of her thus passing twenty-two years in a foreign country, is one of the puzzles of her biography. Dallaway says it was on account of 'declining health.' The opinion of her grand-daughter on the subject is given as follows:—

'Why Lady Mary left her own country, and spent the last two-and-twenty years of her life in a foreign land, is a question which has been repeatedly asked, and never can be answered with certainty, for want of any positive evidence or assurance on the subject. It is very possible, however, that the solution of this profound mystery, like that of some riddles which put the ingenuity of guessers to the farthest stretch, would prove so simple as to leave curiosity blank and baffled. Lady Mary, writing from Venice (as it appears in the first year of her absence), tells Lady Pomfret that she had long been persuading Mr. Wortley to go abroad, and at last, tired of delay, had to set out alone, he promising to follow her;

which, as yet, parliamentary attendance and other business had prevented his doing; but till she knew whether to expect him or not, she could not proceed to meet her (Lady Pomfret) at Rome. If this was the real truth, and there seems no reason to doubt it, we may easily conceive farther delays to have taken place, and their re-union to have been so deferred from time to time, that, insensibly, living asunder became the natural order of things, in which both acquiesced without any great reluctance. But if, on the contrary, it was only the colour they chose to give the affair; if the husband and wife—she in her fiftieth year, he several years older—had determined upon a separation, nothing can be more likely than that they settled it quietly and deliberately between themselves, neither proclaiming it to the world, nor consulting any third person; since their daughter was married, their son disjoined and alienated from them, and there existed nobody who had a right to call them to an account, or inquire into what was solely their own business. It admits of little doubt that their dispositions were unsuitable, and Mr. Wortley had sensibly felt it even while a lover. When at length convinced that in their case the approach of age would not have the harmonising effect which it has been sometimes known to produce upon minds originally but ill assorted, he was the very man to think within himself, "If we cannot add to each other's happiness, why should we do the reverse? Let us be the friends at a distance which we could not hope to remain by continuing uneasily yoked together." And that Lady Mary's wishes had always pointed to a foreign residence is clearly to be inferred from a letter she wrote to him before their marriage, when it was in debate where they should live while confined to a very narrow income. How infinitely better it would be, she urges, to fix their abode in Italy, amidst every source of enjoyment, every object that could interest the mind and amuse the fancy, than to vegetate—she does not use the word, but one may detect the thought—in an obscure country retirement at home!

'These arguments, it is allowed, rest upon surmise and conjecture; but there is proof that Lady Mary's departure from England was not by any means hasty or sudden; for in a letter to Lady Pomfret, dated the 2nd of May, 1739, she announces her design of going abroad that summer; and she did not begin her journey till the end of July—three months afterwards. Other letters are extant, affording equal proof that Mr. Wortley and she parted upon the most friendly terms, and indeed, as no couple could have done who had had any recent quarrel or cause of quarrel. She wrote to him from Dartford, her first stage; again a few lines from Dover, and again the moment she arrived at Calais. Could this have passed, or would the petty details about servants, carriages, prices, &c., have been entered into between persons in a state of mutual displeasure? Not to mention that his preserving, docketing, and endorsing with his own hand even these slight notes, as well as all her subsequent letters, shows that he received nothing which came from her with indifference. His confidence in her was also very strongly testified by a transaction that took place when she had been abroad about two years. Believing that her influence and persuasions might still have some effect upon their unfortunate son, he entreated her to appoint a meeting with him, form a judgment of his present disposition, and decide what course it would be best to take, either in furthering or opposing his future projects. On the head of money, too, she was to determine with how much he should be supplied, and very

particularly enjoined to make it suppose it came, not from his father, but herself. These were full powers to delegate—such as every woman would not be trusted with in the families where conjugal union is supposed to reign most uninterruptedly.'—p. 89.

Of the son here spoken of, we shall give an account before we conclude. The daughter was Lady Bute. As to Mr. Wortley, there is no doubt a good deal of truth in what is here said of him, and the whole statement is given with equal shrewdness and delicacy: but does it contain all the truth? Is the main truth of the whole business intimated at last?

Let us look back a little; and above all, let us refer the reader to her letters. We cannot quote many of the passages to which we allude. We must employ our extracts with worthier matter. But in stating the spirit of them, he will be enabled to draw his own conclusions. Lady Mary, then, for some time after her return to England, with the exception of the trouble she incurred by her zeal for inoculation (which did her but more good in the eyes of the worthiest), led a life of triumphant wit and beauty, and at one time appears to have obtained a reputation for solidity in her choice of acquaintances. In Gay's delightful imitation of a passage in Ariosto—*The Welcome to Pope on his Return from Greece*, (that is to say, the conclusion of his Homer) —she is introduced the first of the female train, and in the following high terms:—

> 'What lady's that, to whom he gently bends?
> Who knows not her? Ah, those are Wortley's eyes:
> How art thou honour'd, number'd with her friends!
> For she distinguishes the good and wise.
> The sweet-tongued Murray near her side attends.'

This was afterwards the famous Earl of Mansfield. Among her other acquaintances were all the chief wits of the time (though Pope's particular friends, Swift, Gay, and others, most likely dropped her when he did), together with Lord and Lady Hervey, Lady Rich, Miss Skirret (afterwards Lady Walpole), Mrs. Murray, the Countess of Stafford (before mentioned), the Countesses of Pomfret and Oxford, and the famous Duchess of Marlborough, who constituted her one of the few favourites she adhered to; probably because she feared her wit. These ladies, however, were of various reputations; the times themselves, as we shall show before we conclude, were not very scrupulous, at least in high life; and to distinguish 'the good and the wise,' in the sense of good-natured Gay, would allow a handsome lati-

tude of selection. Now a reader need only glance at Lady Mary's letters to see, that she was not less distinguished for wit than prone to indulge in sarcasm, in scandal, and in every free range of opinions of all sorts; and if he peruses the letters attentively, he will assuredly violate no charity in coming to the conclusion, that the woman who has the habit of talking as she does, would have been a wonderful woman indeed, if under all these circumstances she had not been free in action as well as talk, and indulged in the licence she is fond of attributing to others. Freedom of tongue, it is true, does not of necessity imply licence of action, much less does freedom of theory; but in her case, a reader is struck with the conviction that it does; and circumstances, then and afterwards, go to prove it; not excepting those which had been submitted to the public in the appendix. The reason, therefore, which induced Lady Mary to quit England for an abode on the Continent, we take to be threefold: first, that the disposition of her husband and herself were incompatible; second, that she had made almost all her friends enemies by taking liberties with their names; and third, that in certain matters, her independence of conduct was such as to render it impossible for the husband either to live with, or to separate from her, without danger of public scandal; therefore, as he foresaw its continuation, he very sensibly, and like a man philosophical from temperament and self-regard, proposed, or agreed to a proposal, that they should live apart, without noise,—without any show of hostility,—without manifestations of any sort calculated to subject either of them to more talk than could be helped; and *upon the understanding* (for this is most likely) that the wife should never return to England during the life of the husband; *for she never did so, but did the moment he died.* In other words, they were not to inhabit the same country. Comfort, and his own habits on his side, and independent action, and a handsome allowance of money on hers, demanded that they should live apart in two different lands. To ourselves these reasons appear so extremely probable,—in fact, so difficult to help forming themselves in the mind,—as to be conclusive; and we think they will be equally so to anyone who reads the three volumes attentively. Indeed, anybody acquainted with certain 'circles,' will laugh at us grave, reforming critics, for thinking it necessary to be so judicial in our argument; but as we regard it neither with a levity nor a gravity of their sort,—neither a levity corporate, nor a gravity conventional,—but have in view the largest purposes of

candour, we feel that the public have a right to an express opinion on the subject. All that is said of the friendliness and family confidence still maintained between Lady Mary and her husband, *by letter*, goes for nothing; first,—because it *was* by letter, *and never by any other mode*, during the two-and-twenty years that he continued to live; and, secondly, because under that, and other circumstances, it is quite compatible with the arrangements we have supposed. Both parties were still connected by means of their son and daughter; both were of the same prudent turn of mind as to pecuniary matters; and though Wortley was not a shining man, he was not a silly one,—much less defective in a sense of personal decorum, and of the desirableness of tranquillity. 'Study your own mode of life,' he would say; 'but study it where it is not looked ill upon, and where my name need not be mixed up with it; and to make the best of matters, we will converse by letter, as before, as often or as seldom as we please; and so do ourselves all the good we can, and no injury.' This, to be sure, was not the best of all possible arrangements; but has society arrived at those in any country? or have philosophers yet agreed what they are?

We have no doubt whatsoever, that one of the things which drove Lady Mary from England, was the enmity she caused all around her by the licence of her tongue and pen. She was always writing scandal; a journal full of it, was burnt by her family; her very panegyrics were sometimes malicious, or were thought so, in consequence of her character, as in the instance of the extraordinary verses addressed to Mrs. Murray, in connexion with a trial for a man's life. Pope himself, with all the temptations of his wit and resentment, would hardly have written of her as he did, had her reputation for offence been less a matter of notoriety.

The following are a few specimens of a tone common to her familiar letters:—

'I send this by Lady Lansdowne, who I hope will have no curiosity to open my letter.'—ii. p. 123.

'The bearer of this epistle is our cousin, and a consummate puppy, as you will see at first sight.'—ii. p. 139.

'Lady Rich' (a particular friend of hers) 'is happy in dear Sir Robert's absence, and the polite Mr. Holt's return to his allegiance, who, though in a treaty of marriage with one of the prettiest girls in town (Lady J. Wharton), appears better with her than ever. Lady B. Manners is on the brink of matrimony with a Yorkshire Mr. Monckton, of 3,000*l.* per annum: it is a match of the young duchess's making, and she thinks matter of great triumph over the two coquet beauties, who can get nobody to have and to hold; they are decayed to a piteous degree, and so neglected,

that they are grown constant and particular to the two ugliest fellows in London. Mrs. Poulteney condescends to be publicly kept by the noble Earl of Cadogan; whether Mr. Poulteney has a pad nag deducted out of the profits for his share, I cannot tell; but he appears very well satisfied with it.'—ii. p. 152.

'Mrs. West was with her (Mrs. Murray), who is a great prude, having but two lovers at a time: I think these are Lord Haddington and Mr. Lindsay; the one for use, the other for show.'—ii. p. 159.

'Mrs. Murray has retrieved his Grace, and being reconciled to the temporal, has renounced the spiritual. Her friend Lady Hervey, by aiming too high, has fallen very low; and is reduced to trying to persuade folks she has an intrigue, and gets nobody to believe her, the man in question taking a great deal of pains to clear himself of the scandal.'—ii. p. 201.

Lady Hervey, who has a reputation with posterity very different from this, was once *her* friend, and was probably alienated by sallies of this description, if not by a correspondence of a tenderer sort with Lord Hervey; one of whose letters to Lady Mary, of a very familiar description, appears in Dallaway's *Memoirs* (vol. i. p. 46). Even to the last, with all the fine sense she had acquired, in addition to her unusual stock, and the better-heartedness which it helped to draw forth, she could not resist an opportunity of bantering a man to his face, scandalising his wife, and giving an account of it to her daughter. In the year 1754, she writes thus to Lady Bute, from Louvre:—

'We have had many English here: Mr. Greville, his lady, and her suite of adorers, deserve particular mention; he was so good to present me with his curious book: since the days of the honourable Mr. Edward Howard, nothing has been ever published like it. I told him the age wanted an Earl of Dorset to celebrate it properly; and he was so well pleased with that speech, that he visited me every day, to the great comfort of madame, who was entertained, meanwhile, with parties of pleasure of another kind.'—iii. p. 102.

It must be observed, however, in Lady Mary's defence, that this kind of talking was not peculiar to herself in that age, nor confined to what are called disreputable people, though she indulged in it more than others. In the *Correspondence of the Countess of Suffolk*, published some years ago, are letters of lively maids of honour, and married ladies, quite as free spoken, in every respect, as some of hers; and here rises a curious reflection respecting the age itself, the benefit of which a reviewer is bound to give her. We allude to the secret understanding which appears to have existed, at least in the more educated circles,—that moral reputation, as it regarded the sexes, was to be very indulgently treated; and that people's virtues were not to be dis-

puted, at least publicly, so long as they combined a free notion of them with decorum. We are not aware that Pope's gallantries were ever brought up against him, even by the most provoked of his enemies, except once by *Cibber*, and then good-humouredly, and in self-defence; and this was the more remarkable, inasmuch as Pope seemed to attack them in others; though he might have said he only did so under vulgar and offensive circumstances. At all events, he did not think himself disqualified by his own freedoms for writing moral essays, and constituting himself censor-general. Nor was his right to the title disputed on their account, publicly or privately. Martha Blount, though understood to be 'a lady that was either privately married to him, or that should have been so,' was visited by all his friends, female as well as male, and of the most decorous reputations. Steele, censor-general under the avowed and more modest apology of a feigned name, and arrogating, with his delicious nature, no merit to himself but a zeal for the public good, and a life (as he phrased it) 'at best but pardonable,' is described by Johnson, in one of his happiest and best-humoured periods, as 'the most agreeable rake that ever trod the rounds of indulgence:'—

> '——— Garth, the best good Christian he,
> Although he knew it not,'

(so Pope described him) had a like reputation. Congreve was understood to be the *cicisbeo* of Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, who indeed was ostentatious of the connexion. Of Prior nothing need be said; except that while others described him as one 'who made himself beloved by every living thing in the house; master, child, servant, human creature, or animal' (see Lady Louisa's *Anecdotes*, p. 63), Pope told Spence, that he was 'not a right good man;' adding, apparently as his reason for the censure, that besides often drinking hard (which Pope's 'guide and philosopher,' Bolingbroke, used to do), he would bury himself days and nights with 'a poor mean creature.' He adds, however, that he turned 'violent Tory' from 'strong Whig,' and dropped his former friends. But at least a great part of his offence consisted in the low birth of his mistress, whom Pope again speaks of as having been a notorious 'wretch,' and 'a poor little alehouse-keeper's wife.' Did Pope object anything to Congreve and a Duke's wife? We are not aware that anybody ever reproached even Swift, personal as he was, with his own equivocal situation with regard to Miss Johnson and others.

Neither did he, though a clergyman, see any disadvantage to his repute in being acquainted with the mistresses of other men, great or small, from Lady Orkney (King William's mistress), whom he pronounced 'the wisest woman he ever knew,' down to the author of the *New Atalantis*, the friend of Mr. Alderman Barber. As to Lady Mary, she was bred up among examples of gallantry, and family histories as full of them. One of her closest early friends was 'dear Molly Skirrett,' who had a child by Sir Horace Walpole, and afterwards became his second wife; and her husband's relations were not behindhand — Lady Sandwich flourishing in the middle of them; she was the daughter of the famous Lord Rochester, and is described as possessing all her father's 'fire.' On the death of her husband, whom she is said to have kept in trammels like a child, and even confined to the house, this lady quitted England, 'too stupid,' she said, 'for her,' in order to reside at Paris; though the Duchess of Orleans, mother of the Regent, tells us in her *Memoirs*, that she gave such accounts of the 'orgies' in the palace of *Queen Anne* that 'she would not see her.'

Lady Sandwich probably gave false accounts; but there is no question, that a great deal of licence reigned in all the courts of England since the age of the Tudors up to that of George III.; and that the upper circles (and we do not mean to say it offensively, or without a just sense of what causes it) have at all times been inclined to give themselves a liberty, proportionate to the temptations created by wealth, leisure, and refinement. The liberty only spoke more openly, or thought concealment less necessary, in the time of Lady Mary, because it was a time of peace and security, with no stirring on the part of the middle orders, except in the tranquil pursuits of commerce; though there was still enough affectation of the reverse (or a provoking and real amount of it) to make such spirits as hers the more angry and self-sufficient, between their indignation at the falsehood and perplexity at the contradiction. The case will continue to be so, and become the more obvious, in proportion to the growing lights and candour of society; nor can the philosopher conceal, that a time will come, when the question must be openly entertained, whether a little more candour, or less, will be the better for the interests of the community; whether the system producing all that intrigue, and lying, and heartlessness, and occasionally nine-tenths of the tragedies in books and real life, and the heart-harrowing sights daily and nightly visible in a metropolis, will be

he better for retaining within itself the same mixture of inclination of truth and practice of duplicity—or for begging the whole world, with its sorrows, concealments, and contradictions, to speak aloud, and consider not what is best to pretend, but best to do. An awful question! that will come, whether we will or no, and which those will be best prepared to meet, who have considered it in reverence for the mistakes and sorrows of all, and not in mere escape or repulsion of their own.

Lady Mary's life on the continent is described by her as having been passed among books and gardens, and the cultivation of intelligent society; and we have no doubt that the staple part of it was; but evidence escapes her pen of things more in unison with what was said by her enemies; and though we as little doubt that the enemies greatly exaggerated, we need not repeat our belief in their foundation. As to Horace Walpole, who talked of her as he did, partly because he hated her for loving his mother's successor (not his worst reason), and partly because he was as great and scandalous a tattler as anybody, there is something in the long and frivolous, and fragile celibacy of his life, which in spite of his wit and good sense, or perhaps the more for it, gives a peculiarly revolting character to the perpetual squeak of his censoriousness. His disgusting portrait of Lady Mary in old age, painted with all the evil gusto and plastering of an angry nurse or procuress, is well known. Lady Mary may or may not have worn a mask at one time when she received visitors (her biographer, indeed, says she did), but she may have done it for no worse reason, in a woman of her sort, than to baffle curiosity, as well as to screen the advances of age. If she was ashamed of showing her face on other accounts, she would hardly have received her visitors. She owns in one of her letters, that after a certain period, she would never again look in a glass. And yet Mrs. Montagu tells us, that on her return to England she still looked young! The following is Lady Louisa's account of that final event in her life:—

'She survived her return home too short a time to afford much more matter for anecdotes. Those who could remember her arrival, spoke with delight of the clearness, vivacity, and raciness of her conversation, and the youthful vigour which seemed to animate her mind. She did not appear displeased at the general curiosity to see her, nor void of curiosity herself concerning the new things and people that her native country presented to her view, after so long an absence; yet, had her life lasted half as many years as it did months, the probability is that she would have gone abroad again; for her habits had become completely foreign in all those little cir

cumstances, the sum of which must constitute the comfort or discomfort of every passing day. She was accustomed to foreign servants, and to the spaciousness of a foreign dwelling. Her description of the harpsichord-shaped house she inhabited in one of the streets bordering upon Hanover Square, grew into a proverbial phrase: "I am most handsomely lodged," said she; "I have two very decent closets, and a cupboard on each floor." This served to laugh at, but could not be a pleasant exchange for the Italian palazzo. However, all earthly good and evil were very soon terminated by a fatal malady, the growth of which she had long concealed. The fatigues she underwent in her journey to England tended to exasperate its symptoms; it increased rapidly, and before ten months were over, she died, in the seventy-third year of her age.'—p. 94.

This malady, long concealed, was a cancer; her courage in enduring which, with a spirit so much the reverse of complaining, had been justly admired.

The following is the account before alluded to, of these last days of Lady Mary, given by Mrs. Montagu, who married her husband's cousin, Edward. She is writing to a friend at Naples:—

'You have lately returned us from Italy a very extraordinary personage, Lady Mary Wortley. When nature is at the trouble of making a very singular person, time does right in respecting it. Medals are preserved, when common coin is worn out; and as great geniuses are rather matters of curiosity than use, this lady seems to be reserved for a wonder to more than one generation. She does not look older than when she went abroad; has more than the vivacity of fifteen; and a memory, which perhaps is unique. Several people visited her out of curiosity, which she did not like. I visit her because her husband and mine were cousin-germans; and though she has not any foolish partiality for her husband and his relations, I was very graciously received, and you may imagine, entertained by one who neither thinks, speaks, acts, or dresses, like anybody else. Her domestic establishment is made up of all nations: and when you get into her drawing-room, you imagine you are in the first story of the tower of Babel. An Hungarian servant takes your name at the door; he gives it to an Italian, who delivers it to a Frenchman; the Frenchman to a Swiss, and the Swiss to a Polander; so that by the time you get to her ladyship's presence, you have changed your name five times without the expense of an act of parliament.'—(The passage is in her collected *letters*, but we get it from the *Censura Literaria* of Sir Egerton Brydges, vol. iii. p. 263.)

In a subsequent letter the same writer says:—

'Lady Mary W. Montagu returned to England, as it were, to finish where she began. I wish she had given us an account of the events that filled the space between. She had a terrible distemper, the most virulent cancer ever heard of, which soon carried her off. I met her at my Lady Bute's in June, and she then looked well; in three weeks after, at my return to London, I heard she was given over. The hemlock kept her

drowsy and free from pain; and the physicians thought, if it had been given early, it might have saved her.

'She left her son one guinea. He is too much of a sage to be concerned about money, I presume. When I first knew him, a rake and a beau, I did not imagine he would addict himself at one time to Rabbinical learning, and then travel all over the East, the great itinerant savant of the world. One has read, that the great believers in the transmigration of souls suppose a man, who has been rapacious and cunning, does penance in the shape of a fox; another, cruel and bloody, enters the body of a wolf. But I believe my poor cousin in his pre-existent state, having broken all moral laws, has been sentenced to suffer in all the various characters of human life. He has run through them all successfully enough. His dispute with Mr. Needham has been communicated to me by a gentleman of the museum; and I think he will gain no laurels there. But he speaks as decisively as if he had been bred at Pharaoh's court, in all the learning of the Egyptians. He has certainly very uncommon parts; but too much of the rapidity of his mother's genius.'—vol. ii. p. 284.

These 'uncommon parts,' and 'rapidity of genius,' in poor Wortley, junior, amounted to no more, we believe, than a constitutional vivacity derived from his mother, overlaid with his father's dulness, and terminating in a vain and unstable flightiness of character, which pretended everything, and performed nothing. 'Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel,' is well quoted of him by Lady Louisa. He first plagued his parents by running away from school, and being everywhere but where he should have been,—going aboard ship—apprenticing himself to a trade, &c. In early manhood he led a rambling life, always telling falsehoods, and importuning them for money, which the father, who was very rich, had better have given him; and before he died, he realised a most remarkable prophecy of his mother's (see vol. ii. p. 325) by becoming, first a Catholic, and then a Mussulman, in which latter faith, with a turban and beard besides, and, it is said, a harem into the bargain, he died. He was at one time a Member of Parliament, and besides some dull communications to the Royal Society, published a book on the *Decline and Fall of the Ancient Republics*, the composition of which was afterwards claimed by the Rev. Mr. Foster, his tutor. In a word, he seemed to be the offspring of the perplexity of his father's and mother's first position,—the victim of their mistake, and privileged to obtain what excuses and comforts he could get from them, which, to do them justice, they upon the whole afforded, though not always with the right distribution of blame and allowance on all sides. His father, however, though not unkind, was not generous, especially (as we agree with a contemporary) for a man

who left an enormous fortune; and Lady Mary herself had an ultra-prudent sympathy with her husband on this head,—their only and sorry point of accord! But she had evidently suffered much as a parent. She would have shown her son the love she missed herself, could he have returned it. She did so to her daughter: and love, perhaps, would have made her generous. Her good sense was so exquisite, and often took so feeling a turn, that did we not meet with examples every day of the singular difference between the power to think rightly and the disposition to act so, we should fancy she wanted but some very little encouragement of true love on the part of a superior nature, to become all that could be desired. Here follow a few specimens of it:—

WELCOME FALSEHOODS.

'I am in perfect health; I hear it said that I look better than ever I did in my life, which is one of those lies one is always glad to hear.'—ii. p. 183.

How true this is! and how it comes home to one!

A RESOURCE TO THE LAST.

'In general, I could not perceive but that the old were as well pleased as the young; and I, who dread growing wise more than anything in the world, was overjoyed that one can never outlive one's vanity?—Id. p. 191.

WAR AND IMPROVEMENT.

'The world is past its infancy, and will no longer be contented with spoon-meat. Time has added great improvements, but those very improvements have introduced a train of artificial necessities. A collective body of men make a gradual progress in understanding, like that of a single individual. When I reflect on the vast increase of useful as well as speculative knowledge the last three hundred years has produced, and that the peasants of this age have more conveniences than the first emperors of Rome had any notion of, I imagine we are now arrived at that period which answers to fifteen. I cannot think we are older, when I recollect the many palpable follies which are still (almost) universally persisted in: I place that of war as senseless as the boxing of schoolboys; and whenever we come to man's estate (perhaps a thousand years hence) I do not doubt it will appear as ridiculous as the pranks of unlucky lads. Several discoveries will then be made, as several truths made clear, of which we have now no more idea than the ancients had of the circulation of the blood, or the optics of Sir Isaac Newton.'—iii. p. 141.

Benedictæ sint eæ, quæ ante nos nostra dixerunt!

HOPE AND STRENGTH OF MIND.

'Everything may turn out better than you expect. We see so darkly into futurity we never know when we have real cause to rejoice or lament.

The worst appearances have often happy consequences, as the best lead many times into the greatest misfortunes. Human prudence is very straitly bounded. What is most in our power, though little so, is the disposition of our own minds. Do not give way to melancholy; seek amusements; be willing to be diverted, and insensibly you will become so. Weak people only place a merit in affliction.'—Id. p. 25.

PRETENDED CANDOUR.

'Vices are often hid under the name of virtues, and the practice of them followed by the worst of consequences. Sincerity, friendship, piety, disinterestedness, and generosity, are all great virtues; but, pursued with discretion, become criminal. I have seen ladies indulge their own ill-humour by being very rude and impertinent, and think they deserve approbation, by saying, I love to speak truth.'—Id. p. 49.

A CAUTION.

'People are never so near playing the fool as when they think themselves wise.'—Id. p. 111.

THE RIGHT SECOND CHILDHOOD.

'Age, when it does not harden the heart and sour the temper, naturally returns to the milky disposition of infancy. Time has the same effect on the mind as on the face. The predominant passion, the strongest feature, become more conspicuous from the others retiring; the various views of life are abandoned, from want of ability to preserve them, as the fine complexion is lost in wrinkles; but as surely as a large nose grows larger, and a wide mouth wider, the tender child in your nursery will be a tender old woman, though, perhaps, reason may have restrained the appearance of it, till the mind, relaxed, is no longer capable of concealing its weakness.'—Id. p. 143.

PARENT AND CHILD.

'I am so far persuaded of the goodness of your heart' (she is writing to her daughter) 'I have often had a mind to write you a consolatory epistle on my own death, which I believe will be some affliction, though my life is wholly useless to you. That part of it which we passed together you have reason to remember with gratitude, though I think you misplace it; you are no more obliged to me for bringing you into the world, than I am to you for coming into it, and I never made use of that commonplace (and, like most commonplace, false) argument, as exacting any return of affection. There was a mutual necessity on us both to part at that time, and no obligation on either side. In the case of your infancy, there was so great a mixture of instinct, I can scarce even put that in the number of the proofs I have given you of my love; but I confess I think it a great one, if you compare my after conduct towards you with that of other mothers, who generally look on children as devoted to their pleasures, and bound by duty to have no sentiments but what they please to give them; playthings at first, and afterwards the objects on which they may exercise their spleen, tyranny, or ill-humour. I have always thought of you in a different manner. Your happiness was my first wish, and the pursuit of all my actions, divested of all selfish interest so far. I think you ought, and believe you do, remember me as your real friend.'—Id. p. 389.

NOVEL-READING.

'Daughter! daughter! don't call names; you are always abusing my pleasures, which is what no mortal will bear. Trash, lumber, sad stuff, are the titles you give my favourite amusement. If I call a white staff a stick of wood, a gold key gilded brass, and the ensigns of illustrious orders coloured strings, this may be philosophically true, but would be very ill received. We have all our playthings; happy are those that can be contented with those they can obtain: those hours are spent in the wisest manner that can easiest shade the ills of life, and are the least productive of ill consequences. I think my time better employed in reading the adventures of imaginary people, than the Duchess of Marlborough, who passed the latter years of her life in paddling with her will, and contriving schemes of plaguing some, and extracting praises from others, to no purpose, eternally disappointed, and eternally fretting. The active scenes are over at my age. I indulge, with all the art I can, my taste for reading. If I would confine it to valuable books, they are almost as rare as valuable men. I must be content with what I can find. As I approach a second childhood, I endeavour to enter into the pleasures of it. Your youngest son is, perhaps, at this very moment riding on a poker with great delight, not at all regretting that it is not a gold one, and much less wishing it an Arabian horse, which he could not know how to manage. I am reading an idle tale, not expecting wit or truth in it, and am very glad that it is not metaphysics to puzzle my judgment, or history to mislead my opinion. He fortifies his health with exercise; I calm my cares by oblivion. The methods may appear low to busy people; but, if he improves his strength, and I forget my infirmities, we both attain very desirable ends.'—Id. p. 146.

And so farewell, poor, flourishing, disappointed, reconciled, wise, foolish, enchanting Lady Mary! Fair English vision in Turk-land; Turkish vision in ours; the female wit of the days of Pope; benefactress of the species; irritating satirist of the circles. Thou didst err for want of a little more heart,—perhaps for want of finding enough in others, or for loss of thy mother in infancy, —but thy loss was our gain, for it gained us thy books, and thy inoculation. Thy poems are little, being but a little wit in rhyme, *vers de société*; but thy prose is much,—admirable, better than acute, idiomatical, off-hand, conversational without inelegance, fresh as the laugh on the young cheek, and full of brain. The conventional shows of things could not deceive thee: pity was it that thou didst not see a little farther into the sweets of things unconventional,—of faith in the heart, as well as in the blood and good sense! Loveable, indeed, thou wert not, whatever thou mightst have been rendered; but admirable thou wert, and ever wilt thou be thought so, as long as pen writeth straightforward, and sense or Sultana hath a charm

*LIFE AND AFRICAN VISIT OF PEPYS.**

CHARACTERISTICS OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY—ACCOUNT OF PEPYS' 'DIARY,' AND SUMMARY OF HIS LIFE—HIS VOYAGE TO TANGIER, AND BUSINESS IN THAT PLACE—CHARACTER AND BEHAVIOUR OF ITS GOVERNOR, THE 'INFAMOUS COLONEL KIRKE'—PEPYS' RETURN TO ENGLAND—GIBBON'S ANCESTOR, THE HERALD—PEPYS AND LORD SANDWICH, &c

It is a good thing for the world, and a relief from those conventional hypocrisies of which most people are ashamed, even when they would be far more ashamed to break through them, that now and then there comes up some autobiographical gentleman who makes the universe his confidant, and carries the *nil humani alienum* down to a confession about his love of preferment, or a veal-pie, or his delight in setting up his coach. We do not mean such only as have written 'lives,' but men of autobiographical propensities, in whatever shape indulged. Montaigne was such a man; Boswell was another; and we have a remarkable one in the Diarist before us, who, if he does not give us a whole life, puts into the memorandums of some ten or a dozen years more about himself than whole lives have communicated. The regular autobiographers are apt to be of loftier pretensions, and less fondly communicative; but still they make curious and sometimes extraordinary disclosures. At one time, the writer is a philosopher (Rousseau), who shakes the thrones of Europe, and has stolen a bit of riband; at another, a knight-errand out of season (Lord Herbert), who breaks the peace in order to preserve it, and thinks he has had a revelation against revelation. A still more summary Italian (Cellini) settles his differences with people by stabbing them; and as the contemporaries of such writers are

* From the *Edinburgh Review* for 1841.—Occasioned by *The Life, Journal, and Correspondence of* Samuel Pepys, *Esq., Secretary to the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II.* Including a Narrative of his Voyage to Tangier, deciphered from the short-hand MSS. in the Bodleian Library. Now first published from the originals. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1841.

sometimes almost as strange people as themselves, though not aware of it, this assassin, who made admirable goblets and wine-coolers, is pardoned by the Pope, because he is too great a genius to be hung.

All autobiographers indeed, the very frankest, have more or less their concealments; for it would require the utmost extreme of impudence or simplicity to tell everything. We never met with one of whom it was to be expected, unless it was that great, but mad genius, Cardan, or the Quaker physician who favours us with his indigestions. One French lady (the heroical and unfortunate Madame Roland) may treat us as her tenderest friend, and startle us with a communication for which we cannot account; and another (Madame de Stahl—not de Staël) exhibit a charming truth and self-knowledge beyond all other autobiographers; and yet from neither do we expect to hear all that gave them surprise or mortification. Still, nevertheless, the beauty of all such writing is, that concealment itself becomes a species of disclosure. The moment a man begins speaking of himself, however prudently he thinks he is going to do it (and the remark of course does not apply the less to tongues more bewitching), a discerning reader may be pretty sure of seeing into the real nature of his character and proceedings. Who doubts the bad temper and impracticableness of Rousseau, for all his attempts to disguise it? or the mere self-seeking of Alfieri? or the pious frauds, and more excusable weaknesses, of Madame de Genlis? (to whom, nevertheless, we believe the world and the present generation to be greatly indebted). If the autobiography tells the truth, there is no mistaking it; and if it falsifies, even in a truth-like manner, we may detect the falsehood in the particularity of its recitals, or in its affectation of ease and simplicity, or in the general impression. The writer betrays himself when he least suspects it, and for that very reason; and he always exhibits his greatest weakness when he flatters himself he is at the top of his strength, or even when he is so; for he is then not only least on his guard, but has reached the limits of his understanding; and by his scorn and his final judgments, he discloses to us the whole field of his ignorance beyond it.

As the perusal of autobiography, however, puts the reader in the state of a companion, it is far pleasantest, upon the whole, when it saves him the unsocial and hostile trouble of such detections; and, like our old friend before us, is as truly candid about himself as others—thoroughly open, unsuspecting, and

familiar—'pouring out all as plain' as 'old Montaigne' aforesaid, or 'downright Shippen.'

Let such a man tell us what he will—supposing he is not a dolt, or out of his wits—we cannot help having, not only a portion of regard, but something of a respect for him, seeing his total freedom from the most injurious and alienating of vices, insincerity; and, accordingly—though we laugh at Pepys with his cockney revels, and his beatitudes of lace and velvet, and his delight at having his head patted by Lord Clarendon, and his honest uproariousness, and his not knowing 'what to think,' between his transport with the court beauties, and the harm he is afraid they will do the state—we feel that he ends in being a thoroughly honest man, and even a very clever one, and that we could have grown serious in his behalf, had his comfort or good name been put in jeopardy.

Till within these few years, indeed, our old friend's name, as far as it was remembered, was altogether of a serious and respectful description. There survived—in corners of the *Gentleman's Magazine*; of naval antiquarian minds, and other such literary and official quarters—a staid and somewhat solemn notion of a certain Samuel Pepys, Esq., a patronising gentleman and Admiralty patriot, who condescended to amuse his leisure with collecting curious books and old English ballads, and was the founder of the Pepysian library at Cambridge. Percy recorded him in his *Reliques*; Cole and Nichols honoured him; Granger eulogised him; biographers of admirals trumpeted him; Jeremy Collier, in the Supplement to his Dictionary, pronounced him a philosopher of the 'severest morality;' and though the 'severest morality' was a bold saying, a great deal of the merit attributed to him by these writers was true.

But, in the classical shelves of Maudlin, not far from the story of Midas's barber and his reeds, there lay, ready to burst its cerements—a *Diary!* The ghosts of the chambermaids of those days archly held their fingers upon their lips as they watched it. The great spirit of Clarendon felt a twinge of the conscience to think of it. The ancestors of Lord Braybroke and Mr. Upcott were preparing the existence of those gentlemen, on purpose to edit it. And edited it was; and the 'staid and solemn,' the respectable, but jovial Pepys, welcomed, with shouts of good-fellowship, to the laughing acquaintance of the world.

Every curious passage in that extraordinary publication came on the reader with double effect, from an intimation given by the

editor that it had been found 'absolutely necessary' to make numerous curtailments. He hung out no 'lights,' as Madame Dacier calls them. There were no stars, or other typographical symbols, indicating the passages omitted. The reader therefore concluded that, rich in suggestion as the publication was, it had 'riches fineless' concealed. Every court anecdote was thought to contain still more than it told; and every female acquaintance of the poor author, unless he expressly said the contrary, was supposed to be no better than she should be. We seemed on the borders of hearing, every instant, that all the maids of honour had sent for the doctor on one and the same evening; or that the court had had a ball in their nightgowns; or that the beds there had been half burnt (for Lady Castlemaine once threatened to fire Whitehall); or, lastly, that Mr. Pepys himself had been taken to the roundhouse in the dress of a tirewoman, with his wife's maid by his side as a boy from sea. The suppressed passages were naturally talked about in bookselling and editorial quarters, and now and then a story transpired. The following conclusion of one of them has been much admired, as indicating the serious reflections which Pepys mixed up with his levities, and the strong sense he entertained of the merits of an absent wife. We cannot say what was the precise occasion, but it was evidently one in which he had carried his merry-meetings to an unusual extent—probably to the disarrangement of all the lady's household economy; for he concludes an account of some pastime in which he had partaken, by a devout expression of penitence, in which he begs pardon of 'God and Mrs. Pepys.'

Welcome, therefore, anything new, however small it may be, from the pen of Samuel Pepys—the most confiding of diarists, the most harmless of turncoats, the most wondering of *quidnuncs*, the fondest and most penitential of faithless husbands, the most admiring, yet grieving, of the beholders of the ladies of Charles II., the Sancho Panza of the most insipid of Quixotes, James II., who did bestow on him (in naval matters) the government of a certain 'island,' which, to say the truth, he administered to the surprise and edification of all who bantered him! Strange was it, assuredly, that for a space of ten years, and stopped only by a defect of eyesight, our Admiralty clerk had the spirit—after the labours, and the jests, and the news-tellings, and the eatings and drinkings, and the gallantries of each day—to write his voluminous diary every night before he went to bed, not seldom after midnight. And hardly less strange was it, nay stranger, that con-

sidering what he disclosed, both respecting himself and others, he ran, in the first place, the perpetual risk of its transpiration, especially in those searching times; and, in the second, bequeathed it to the reverend keeper of a college, to be dug up at any future day, to the wonder, the amusement, and not very probable respect, of the coming generations.

Three things have struck us in going through the old volumes again, before we digested the new ones; first, what a truly hard-working, and, latterly, thoroughly conscientious man our hero was, in spite of all his playgoings and his courtliness; second, what multitudes of 'respectable' men might write just such a diary if they had but one virtue more, in addition to the virtues they exhibit and the faults they secrete; and, third (for it is impossible to be serious any long time together when considering Pepys), what curious little circumstances conspired to give a look even of fabulous and novel-like interest to his adventures—not excepting the characteristical names of many of his acquaintances, good as those in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or the page of Fielding and Smollett. Thus we have 'Muddiman the arch rogue,' and 'Pin the Tailor,' and 'Tripp, who dances well,' and Truelock the gunsmith, and Drumbleby the pipemaker, who makes flageolets 'to go low and soft,' and Mr. Talents the chaplain, and Mr. Gold the merchant, and Surgeon Pierce, and 'that jade' Mrs. Knipp the actress, and 'Cousin Gumbleton' the 'good-humoured, fat young gentleman,' and Creed, who prepares himself for the return of the old religion. Considering what sort of man Pepys was, especially at the time of his intimacy with these people, it would not be difficult to fancy Tripp, and Knipp, and Pierce, and Pin (unless indeed the tailor had too reverent a sense of his 'orders,') plotting to mystify him with a night-revel, as the fairies did Falstaff, and startling his fleshly conscience with retributive pinches. His own name, pronounced as it was in those days, is not the least amusing of these coincidences. It was singularly appropriate. The modern pronunciation, we believe, is Pepps—with a variation of Peppis. His contemporaries called him *Peeps!* *

We cannot avoid adding, that one of his grand-uncles had the very ludicrous, and what, with reference to the aspirations of the nephew, might be called the highly *avuncular* name of '*Apollo*

* 'On Tuesday last Mr. Peeps went to Windsor, having the confidence that he might kiss the king's hand.'—*Memoirs*, Appendix, vol. ii. p. 302.

Pepys!' But perhaps it was the scriptural name Apollos; for one of the three sisters of this gentleman was named Faith, and another Paulina.

We must suppress, however, the temptation of dwelling upon the former publication too long, and still more that of repeating some provoking passages which appeared in the notice of it in this Journal (vol. xliii. p. 23). It may be as well, nevertheless, in speaking of the new volumes, and by way of keeping before us an entire impression of the man, while closing our accounts with him, to devote a few sentences to the briefest possible summary of the events of his life. He was born in 1632, of a highly respectable family, the eldest branch of which has become ennobled in the person of the admirable lawyer, who lately obtained the esteem of all parties in his discharge of the office of Lord Chancellor. His father, however, being the youngest son of the youngest brother of a numerous race, was bred a tailor (the supposed origin of our hero's beatific notion of a suit of clothes); yet Samuel received a good education, first at St. Paul's School, and then at Cambridge. At twenty-three, he married a girl of fifteen. He appears to have been a trooper (probably a city volunteer) under the commonwealth; gradually quitted that side in concert with his cousin and protector, Sir Edward Montagu, afterwards Earl of Sandwich; found himself aboard the English fleet with him one fine morning, going to Holland, to fetch home the royal family; nearly knocked out his own right eye, in helping to fire a salute; put on his new silk suit, July the 10th, and his black camlet cloak with silver buttons, July the 13th; obtained a place in the Admiralty, from which he rose higher and higher, till he did almost the whole real business in that quarter during the reigns of Charles and James; was sent to Tangier when that possession was destroyed, to advise with the commander of the squadron, and estimate the compensations to the householders; was arrested on a preposterous charge of treason, on the change in the government; retired, childless and a widower, to the house of a *protégé* at Clapham, full of those luxuries of books and *virtù* which he had always patronised; and died there of the consequences of luxurious and sedentary living, though at a good age, on the 26th of May, 1703. He was for many years in Parliament (we wish he was there now, taking notes of his own party); was fond of dining, play-going, fine clothes, fair ladies, practical jokes, old ballads, books of science, executions, and coaches; composed music, and played on the flageolet; was a Fellow, nay

President, of the Royal Society (one reason, perhaps, in conjunction with his original Puritanism, why he could never take heartily to the author of *Hudibras*); and last, not least, was Master of the Worshipful Company of Clothworkers; to whom he presented 'a richly-chased silver loving-cup,' which his noble editor informs us is still constantly used at 'all their public festivals;' doubtless with no mean justice to the memory of the draughts he took out of it. If we picture to ourselves Pepys practising his song of 'Beauty retire' the first thing in the morning; then breakfasting and going to his duties, working hard at them, fretting at corruptions, yet once and away helping to patch up one himself; then taking a turn in the Park, to see and be seen in his new camlet; loving the very impudence of Lady Castlemaine, yet shaking his head about her; talking with some gossip of the last doings at court; cheapening an old book on a stall, or giving his money away; then dining and going to the theatre, or to the house of some jovial friend, and playing 'High Jinks' till supper; then supping considerably, and again going to work, perhaps till one or two in the morning; and, finally, saying his prayers, and thinking his wife positively half as pretty as Miss Mercer, or my lady herself,—if we take, we say, a dioramic view of him after this fashion, by way of specimen of his waking hours, we shall have a tolerably accurate sample of the stuff his life was made of during its best period, and till infirmity and his public consequence rendered him more thoughtful and dignified. The true entire man (to make a grand simile for our old acquaintance) is like the neighbouring planet, to be estimated neither when he waxes nor wanes, but when he is in mid career or the full development of his faculties, and shows his whole honest face to the world.

The two volumes before us, we are sorry to say, are not to be compared for a moment with those which have amused us with these recollections. We have seldom, in fact, met with a more disappointing publication. The editorship, it is true, as far as it goes, is of a much higher order than what the public have lately been accustomed to see. We believe it was in the hands of the late estimable Mr. John Towell Rutt. But, for reasons which the bookseller has left unexplained, the publication has been very crudely and strangely managed. Thus, it commences with the omission of thirty-six pages, apparently of preface: the *Life* (so called, as if it were an entire life) occupies little more than twenty pages, and leaves off in its hero's prime,

where the *Correspondence* begins; and the whole *Life, Journals, and Correspondence*, which was thus comprehensively advertised, as though it contained all that had been published under such titles, consists but of this morsel of memoir, a good set of explanatory notes, the Journal at Tangier (forty pages), a Journal in Spain (seventeen pages), the Journal of the Voyage home (ten pages), and the gleanings of those fields of manuscripts which had been so plentifully reaped by the editor of the *Memoirs par excellence*. In the new volumes, Pepys, considered as a humorist and an original, is altogether in his decline. He is older, more learned, perhaps more respectable—certainly duller; and the Tangier Diary will no more do to be compared with the old one, than a rainy day in autumn with a merry summer. However, as there is really some curious matter, and as traits of him still break out, the book is not unworthy of notice. A letter in the first volume clears up a question respecting a posthumous work of Milton; and the Journal at Tangier contains some highly characteristic accounts of an adventurer, who afterwards obtained an infamous reputation in the service of James the Second. A new head of Pepys, as if to suit the graver reputation of his advancing life, supplies a frontispiece from the portrait belonging to the Royal Society. It is seemingly a likeness; but not at all the festive-looking good fellow in the morning-gown, who invited us, like a host, to 'fall to' upon our good fare in the quartos. Years and the Royal Society have taught him reserve and dignity. He does not wear so rakish a wig; nor is his face half-snoozing and half-chuckling with the recollections of last night's snap-dragon and blindman's-buff. His eye looks as if it knew what belonged to a man of his condition; his whole countenance is a challenge to scrutiny. It seems to say, 'I am not at all the man I was, and you are not to expect it. I shall commit myself no further. I have not merely "two cloaks" now about me, and "everything that is handsome;" I have thoughts and dignities—and am a personage not to be looked at in a spirit of lightness. My companions are no longer Tripp and Knipp, but Fellows of the Royal Society, and the great Dr. Wallis.' Probably—though we hope not (for the jollier picture would make the better jest)—it is the likeness to which his *protégé*, Mr. Hill, refers (vol. i. p. 162), when he declares, that 'its posture is so stately and magnificent, and it hits so naturally his proportion and *the noble air of his face*, that he remains immovable before it *hours together*.'

The Barbary port of Tangier seems to have been destined to exhibit our countrymen in foolish and failing lights. Addison's father, who was at one time chaplain to the garrison there, translated a silly account of it from the Spanish, in which the most ridiculous reports of Mandeville are repeated—about men whose feet served them for umbrellas, and people with dogs' and horses' heads, and no heads at all. The gallant and eccentric Lord Peterborough, during his voyage thither when a youth at sea, got into an unseemly squabble with the chaplain of his ship, in whose stead, one Sunday morning, he wanted to preach the sermon! And Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, then Lord Mulgrave, when he went there to fight the Moors for Charles the Second, was sent by the king in a leaky vessel, on purpose, according to the Tory writers, to drown him! His Majesty was angry at his having made love to the Princess Anne. Sir Walter Scott pronounces the attempt 'ungenerous,' and thinks that Mulgrave had 'no small reason' to complain. We strongly agree with the negative tenderness of the great novelist's objections; and rather wonder what he would have said of the business, had the king been William instead of Charles. Again, Tangier, as is well known, had been a Portuguese possession, and was part of the dowry of poor Catherine of Braganza. Charles (owing to his profligate expenditure) and his brother James (in pursuit of designs formidable at that time of day) managed it very badly between them, and made it a place for jobs; the nation, after granting vast sums of money to render the fortifications next to indestructible, became disgusted, and urged its abandonment; and at length Charles—who wanted the money that would have been further necessary to maintain it, in order to throw it away on his pleasures, and who was not sorry to have its garrison back in England to help him to reign without parliaments—despatched the Earl of Dartmouth to see to the work of its demolition. Pepys, who had long been on the Tangier Committee, went with Dartmouth for the purpose before mentioned, and was accompanied by Dr., afterwards the celebrated Sir William Trumbull, as Joint Commissioner and Judge Advocate. These two gentlemen, exasperated by undomestic discomforts, official jealousies, and the unpleasant and not very profitable nature of the task, did not comfortably assort. Trumbull, who was anxious to get back—and did so as quickly as possible—said he had been beguiled into the business by false representations; while Pepys, not very consistently with some of his notices of the

Doctor, complains that he (Pepys) did all the work, and taxes the other with avarice and want of courage. The future bold ambassador at the French court, and elegant friend of Dryden and Pope, certainly cuts a figure in the journal of our bustling friend which does not tally with the usual estimate of his character; but accidental differences, especially if they touch upon self-love, may create the most angry prejudices between people otherwise not unsuited to each other; and if Trumbull had written a Diary of his own, and Pepys had seen it, the latter, for more reasons than one, might have thought fit to moderate his objections.

There are frequent mentions of Tangier in the Great Diary. Before quoting the Journal, we will extract a passage or two, by way of preface, and to show how business was transacted in those days:—

'12th January, 1663.—I found my lord [Sandwich] within, and he and I went through the garden towards the duke's chamber, to sit upon the Tangier matters; but a lady called to my lord out of my Lady Castlemaine's lodging, telling him that the king was there, and would speak with him. My lord could not tell what to say at the committee to excuse his absence, but that he was with the king; nor would suffer me to go into the privy garden (which is now a thorough-passage and common), but bid me to go through some other way, which I did; so that I see he is a servant of the king's pleasures too, as well as business.'

'19th.—To my Lord Chancellor's, where the king was to meet my Lord Treasurer and many great men, to settle the revenue of Tangier. I staid talking a while there; but the king not coming, I walked to my brother's.'

'19th May, 1664.—To a Committee of Tangier, where, God forgive me, how our report of my Lord Peterborough's accounts was read over and agreed to by the Lords, *without one of them understanding it!*'

'5th May, 1667.—I walked over the park to Sir W. Coventry's. We talked of Tangier, of which he is ashamed; also that it should put the king [!] to this charge for no good in the world; and now a man going over that is a good soldier, but a debauched man, which the place need not to have. And so used these words:—"That this place was to the king, *as my Lord Carnarvon says of wood,* that it is *an excrescence of the earth, provided by God for the payment of debts.*"'

Here we may see, that the high tone of indifference to the people did not originate in the present times. Corn was defined, no doubt, in the same terms; and God as piously brought in to bear witness to their precision. The worst French revolutionists, who were just of a piece with these great Tory lords—counterparts of their pious determination to do what they liked with their timber, and to cut off heads as others 'grind faces'—held, of course, the opinion, that wood was provided by God to make guillotines.

'15th May, 1668.—To a Committee for Tangier, where, God knows how, my Lord Bellassis' accounts passed, understood by nobody but my Lord Ashley, who, I believe, was allowed to let them go as he pleased.'

'22nd March, 1669.—At it till noon (the Tangier and other business), here being several of my brethren with me, but doing nothing, but I all.'

Pepys was in his fifty-first year when he went on his voyage to this place; yet the cut of his waistcoat still had a corner reserved for it in his memoranda. He seems even to have kept the vessel waiting at Plymouth while it was in the tailor's hands.

'24th, Friday, August 1683.—Stayed for my doublet; the sleeves altered according to sea fashion.'

Being queasy and uncomfortable, however, and always patriotic, he is very angry that anybody else should be dilatory; and complains of the 'shameful want of discipline' in the other vessels, which were 'not ready to come out of Plymouth with their flags after my lord's signals.'

'So,' continues he, 'with a fair wind from Plymouth, we were fain to lie by for them, losing our way all the while. Hamilton in the *Dragon*, and Wheeler in the *Tiger*, *though shot at from my lord*, not being under sail to come out to the last.'

And then follows one of the numerous passages in the *real* history of that time, which show how its only virtue, as it has been called—its naval—has been overrated. It is frightful to see in our author's Diary, of what a mass of corruption, with the exception of a very few individuals, the whole administration of the navy consisted; and how the leaders, both on sea and shore, bandied against one another the foulest charges of knavery, and even cowardice. We certainly do not take their mutual testimonies for granted, nor believe that 'cowards' in British vessels were at any time more than very rare phenomena; neither do we doubt that great fops, and very effeminate people in other respects, may be truly brave, any more than that the bravest men—nay, whole crews of them—may be liable at times to their misgivings, or even their panics, when they do not very clearly see the way before them. But a court positively dissolute is assuredly not the best nursery for the kind of valour required at sea, where fortitude is as necessary as audacity, and glory seldom to be won by sudden incursions out of comfortable head-quarters. It was the psalm-singing old seamen of the Commonwealth that first maintained the national honour during the reign of Charles the Second; and it was the shame of being outdone by it—as

well, no doubt, as the general spirit of bravery, in spite of corruption—that kept it up in the persons of the young officers and court rakes who were set over their grizzled heads. James the Second, it must be allowed, while Duke of York, is not to be denied the honour of a real anxiety for the welfare of the naval service; but even he, according to his friend Pepys, had great moral defects; and the best part of the skill and industry attributed to him is due to Pepys himself. It must never, indeed, be forgotten, that there was a right honest feeling in Pepys, which was constantly at work for the good of the nation; and our navy, such as it is at this moment, owes, perhaps, a good half of its greatness to a couple of easy companions and lovers of old books—one of whom (Evelyn) may be said to have grown the timber to make its ships, while the other ensured strength and order to the crews that were to man them.

Yet our patriot will never let us be grave with him ten minutes together. Readers of our former article,* or of the Diary itself, may remember the puzzle he was in about *Hudibras*, whether to think it witty or otherwise; how he bought it, and sold it, and bought it again, and tried to 'find out' the wit, and then wondered any man could quote it. He has by this time become a solid student in Butler, and speaks of reading 'two books' of it, as others do of Homer or Virgil. It seems even to have been a resource to him in misfortune:—

'29th, Wednesday.—Read the two first books of Hudibras. Dr. Trumbull being out of humour, we had no merry chat these two nights.'

On arriving at Tangier, he says:—

'On shore with my lord the first time; all the ships and the town firing guns. Met, and conducted in great state to the castle. After dinner see the ladies, mightily changed (we suppose, from what they were when they came on board). The place an ordinary place, overseen by the Moors. Amazed to think how the king hath laid out all his money upon it. Good grapes and pomegranates from Spain. *At night, infinitely bit with chanchees* (mosquitoes).'

'18th, Tuesday.—Mightily out of order with being bit last night in the face,' &c.

'19th, Wednesday.—I this day put on my first stuff suit, and left off socks, after many years.'

'21st, Friday.—Merry at supper with wine in saltpetre. Spanish onions mighty good.'

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* *Id est*, the Review's, not the particular writer's.

'23rd, Sunday.—Shaved myself the first time since coming from England. . . . . To church; where the parson of the parish preached. Here I first observed, outside the church, lizards sticking on the windows, to bask in the sun. At noon we had a great locust left on our table. This morning, in my chamber, was the most extraordinary spider I ever saw, at least ten times as big as an ordinary spider. With such things this country mightily abounds. *But above all that was most remarkable here,* I met the *governor's lady* in the pew; a lady I have long remarked for her beauty; but she is mightily altered, and they tell stories on her part, while her husband minds pleasures of the same kind on his. After sermon, I led her down to her chair.'

'25th, Tuesday.—Up betimes, being uneasy with the chinchees.'

'11th October, Thursday.—Up betimes to walk, particularly on the stages at the stockade. I ventured within a little way, to see a boat making by the Moors, and some of our carpenters lent them. I would not venture too near; for I had been a good prize, and I see their sentries mighty close intent upon me.'

'12th, Friday.—First lay in drawers; and with that, and pinning my sleeves close, I was not to-night troubled with chinchees.'

'17th, Wednesday.—W. Hewer tells me of captains submitting to the meanest servility to Herbert when at Tangier, waiting his rising and going to bed, combing his periwig, putting on his coat, as the king is served, &c.; he living and keeping a house on shore, and his mistresses *visited and attended, one after another, as the king's are.* For commanders that value themselves above tarpaulins to attend to these mean things, as Wheeler is particularly said to do!'

The governor whom Pepys found at Tangier was a personage qualified to excite all the astonishment, indignation, and disgust, of which his patriotic soul was susceptible;—no less than the infamous Colonel Kirke, the detestable instrument of Jacobite cruelty in the West of England. Burnet attributed Kirke's ferocity to the neighbourhood of the Moors at this place; but villains of his sort are not thus suddenly made; to say nothing of the doubtful Christian good-nature of thrusting off the vices of one's countrymen upon a poor set of Mahometans. Kirke must have been a man of a hard unfeeling nature from the first, and of a will aggravated by bad education. Pepys found him carrying out his natural principles in the highest style within the walls of Tangier; quite apart from anything which the Moors could do to spoil such an innocent. Brute force was his law, and contempt of the many his gospel. The worst vices of Toryism, before or since, met in his person. He was as overbearing as an apostate; as disloyal, whenever it suited him, as any *quondam* preacher of loyalty; rapacious and monopolising as the most selfish of the taxers of bread. He had a court about him at

Tangier, which, in corruption, drinking, and profligacy, imitated, on a smaller and worse scale (if that were possible), the reckless one at home; and though he was far better fitted to spoil the Moors than they him, it is not impossible that, in the heat and tyranny of his African government, he first got his hand thoroughly into that system of terror, which he afterwards worked with such infamy on his native soil. The horrible story of him, which Pomfret put into verse, is now disbelieved, though probably there was foundation of *some* sort even for that. He was a man drunk (besides his wine) with a long run of disorderly and bullying success; and he had no shame to limit his will, and no imagination to conceive the feelings of others, except as giving it pungency. It is not easy, therefore, under such circumstances, to determine the bounds of any sort, at which a fool without a heart would stop.

Pepys's accounts of this fellow form the most curious portions of the present work, and show what sort of a man James must have knowingly selected for his instrument;—our voyager being deeply in the royal confidence, and in the habit of communicating to him whatever he saw. Imagine this unfortunate, but heartless and senseless prince, having the following narratives given him by Pepys the next year, when the latter returned to England, and then, the year after, employing the wretch against his own people. Almost all the instances, to be sure, are mild and small compared with the things he did afterwards; but we see the miscreant in preparation:—

'23rd October, Tuesday.—While walking this morning up and down the mole town, with my lord and the Governor, Roberts, the town apothecary, came to Kirke, and told him of bad wine now selling to soldiers at threepence or three-halfpence a quart, so sour that it would kill the men. Kirke moved my lord, and he yielded, that it should be staved. Of his own accord, Kirke went to see it done—presently came to us again, and brought in his hand a bottle of white wine, calling it vinegar, and gave it my lord to taste, as also I and others did. I was troubled to see the owner, Mr. Cranborow, a modest man that kept a house of entertainment, come silently, with tears in his eyes, begging my lord to excuse it—for the wine was good wine, and sold so cheap only to get something for it, he not knowing how to send it away—and therefore desired he might not be undone. Kirke, in sight of my lord, all the while ranted, and called him dog; and that all the merchants in the town were rogues like him, and would poison the men. My lord calmly bade the man dispose otherwise of what he had, and not sell it to the soldiers. "Nay," says Kirke, "he must then gather it up from the ground, for I have staved it!" The man (whether he had any not staved, I know not) withdrew weeping, and without any complaint, to the making my heart ache. Captain Pursell told me, he knew very well the

wine Kirke stayed, and stood on the man's chest in the cellar, when the wine about the room was too high for him to stand on the ground. The wine was better than my lord hath on his table or did give him and the rest of the officers the other day when he entertained them.'

* * * * * * *

'This morning Dr. Lawrence told me his own case with the Governor, which shows Kirke a very brute. Sheres, also, to-day called me aside on the mole, to tell me that Kirke owes 1,500*l.* among the inhabitants of the town, who can get no money from him, but curses, and "Why do you trust me?" Nor dare they complain, for fear of his employing some one or other to do them mischief, as, Sheres says, he hath done to two men that have been killed, as generally believed, by his orders. He caused a sergeant to be tied to a post, then beaten by himself as long as he could do it, then by another, and all for bidding a servant of his go to his mistress, Mrs. Collier.

'To show how little he makes of drunkenness (though he will beat a fellow for having a dirty face or band), I have seen, as he has been walking with me in the street, a soldier reel on him as drunk as a dog, at this busy time too, when everybody not on guard is at work. He hath only laughed at him, and cried, "The fellow hath got a good morning's draught already!" and so let him go without one word of reprehension. My lord does also tell me of nine hundred false musters (that, I think, was the number) in two thousand seven hundred men. This I will inquire after more certainly.

'At supper, Dr. Ken told my lord and the company (Mr. Hughes, minister of the parish being by), how Kirke hath put one Roberts on the parish to be reader, who will swear, drink, &c., as freely as any man in the town.'

* * * * * * *

'Du Pas tells me of Kirke's having banished the Jews, without, or rather contrary to, express orders from England, only because of their denying him, or standing in the way of, his private profits. He made a poor Jew and his wife, that came out of Spain to avoid the Inquisition, be carried back, swearing they should be burned; and they were carried into the Inquisition and burned. He says, that he hath certainly been told that Kirke used to receive money on both sides, in cases of difference in law, and he that gave most should carry the cause. When the Recorder hath sometimes told him such and such a thing was not according to the laws of England, he hath said openly in court, "But it was then according to the law of Tangier."'

* * * * * * *

'Mr. Sheres desires my speaking to my lord, without naming my author, that a Tuniseen hath brought a prize into this port, the profit of buying which (contrary, however, to the express order of the king and lords, for governors to have nothing to do with trade) my lord hath given to Kirke, though solicited, as he told me, by several others to give them the buying it; whereas, indeed, he should have given the master to sell to whom he would. The Tuniseen demands fifteen hundred dollars—Kirke offers six hundred, and will neither give him more nor let him go away. The poor Tuniseen complains that he is ready to starve, having had nothing this week but bread and water.'

* * * * * * *

'On Kirke's misgovernment, Captain Silver told my lord, in my hearing, that a company of the king's subjects were in chains, and how long the chains were, when my lord came hither, and commanded them to be set at liberty; and that this tyrannical severity of Kirke's made so many desert the place and run to the Moors. He says, there hath been thirty or forty in those chains at a time. Silver hath got me, from the marshal of the town, who hath a great many of them, one of the very chains that the king's soldiers used to carry, and be made to work in.'

* * * * * * *

'Kirke turned everything to his own benefit, nothing being sold in town but by him, or his licence, and with profit to him—he buying all the cattle of the Moors at nine pieces a head, and selling them to the butchers at twelve, ready money, they selling them to the people as dear as they could: this also, in the case of wax, against an express order in council, given, as they tell us, within a year.'

After reading of brutalities like these, the laugh occasioned by the absurdities of such a man as Pepys, is salutary to our common nature. Among the deficiencies which, during his residence at Tangier, he discovers in the navy, is the want of a prayer, not only for a good wind but for *some* wind! He grieves that clergymen show no eagerness to go to sea for the purpose of remedying these things; and wonders that, undesirous as they perhaps might be supposed to be of a fresh breeze, they do not at least look to the getting up of a little air, west by north, and so to the prevention of calms:—

'Our want of a prayer *for a good wind* does enough show how little our churchmen make it their business to go to sea; which may serve also to improve the description of the dangers and illness of a sea life; whereas they ought, the first, to look after the wonders,' &c. 'Here comes in the story of Harman's chaplain, asking what he should do to be *saved*.'

'We not only lack prayers at sea for a good wind, and what is yet as reasonable, thanks when we get it, witness our own case, but for *some* wind. In calms we not only suffer the evils that may attend not going forward to our port, but by ships being liable to be jogged together by the swell of the sea, without any power to resist it, they being ordinarily in a calm carried one upon another, the heads and tails lying divers ways, *like things distracted*.'

'26th, Friday.—Being a little ill, and troubled at so much loose company at table (my lord not being there), I dined in my chamber; and Dr. Ken (the chaplain, afterwards the famous bishop of Bath and Wells) came and dined with me. We had a great deal of good discourse on the viciousness of this place, *and its being time for Almighty God to destroy it!*'

'26th November, Monday.—Mightily frightened with my old swimming in the head at rising, and most of the morning, which makes me melancholy; I fear also my right foot being lame. But I hope in God both will go over, and that it is only the weather.'

'28th, Wednesday.—This day, *to clear my head of matters*, I wrote many

letters to friends in England; among others, *a merry, roguish, yet mysterious one to S.H.*'

In the beginning of the following March, the Commission returned to England. Pepys, meantime, had paid a visit to Spain; but the twenty pages of Journal written there, tell us nothing about the country; and the ten pages of Journal at sea are of as little importance about the voyage. We therefore proceed to the *Correspondence*, which, for the greatest part, is of a like value. But there are some curious passages, and the Editor has not been idle in increasing their relish from other sources. A letter to the Duke of York, as Lord High Admiral, has an extract appended to it from the Harleian manuscripts, in which Pepys writes thus to a parliamentary commission:—

'Let me add, that in my endeavour after a full performance of my duty, I have neither made distinction of days between those of rest and others, nor of hours between day and night, *being less acquainted, during the whole war, with the closing my day's work before midnight, than after it.* And that your lordships may not conceive this to arise from any vain assumption of what may be grounded more upon the inability of others to disprove, than my own capacity to justify, such have ever been my apprehensions both of the duty and importance of my just attendance on his majesty's service, that among the many thousands under whose observation my employment must have placed me, *I challenge any man to assign one day from my first admission to this service in July*, 1660, *to the determination of the war, August*, 1667 (*being a complete apprenticeship*), *of which I am not, at this day, able upon oath to give an account of my particular manner of employing the same.*'—Vol. i. p. 125.

Here he alludes to the famous Journal. Suppose that one of Pepys's enemies (and he had them) had taken him at his word, and called for it! Suppose his friend, Dr. Wallis, called on to decipher it; and the memoranda, one after another, disclosing themselves, to the delight or terror of the committee! Suppose, —besides the tailorings, and the turkey pies, and the gallantries, and the roaring suppers, with 'faces smutted like devils,' and Miss Mercer dancing a jig in boy's clothes,—their ears all opened wide to the information, that Monk was a 'thick-skulled fool,' his duchess a 'dirty drab,' Lady Castlemaine 'abominable,' divers of the commissioners themselves 'ninnies' and corruptionists, and Clarendon not exempt from the latter charge, nor the Duke himself; he, and the King his brother, and all the court, 'debauched and mad,' the Duke and King getting 'maudlin drunk,' the King a silly speaker, the flatteries of him

'beastly,' and Cromwell remembered more and more with respect! Charles Lamb—in one of those humours of tragical fancy with which he refreshed his ultra-humanity—expresses a regret that Guy Fawkes did not *succeed* in blowing up the House of Lords, the sensation was such a loss to history! The reading of Pepys's Journal would have been a blowing-up of the court, hardly less tremendous; only we fear that the poor journalist would have gone up alone in his glory. The court would have contrived to quash the business in silence and rage.

Our busy, curious, not always consistent, but always well-meaning and good-natured secretary, was acquainted with a great number of people—many of whom he assisted, and with all of whom he was ready to gossip, and interchange candid inquiries. The Mr. John Gibbon, who writes to him (vol. i. p. 168), is Gibbon the herald, ancestor of the historian, of whom the latter gives such an amusing account in his Memoirs. John was as good a Dominie Sampson in his way as Pepys's heart could desire. Sir Walter himself could not have devised a better epistle for his fictitious worthy, in style, subject, or logic, than is here furnished by the true one:—

'Mr. Gibbon to Pepys.

'Good Sir,— '*August* 27, 1675.

'I pray pardon me; I am sorry I appeared so abruptly before you. I'll assure you, a paper of the same nature with the enclosed was left for you at the public office some ten days since, as likewise for every one of the commissioners. But, sir, I am heartily glad of the miscarriage; for now I have an opportunity to request a favour by writing, that I could hardly have had confidence by word of mouth to have done; and in that I have much want of my friend Mr. ———.

'Sir, a gentlewoman of my acquaintance told me, she had it for a great certainty from the family of the Montagus, that as you were one night playing late upon some musical instrument, together with your friends, there suddenly appeared a human feminine shape and vanished, and after that continued.

'Walking in the garden you espied the appearing person, demanded of her if, at such a time, she was not in such a place. She answered, No; but she dreamed she was, and heard excellent music.

'Sir, satisfaction is to you my humble request. And if it be so, it confirms the opinions of the ancient Romans concerning their genii, and confutes those of the Sadducees and Epicures.—Sir, your most humble servant,

'John Gibbon.'

There is no answer from Pepys. But that Mr. Gibbon would have derived no great 'satisfaction' from one, appears by an

item in the Tangier Diary:—'At supper with my lord. Discourse about spirits—Dr. Ken asserting there were such, and I, with the rest, denying it.' The jolly materiality of which our supper-eater's nature was made was not likely to find much ground for the sole of its feet in the world of spirits.

The next letter in the collection, from 'Mr. Daniel Skinner,' determines a question among the curious, as to who the 'Mr. Skinner' was, to whom a manuscript parcel belonging to Milton had been directed, and how the parcel came into the hands of the State Paper Office. Anthony Wood assumed that it was Cyriack Skinner, to whom the poet has addressed two of his sonnets; but it is now clear that it was the Mr. Daniel Skinner before us, and a very unworthy person he appears to have been for the honour of such a trust. The parcel consisted of Milton's unpublished Latin Treatise on Christian Doctrine, and a complete and corrected copy of all the Letters to Foreign princes and states, written by him when he officiated as Latin Secretary. Skinner, who seems to have been one of the young men that Milton drew about him for purposes of training, had evidently had both these works put into his hands for publication; and after the poet's death he tried to make a penny of the Latin Letters with one of the Elzevirs, the well-known Dutch printers; while, at the same time, he was obtaining favours from the new government. Sir Joseph Williamson, the busy Secretary of State, discerned the nature of the man through his fawning and protesting manners; and after contriving to get possession of the Manuscript Treatise, and to quash the republication of the Letters, withdrew the favours of government, and left the double-dealing Mr. Skinner to his fate. Skinner's letter to Pepys, now first published, is a canting but obvious enough account of the whole business; including an apology for the 'grand presumption' of having begged 'his worship' for a loan of 'ten pounds' (a petition which Pepys had granted), and a modest request, that the Navy Secretary would be pleased 'instantly to repair' to the Secretary of State, and absolve Mr. Daniel Skinner from the guilt of having anything more to do with Elzevir, or with any manuscript paper whatsoever. He says:—'Though I *happened* to be acquainted with Milton in his lifetime (which out of mere love to learning, I *procured*, and no other concerns ever passed betwixt us but a great desire and ambition of some of his learning), I am, and ever was, so far from being in the least *tainted* with any of his principles, that I may boldly say, none has greater honour and loyalty for his

majesty, more veneration for the Church of England, and love for his country, than I have. Once more, I beg your worship, and with tears, instead of ink that might supply my pen, I implore that you would prevail with Sir Joseph,' &c. As if those who went to learn anything of the great poet and republican, had gone to him with letters of recommendation from church and state, and would have made even a surreptitious profit of his works out of a love for Charles the Second! This base fellow, 'untainted' by Milton, was, probably, not unconnected with the more respectable Skinner whom the poet knew, and with the old puritan connexions of Pepys himself. There are some respectful letters from Pepys, dated a few years afterwards, to a 'Mrs. Skinner,' and a subsequent letter to him from a 'Mrs. Frances Skinner,' respecting an ungracious son of hers who behaved ill in his service; and for whom, with a somewhat energetic maternity, she expresses a wish that his employer had 'broken all his bones, limb from limb.'

There is nothing more worth extracting at any length; and we shall not repeat letters which have appeared before—such as the one from Dryden. The supplemental editor, however, who appears to have succeeded Mr. Rutt, might have known that Dryden and Pepys were acquainted long before the time he conjectures. Several well-known particulars might also have been omitted in the notes, and some new ones easily put in their place by an inquirer into biography; but it is due to the publication to state, that the materials are well arranged throughout, and the chronology studiously attended to. Nor will the lovers of official history, and of the growth of our public foundations, read without interest some of the correspondence of James's admiral, Lord Dartmouth, and the instances of Pepys' anxiety to do everything he could for the advancement of the naval and grammar schools of that excellent institution, Christ's Hospital; of the former of which he may be said to have been the founder, though Charles got the honour of it.

We shall extract a few more short passages, however, before we take leave of Pepys. In his answer to the following letter, we grieve to say that we have caught him tripping; but the Montagues, however proud he had once been of the relationship, and in spite of what the earl had done for him on his entrance into life, were lavish of their own means, and had become rather awkward neighbours. Lord Sandwich gambled, and was otherwise careless and expensive.

'Lord Hinchingbroke to Mr. Pepys.

'*December* 9, 1667.

'Sir,—

'There being a letter of exchange come, of about 250*l.* 8*s.*, payable to the Spanish ambassador within four or five days, my father having writ very earnestly (from Spain, where he was English ambassador) that it may be punctually paid, and Mr. Moore having not any way to procure it, makes me take the liberty of troubling you, to desire your assistance in it. If you can with any convenience do it, you will do a great kindness to my father and me, who am, dear cousin, your most affectionate cousin and humble servant,

'Hinchingbroke.'

'Mr. Pepys to Lord Hinchingbroke.

'My Lord,—

'My condition is such, and hath been ever since the credit of the king's assignments was broke by the failure of the bankers, that I have not been able these six months to raise a farthing for answering my most urgent occasions.

'I am heartily afflicted for this difficulty that is upon your lordship; and if upon my endeavours with the bankers I can procure any money, I will not fail to give your lordship it; being very desirous of the preservation of my lordship's credit, as well as for all his other concernments. Your lordship's obedient servant,

'S. Pepys.'

Now, though Pepys might not have been able to 'raise a farthing' within these 'six months' after any of the customary modes, he, not two months before, had raised nearly fourteen hundred pounds in gold out of the ground; to wit, dug up so much which he had buried during his 'fright' about public affairs and the Dutch. Lord Hinchingbroke's letter, however, is endorsed by Pepys, 'Dec. 19, 1667.—60*l.* this day lent my lord of Sandwich' (he pretended to be all that while getting it of the bankers), and next year he lends the noble earl six hundred pounds. These little prudent stratagems did not hinder him from being really generous. He might have died rich, but was not so; and he was liberal of his aid to many during his life.

'Mr. James Houblon to Pepys.

'* * * Lawyers have laboured to perplex titles (to estates) as much as some interested divines have our religion; so that our title to heaven is made out to be as difficult a matter as that we have to our lands.'

'Pepys (in the country) to Mr. Hewer in town.

'* * * There is also in the same drawer a collection of my lord of Rochester's poems, written before his penitence, in a style I thought unfit to mix with my other books. However, pray let it remain there; for, as

he is past writing any more so bad in one sense, so I despair of any man surviving him to write so good in another!'

'Sir Robert Southwell to Pepys.

'* * * I am here among my children—at least an innocent scene of life—and I endeavour to explain to them the difference between right and wrong. My next care is to contrive for the health which I lost *by sitting many years at the sack-bottle*; so that to keep myself in idleness and in motion is a great part of my discipline.'

'Dr. Robert Wood to Pepys respecting the building of ships.

'* * * I reckon that naval excels land architecture, in the same proportion as a living moving animal a dull plant! Palaces themselves are only like better sorts of trees, which, how beautiful or stately soever, remain but as prisoners, chained during life to the spot they stand on; whereas the very spirits that inform and move ships *are of the highest degree of animals*, viz. rational creatures; *I mean seamen*.'

'Sir John Wyborne to Pepys, from Bombay.

'* * * Sir, I have sent *a very grave walking-cane*, which I beg you to accept, having nothing else I could venture to send.'

'Pepys to Sir Anthony Deane.

'I am alive, too, I thank God! and as serious, I fancy, as you can be, and not less alone. Yet, I thank God, too! I have not within me one of those melancholy misgivings that you seem haunted with. *The worse the world uses me, the better, I think, I am bound to use myself.*'

With this most reasonable opinion we close our accounts with the amusing sage of the Admiralty. Many official patriots have, doubtless, existed since his time, and thousands, nay millions of respectable men of all sorts gone to their long account, more or less grave in public, and frail to their consciences; but when shall we meet with such another as he was; pleased, like a child, with his new coach, and candid about his hat? Who will own, as he did, that, having made a present, by way of douceur, he is glad, considering no harm is done, of having it back? Who will acknowledge his superstitions, his 'frights,' his ignorances, his not liking to be seen in public with men out of favour? or who so honestly divide his thoughts about the public good, and even his relations of the most tragical events, with mentions of a new coat from the tailor, and fond records of the beauty-spots on his wife's face?

LIFE AND LETTERS OF MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ.*

SINGULAR AND FORTUNATE REPUTATION OF MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ — UNSATISFACTORY BIOGRAPHIES OF HER—HER PARENTAGE, EDUCATION, AND EARLY LIFE—DESCRIPTION OF HER PERSON AND MANNERS—UNITED WITH THE MARQUIS DE SÉVIGNÉ—HIS FRIVOLITIES AND DEATH—UNSUCCESSFUL LOVE MADE TO HER BY HER COUSIN, BUSSY RABUTIN, WHO REVENGES HIMSELF BY CALUMNY—CHARACTER AND CONDUCT OF BUSSY—HIS CORRESPONDENCE WITH HIS COUSIN—HIS ACCOUNT OF THE EFFECT PRODUCED UPON HER BY HER DANCING WITH THE KING—THE YOUNG WIDOW'S MODE OF LIFE—HER VISITS AT COURT, AND OBSERVATIONS OF PUBLIC OCCURRENCES—HER LIFE IN THE COUNTRY—LIST AND CHARACTERS OF HER ASSOCIATES—ACCOUNT OF THE MARQUIS HER SON, AND OF HER CORRESPONDENCE WITH HER DAUGHTER, MADAME DE GRIGNAN—SURVIVING DESCENDANTS OF THE FAMILY—SPECIMENS OF MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ'S LETTERS—EXPECTED MARRIAGE OF LAUZUN WITH MADEMOISELLE—STRANGE WAYS OF POMENARS, AND OF DU PLESSIS—STORY OF THE FOOTMAN WHO COULDN'T MAKE HAY—TRAGICAL TERMINATIONS OF GAY CAMPAIGNS—BRINVILLIERS AND LA VOISIN, THE POISONERS—STRIKING CATASTROPHE IN A BALL-ROOM—A SCENE AT COURT—SPLENDOUR OF MADAME DE MONTESPAN—DESCRIPTION OF AN IRON-FOUNDRY; OF A GALLOP OF COACHES; OF A GREAT WEDDING; OF A CROWDED ASSEMBLY—HORACE WALPOLE'S ACCOUNT OF MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ'S HOUSE AT LIVRY—CHARACTER OF HER WRITINGS BY SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH—ATTEMPT TO FORM THEIR TRUE ESTIMATE.

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ, in her combined and inseparable character as writer and woman, enjoys the singular and delightful reputation of having united, beyond all others of her class, the rare with the familiar, and the lively with the correct. The moment her name is mentioned, we think of the mother who loved her daughter; of the most charming of letter-writers; of the ornament of an age of licence, who incurred none of its ill-repute; of the female who has become one of the classics of her language, without effort and without intention.

The sight of a name so attractive, in the title-page of the volumes before us, has made us renew an intercourse, never

* From the *Edinburgh Review*. *Madame de Sévigné and her Contemporaries*. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1842.

entirely broken, with her own. We have lived over again with her and her friends from her first letter to her last, including the new matter in the latest Paris edition. We have seen her writing in her cabinet, dancing at court, being the life of the company in her parlour, nursing her old uncle the Abbé; bantering Mademoiselle du Plessis; lecturing and then jesting with her son; devouring the romances of Calprenede, and responding to the wit of Pascal and La Fontaine; walking in her own green alleys by moonlight, enchanting cardinals, politicians, philosophers, beauties, poets, devotees, haymakers; ready to 'die with laughter' fifty times a day; and idolising her daughter for ever.

It is somewhat extraordinary, that of all the admirers of a woman so interesting, not one has yet been found in these islands to give any reasonably good account of her—any regular and comprehensive information respecting her life and writings. The notices in the biographical dictionaries are meagre to the last degree; and 'sketches' of greater pretensions have seldom consisted of more than loose and brief memorandums, picked out of others, their predecessors. The name which report has assigned to the compiler of the volumes before us, induced us to entertain sanguine hopes that something more satisfactory was about to be done for the queen of letter-writing; and undoubtedly the portrait which has been given of her, is, on the whole, the best hitherto met with. But still it is a limited, hasty, and unfinished portrait, forming but one in a gallery of others; many of which have little to do with her, and some, scarcely any connection even with her times.

Proceeding therefore to sketch out, from our own acquaintance with her, what we conceive to be a better mode of supplying some account of Madame de Sévigné and her writings, we shall, in the order of time, speak of her ancestors and other kindred, her friends and her daily habits, and give a few specimens of the best of her letters; and we shall do all this with as hearty a relish of her genius as the warmest of her admirers, without thinking it necessary to blind ourselves to any weakness that may have accompanied it. With all her good-nature, the 'charming woman' had a sharp eye to a defect herself; and we have too great a respect for the truth that was in her, not to let her honestly suffer in its behalf, whenever that first cause of all that is great and good demands it.

Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, Baroness de Chantal and Bour-

billy, afterwards Marchioness de Sévigné, was born, in all probability, in Burgundy, in the old ancestral *château* of Bourbilly, between Semur and Epoisses, on the 5th of February, 1627. Her father, Celse Bénigne de Rabutin, Baron as above mentioned, was of the elder branch of his name, and cousin to the famous Count Bussy-Rabutin; her mother, Marie de Coulanges, daughter of a secretary of state, was also of a family whose name afterwards became celebrated for wit; and her paternal grandmother, Jeanne Françoise Fremyot, afterwards known by the title of the Blessed Mother of Chantal, was a *saint*. The nuns of the Order of the Visitation, which was founded by the help of St. Francis de Sales, beatified her, with the subsequent approbation of Benedict XIV.; and she was canonised by Clement XIV. (Ganganelli) in 1767. There was a relationship between the families of Rabutin and De Sales, names which it would be still stranger than it is to see in conjunction, had not the good St. Francis been the liveliest and most tolerant of his class. We notice these matters, because it is interesting to discover links between people of celebrity, and because it would be but a sorry philosophy which should deny the probable effects produced in the minds and dispositions of a distinguished race by intermixtures of blood and associations of ideas. Madame de Sévigné's father, for instance, gave a rough foretaste of her wit and sincerity, by a raillery amounting to the *brusque*, sometimes to the insolent. He wrote the following congratulatory epistle to a minister of finance, whom the King (Louis XIII.) had transformed into a marshal:—

'My Lord—

'Birth; black beard intimacy.

'CHANTAL.'

Meaning, that his new fortune had been owing to his quality, to his position near the royal person, and to his having a black beard like his master. Both the Chantals and the Fremyots, a race remarkable for their integrity, had been among the warmest adherents of Henry IV.; and, indeed, the whole united stock may be said to have been distinguished equally for worth, spirit, and ability, till it took a twist of intrigue and worldliness in the solitary instance of the scapegrace Bussy. We may discern, in the wit and integrity of Madame de Sévigné—in her natural piety, in her cordial partisanship, and at the same time in that tact for universality which distinguished her in spite of it—a

portion of what was best in all her kindred, not excepting a spice of the satire of her supercilious cousin, but without his malignity. She was truly the flower of the family tree; and laughed at the top of it with a brilliancy as well as a softness, compared with which Bussy was but a thorn.

The little heiress was only a few months old when the Baron de Chantal died, bravely fighting against the English in their descent on the Isle of Rhé. It was one of the figments of Gregorio Leti, that he received his death-wound from the hand of Cromwell. The Baron's widow survived her husband only five years; and it seems to have been expected that the devout grandmother, Madame de Chantal the elder, would have been anxious to take the orphan under her care. But whether it was that the mother had chosen to keep the child too exclusively under her own, or that the future saint was too much occupied in the concerns of the other world and the formation of religious houses (of which she founded no less than eighty-seven), the old lady contented herself with recommending her to the consideration of an Archbishop, and left her in the hands of her maternal relations. They did their part nobly by her. She was brought up with her fellow-wit and correspondent, Philippe-Emanuel de Coulanges; and her uncle Christophe, Abbé de Livry, became her second father, in the strictest and most enduring sense of the word. He took care that she should acquire graces at court, as well as encouragements to learning from his friends; saw her married, and helped to settle her children; extricated her affairs from disorder, and taught her to surpass himself in knowledge of business; in fine, spent a good remainder of his life with her, sometimes at his own house and sometimes at hers; and when he died, repaid the tenderness with which she had rewarded his care, by leaving her all his property. The Abbé, with some little irritable peculiarities, and a love of extra comfort and his bottle, appears to have been, as she was fond of calling him, *bien bon*, a right good creature; and posterity is to be congratulated, that her faculties were allowed to expand under his honest and reasonable indulgence, instead of being cramped, and formalized, and made insincere, by the half-witted training of the convent.

Young ladies at that time were taught little more than to read, write, dance, and embroider, with greater or less attention to books of religion. If the training was conventual, religion was predominant (unless it was rivalled by comfit and flower-

making, great pastimes of the good nuns); and in the devout case, the danger was, either that the people would be frightened into bigotry, or, what happened oftener, would be tired into a passion for pleasure and the world, and only stocked with a sufficient portion of fear and superstition to return to the bigotry in old age, when the passion was burnt out. When the education was more domestic, profane literature had its turn—the poetry of Maynard and Malherbe, and the absurd but exalting romances of Gomberville, Scudery, and Calprenede. Sometimes a little Latin was added; and other tendencies to literature were caught from abbés and confessors. In all cases, somebody was in the habit of reading aloud while the ladies worked; and a turn for politics and court-gossip was given by the wars of the *Fronde*, and by the allusions to the heroes and heroines of the reigning gallantries, in the ideal personages of the romances. The particulars of Madame de Sévigné's education have not transpired; but as she was brought up at home, and we hear something of her male teachers, and nothing of her female (whom, nevertheless, she could not have been without), the probability is that she tasted something of all the different kinds of nurture, and helped herself with her own cleverness to the rest. She would hear of the example and reputation of her saintly grandmother, if she was not much with her; her other religious acquaintances rendered her an admirer of the worth and talents of the devotees of Port-Royal; her political ones interested her in behalf of the *Frondeurs*; but, above all, she had the wholesome run of her good uncle's books, and the society of his friends, Chapelain, Menage, and other professors of polite literature; the effect of which is to fuse particular knowledge into general, and to distil from it the spirit of a wise humanity. She seems to have been not unacquainted with Latin and Spanish; and both Chapelain and Menage were great lovers of Italian, which became part of her favourite reading.

To these fortunate accidents of birth and breeding were joined health, animal spirits, a natural flow of wit, and a face and shape which, if not perfectly handsome, were allowed by everybody to produce a most agreeable impression. Her cousin, Bussy Rabutin, has drawn a portrait of her when a young woman; and though he did it half in malice and resentment, like the half-vagabond he was, he could not but make the same concession. He afterwards withdrew the worst part of his words, and heaped her with panegyric; and from a comparison of his different accounts we

probably obtain a truer idea of her manners and personal appearance, than has been furnished either by the wholesale eulogist or the artist. It is, indeed, corroborated by herself in her letters. She was somewhat tall for a woman; had a good shape, a pleasing voice, a fine complexion, brilliant eyes, and a profusion of light hair; but her eyes, though brilliant, were small, and, together with the eyelashes, were of different tints; her lips, though well-coloured, were too flat; and the end of her nose too 'square.' The jawbone, according to Bussy, had the same fault. He says that she had more shape than grace, yet danced well; and she had a taste for singing. He makes the coxcombical objection to her at that time of life, that she was too playful 'for a woman of quality;' as if the liveliest genius and the staidest conventionalities could be reasonably expected to go together; or, as if she could have written her unique letters, had she resembled everybody else. Let us call to mind the playfulness of those letters, which have charmed all the world;—let us add the most cordial manners, a face full of expression, in which the blood came and went, and a general sensibility, which, if too quick perhaps to shed tears, was no less ready to 'die with laughter' at every sally of pleasantry—and we shall see before us the not beautiful but still engaging and ever-lively creature, in whose countenance, if it contained nothing else, the power to write those letters must have been visible; for though people do not always seem what they are, it is seldom they do not look what they can do.

The good uncle, the Abbé de Coulanges, doubtless thought he had made a happy match of it, and joined like with like, when, at the age of eighteen, his charming niece married a man of as joyous a character as herself, and of one of the first houses in Brittany. The Marquis de Sévigné, or Sevigny (the old spelling), was related to the Dugueselins and the Rohans, and also to Cardinal de Retz. But joyousness, unfortunately, was the sum-total of his character. He had none of the reflection of his bride. He was a mere laugher and jester, fond of expense and gallantry; and, though he became the father of two children, seems to have given his wife but little of his attention. He fell in a duel about some female, seven years after his marriage. The poor man was a braggart in his amours. Bussy says that he boasted to him of the approbation of Ninon de l'Enclos; a circumstance which, like a great number of others told in connection with the 'modern Leontium,' is by no means to be

taken for granted. Ninon was a person of a singular repute, owing to as singular an education; and while, in consequence of that education, a licence was given her, which, to say the truth, most people secretly took, the graces and good qualities which she retained in spite of it, ultimately rendered her house a sort of academy of good breeding, which it was thought not incompatible with sober views in life to countenance. Now it is probable, from the great reputation which she had for good sense, that she always possessed discernment enough to see through such a character as that of Monsieur de Sévigné. The wife, it is true, many years afterwards, accused her, to the young Marquis, of having 'spoilt (or hurt) his father' (*gâté*), and it may have been true to a certain extent; for a false theory of love would leave a nature like his nothing to fall back upon in regard to right feeling; but people of the marquis's sort generally come ready spoilt into society, and it is only an indulgent motive that would palm off their faults upon the acquaintances they make there. Be this as it may, Bussy Rabutin, who had always made love to his cousin after his fashion, and who had found it met with as constant rejection, though not perhaps till he had been imprudently suffered to go the whole length of his talk about it, avows that he took occasion, from the marquis's boast about Ninon, to make her the gross and insulting proposal, that she should take her 'revenge.' Again she repulsed him. A letter of Bussy's fell into her husband's hands, who forbade her to see him more; a prohibition of which she doubtless gladly availed herself. The Marquis perished shortly afterwards: and again her cousin made his coxcombical and successful love, which, however, he accuses her of receiving with so much pleasure as to show herself jealous when he transferred it to another; a weakness, alas! not impossible to very respectable representatives of poor human nature. But all which he says to her disadvantage must be received with caution; for, besides his having no right to say anything, he had the mean and uncandid effrontery to pretend that he was angry with her solely because she was not generous in money matters. He tells us, that after all he had done for her and her friends (what his favours were, God knows!), she refused him the assistance of her purse at a moment when his whole prospects in life were in danger. The real amount of this charge appears to have been, that Bussy, who, besides being a man of pleasure and expense, was a distinguished cavalry officer, once needed money for a campaign; and that, applying to his cousin to help him, her uncle the Abbé,

who had the charge of her affairs, thought proper to ask him for securities. The cynical and disgusting, though well-written book, in which the count libelled his cousin (for, as somebody said of Petronius, he was an author *purissimæ impuritatis*), brought him afterwards into such trouble at court, that it cost him many years of exile to his estates, and a world of servile trouble and adulation, to get back to the presence of Louis the Fourteenth, who could never heartily like him. He had ridiculed, among others, the kind-hearted La Vallière. Madame de Sévigné, in consequence of these troubles, forgave him; and their correspondence, both personally and by letter, was renewed pleasantly enough on his part, and in a constant strain of regard and admiration. He tells her, among other pretty speeches, that she would certainly have been 'goddess of something or other,' had she lived in ancient times. But Madame de Sévigné writes to him with evident constraint, as to a sort of evil genius who is to be propitiated; and the least handsome incident in her life was the apparent warm interest she took in a scandalous process instituted by him against a gentleman whom his daughter had married, and whose crime consisted in being of inferior birth; for Count Bussy Rabutin was as proud as he was profligate.* Bussy tried to sustain his cause by forged letters, and had the felicity of losing it by their assistance. It is to be hoped that his cousin had been the dupe of the forgeries; but we have no doubt that she was somewhat afraid of him. She dreaded his writing another book.

We know not whether it was during her married life, or afterwards, that Bussy relates a little incident of her behaviour at court, to which his malignity gives one of its most ingenious turns. They were both there together at a ball, and the King took her out to dance. On returning to her seat, according to the count's narrative—'"It must be owned," said she, "that the King possesses great qualities: he will certainly obscure the lustre of all his predecessors." I could not help laughing in her face,' observes Bussy, 'seeing what had produced this panegyric. I replied, "There can be no doubt of it, madam, after what he has done for yourself." I really thought she was going to testify her gratitude by crying *Vive le Roi*.'†

This is amusing enough; but the spirit which induces a man

* See a strange, painful, and vehement letter, written by her on the subject, to the Count de Guitaut. Vol. xiii. of the duodecimo Paris edition of 1823-4, p. 103.

† *Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*, tom. i. p. 158. Cologne, 1709.

to make charges of this nature, is apt to be the one most liable to them itself. Men at the court of Louis used to weep, if he turned his face from them. The bravest behaved like little boys before him, vying for his favour as children might do for an apple. Racine is said to have died of the fear of having offended him; and Bussy, as we have before intimated, was not a whit behind the most pathetic of the servile, when he was again permitted to prostrate himself in the court circle. Madame de Sévigné probably felt on this occasion as every other woman would have felt, and was candid enough not to hide her emotion; but whether, instead of pretending to feel less, she might not have pleasantly affected still more, in order to regain her self-possession, and so carry it off with a grace, Bussy was not the man to tell us, even if his wit had had good-nature enough to discern it.

The young widow devoted herself to her children, and would never again hear of marriage. She had already become celebrated for her letters; continued to go occasionally to court; and frequented the reigning literary circles, then famous for their pedantry, without being carried away by it. Several wits and men of fashion made love to her, besides Bussy. Among them were the learned Menage, who courted her in madrigals compiled from the Italian; the superintendent of the finances, Fouquet, who, except in her instance and that of La Vallière, is said to have made Danaës wherever he chose to shower his gold; and the Prince of Conti, brother of the great Condé, who, with the self-sufficient airs of a royal lover, declared that he found her charming, and that he had 'a word or two to say to her next winter.' Even the great Turenne is said to have loved her. On none of them did she take pity but the superintendent; and not on his heart, poor man, but on his neck; when he was threatened with the axe for his doing as his predecessors had done, and squandering the public money. Fouquet was magnificent and popular in his dishonesty, and hence the envious conspired to pull him down. Some of the earliest letters of Madame de Sévigné are on the subject of his trial, and show an interest in it so genuine, that fault has been found with them for not being so witty as the rest!

It was probably from this time that she began to visit the court less frequently, and to confine herself to those domestic and accomplished circles, in which, without suspecting it, she cultivated an immortal reputation for letter-writing. Her political

and religious friends, the De Retzes and the Jansenists, grew out of favour, or rather into discredit, and she perhaps suffered herself to grow out of favour with them. She always manifested, however, great respect for the King; and Louis was a man of too genuine a gallantry not to be courteous to the lady whenever they met, and address to her a few gracious words. On one occasion she gazed upon the magnificent gaming-tables at court, and curtseyed to his Majesty, 'after the fashion which her daughter,' she says, 'had had taught her;' upon which the monarch was pleased to bow, and look very acknowledging. And, another time, when Madame de Maintenon, the Pamela of royalty, then queen in secret, presided over the religious amusements of the King, she went to see Racine's play of *Esther* performed by the young ladies of St. Cyr; when Louis politely expressed his hope that she was satisfied, and interchanged a word with her in honour of the poet and the performers. She was not indeed at any time an uninterested observer of what took place in the world. She has other piquant, though not always very lucid notices of the court—was deeply interested in the death of Turenne—listens with emotion to the eloquence of the favourite preachers—records the atrocities of the poisoners, and is compelled by her good sense to leave off wasting her pity on the devoutdulness of King James II. But the proper idea of her, for the greater part of her life, is that of a sequestered domestic woman, the delight of her friends, the constant reader, talker, laugher, and writer, and the passionate admirer of the daughter to whom she addressed the chief part of her correspondence. Sometimes she resided in Brittany, at an estate on the sea-coast, called the Rocks, which had belonged to her husband; sometimes she was at Livry, near Paris, where the good uncle possessed his abbey; sometimes at her own estate of Bourbilly, in Burgundy; and at others in her house in town, where the Hôtel Carnavalet (now a school) has become celebrated as her latest and best-known residence. In all these abodes, not excepting the town-house, she made a point of having the enjoyment of a garden, delighting to be as much in the open air as possible, haunting her green alleys and her orangeries with a book in her hand or a song upon her lips (for she sang as she went about, like a child), and walking out late by moonlight in all seasons, to the hazard of colds and rheumatisms, from which she ultimately suffered severely. She was a most kind mistress to her tenants. She planted trees, made labyrinths, built chapels (inscribing them

'to God'), watched the peasants dancing, sometimes played at chess (she did not like cards), and at almost all other times, when not talking with her friends, she was reading or hearing others read, or writing letters. The chief books and authors we hear of are Tasso, Ariosto, La Fontaine, Pascal, Nicole, Tacitus, the huge old romances, Rabelais, Rochefoucauld, the novels of her friend Madame de la Fayette, Corneille, Bourdaloue and Bossuet, Montaigne, Lucian, Don Quixote, and St. Augustin: a goodly collection surely; a 'circle of humanity.' She reads the romances three times over; and when she is not sure that her correspondent will approve a book, says that her son has 'brought her into it,' or that he reads out 'passages.' Sometimes her household get up a little surprise or masquerade; at others, her cousin Coulanges brings his 'song-book,' and they are 'the happiest people in the world;' that is to say, provided her daughter is with her. Otherwise, the tears rush into her eyes at the thought of her absence, and she is always making 'dragons' or 'cooking,'—viz. having the blue-devils and fretting. But, when they all are comfortable, what they are most addicted to is 'dying with laughter.' They die with laughter if seeing a grimace; if told a bon-mot; if witnessing a rustic dance; if listening to Monsieur de Pomenars, who has always 'some criminal affair on his hands;' if getting drenched with rain; if having a sore finger pinched instead of relieved. Here lounges the young marquis on the sofa with his book; there sits the old abbé in his arm-chair, fed with something nice; the ladies chat, and embroider, and banter Mademoiselle du Plessis; in comes Monsieur de Pomenars, with the news of some forgery that is charged against him, or livelier offence, but always so perilous to his neck that he and they 'die with laughter.' Enter, with his friend Madame de la Fayette, the celebrated Duke de la Rochefoucauld, gouty, but still graceful, and he and the lady 'die with laughter;' enter the learned Corbinelli, and he dies; enter Madame de Coulanges, the sprightly mixture of airiness and witty malice, and she dies of course; and the happy mortality is completed by her husband, the singing cousin aforesaid—'a little round fat oily man,' who was always 'in' with some duke or cardinal, admiring his fine house and feasting at his table. These were among the most prominent friends or associates of Madame de Sévigné; but there were also great lords and ladies, and neighbours in abundance, sometimes coming in when they were not wanted, but always welcomed with true French polite-

ness, except when they had been heard to say anything against the 'daughter;' and then Madame told them roundly to their faces that she was 'not at home.' There was Segrais, and Saint Pavin, and Corneille, and Bossuet; and Treville, who talked like a book; and the great Turenne, and the Duke de Vivonne (brother of Montespan), who called her 'darling mamma;' and Madame Scarron, till she was Maintenon; and Madame de Fiesque, who did not know how to be afflicted; and D'Hacqueville, whose good offices it was impossible to tire; and fat Barillon, who said good things though he was a bad ambassador; and the Abbé Têtu, thin and lively; and Benserade, who was the life of the company wherever he went; and Brancas, who liked to choose his own rivals; and Cardinal de Retz in retirement, feeding his trout, and talking metaphysics. She had known the Cardinal for thirty years; and, during his last illness, used to get Corneille, Boileau, and Molière to come and read to him their new pieces. Perhaps there is no man of whom she speaks with such undeviating respect and regard as this once turbulent statesman, unless it be Rochefoucauld, who, to judge from most of her accounts of him, was a pattern of all that was the reverse of his 'Maxims.'

With her son the marquis, who was 'a man of wit and pleasure about town,' till he settled into sobriety with a wife who is said to have made him devout, Madame de Sévigné lived in a state of confidence and unreserve, to an excess that would not be deemed very delicate in these days, and of which, indeed, she herself sometimes expresses her dislike. There is a well-known collection of letters, professing to have passed between him and Ninon de l'Enclos, which is spurious; but we gather some remarkable particulars of their intimacy from the letters of the mother to her daughter; and, among others, Ninon's sayings of him, that he had 'a soul of pap,' and the 'heart of a cucumber fried in snow.'

The little marquis's friends (for he was small in his person) did not think him a man of very impassioned temperament. He was, however, very pleasant and kind, and an attentive son. He had a strong contempt, too, for 'the character of Æneas,' and the merit of never having treated Bussy Rabutin with any great civility. Rochefoucauld said of him, that his greatest ambition would have been to die for a love which he did not feel. He was at first in the army, but not being on the favourite side either in politics or religion, nor probably very active, could get no prefer-

ment worth having; so he ended in living unambitiously in a devout corner of Paris, and cultivating his taste for literature. He maintained a contest of some repute with Dacier, on the disputable meaning of the famous passage in Horace, *Difficile est proprie communia dicere.* His treatise on the subject may be found in the later Paris editions of his mother's letters; but the juxtaposition is not favourable to its perusal.

But sons, dukes, cardinals, friends, the whole universe, come to nothing in these famous letters, compared with the daughter to whom they owe their existence. She had not the good spirits o her mother, but she had wit and observation; and appears to have been so liberally brought up, that she sometimes startled her more acquiescent teacher with the hardihood of her speculations. It is supposed to have been owing to a scruple of conscience in her descendants, that her part of the correspondence was destroyed. She professed herself, partly in jest and partly in earnest, a zealous follower of Descartes. It is curious that the circumstance which gave rise to the letters, was the very one to which Madame de Sévigné had looked for saving her the necessity of correspondence. The young lady became the wife of a great lord, the Count de Grignan, who, being a man of the court, was expected to continue to reside in Paris; so that the mother trusted she should always have her daughter at hand. The count, however, who was lieutenant-governor of Provence, received orders, shortly afterwards, to betake himself to that distant region: the continued non-residence of the Duke de Vendôme, the governor, conspired to keep him there, on and off, for the remainder of the mother's existence—a space of six-and-twenty years; and though she contrived to visit and be visited by Madame de Grignan so often that they spent nearly half the time with each other, yet the remaining years were a torment to Madame de Sévigné, which nothing could assuage but an almost incessant correspondence. One letter was no sooner received than another was anxiously desired; and the daughter echoed the anxiety. Hours were counted, post-boys watched for, obstacles imagined, all the torments experienced, and not seldom manifested, of the most jealous and exacting passion, and at the same time all the delights and ecstasies vented of one the most confiding. But what we have to say of this excess of maternal love will be better kept for our concluding remarks. Suffice it to observe, in hastening to give our specimens of the letters, that these graver points of the correspondence, though numerous,

occupy but a small portion of it; that the letters, generally speaking, consist of the amusing gossip and conversation which the mother *would have had* with the daughter, had the latter remained near her; and that Madame de Sévigné, after living, as it were, for no other purpose than to write them, and to straiten herself in her circumstances for both her children, died at her daughter's house in Provence, of an illness caused by the fatigue of nursing her through one of her own. Her decease took place in April, 1696, in the seventieth year of her age. Her body, it is said, long after, was found dressed in ribbons, after a Provençal fashion, at which she had expressed great disgust. Madame de Grignan did not survive many years. She died in the summer of 1705, of grief, it has been thought, for the loss of her only child, the Marquis de Grignan, in whom the male descendants of the family became extinct. It is a somewhat unpleasant evidence of the triumph of Ninon de l'Enclos over the mortality of her contemporaries, that, in one of the letters of the correspondence, this youth, the grandson of Madame de Sévigné's husband, and nephew of her son, is found studying good breeding at the table of that 'grandmother of the Loves.' The Count de Grignan, his father, does not appear to have been a very agreeable personage. Mademoiselle de Sévigné was his third wife. He was, therefore, not very young; he was pompous and fond of expense, and brought duns about her; and his face was plain, and it is said that he did not make up for his ill looks by the virtue of constancy. Madame de Sévigné seems to have been laudably anxious to make the best of her son-in-law. She accordingly compliments him on his 'fine tenor voice;' and, because he has an uncomely face, is always admiring his 'figure.' One cannot help suspecting sometimes that there is a little malice in her intimations of the contrast, and that she admires his figure most when he will not let her daughter come to see her. The count's only surviving child, Pauline, became the wife of Louis de Simiane, Marquis d'Esparron, who seems to have been connected on the mother's side with our family of the Hays, and was lieutenant of the Scottish horse-guards in the service of the French king. Madame de Simiane inherited a portion both of the look and wit of her grandmother; but more resembled her mother in gravity of disposition. A daughter of hers married the Marquis de Vence; and of this family there are descendants now living; but the names of Grignan, Rabutin, and Sévigné, have long been extinct—in the body. In spirit they are now before us, more

real than myriads of existing families; and we proceed to enjoy their deathless company.

We shall not waste the reader's time with the history of editions, and telling how the collection first partially transpired 'against the consent of friends.' Friends and familiars are too often afraid, or ashamed, or jealous, of what afterwards constitutes their renown; and we can only rejoice that the sweet 'winged words' of the most flowing of pens, escaped, in this instance, out of their grudging boxes. We give the letters in English instead of French, not being by any means of opinion that 'all who read and appreciate Madame de Sévigné, may be supposed to understand that language nearly as well as their own.' Undoubtedly, people of the best natural understandings are glad, when, in addition to what nature has given them, they possess, in the knowledge of a foreign language, the best means of appreciating the wit that has adorned it. But it is not impossible that some such people, nay many, in this age of 'diffusion of knowledge,' may have missed the advantages of a good education, and yet be able to appreciate the imperfectly conveyed wit of another, better than some who are acquainted with its own vehicle. Besides, we have known very distinguished people confess, that all who read, or even speak French, do not always read it with the same ready result and comfort to the eyes of their understandings as they do their own language; and as to the 'impossibility' of translating such letters as those of Madame de Sévigné, though the specimens hitherto published have not been very successful, we do not believe it. Phrases here and there may be so; difference of manners may render some few untranslateable in so many words, or even unintelligible; but for the most part the sentences will find their equivalents, if the translator is not destitute of the spirits that suggested them. We ourselves have been often given to understand, that we have been too much in the habit of assuming that French, however widely known, was still more known than it is; and we shall endeavour, on the present occasion, to make an attempt to include the whole of our readers in the participation of a rare intellectual pleasure.

The first letter in the Collection, written when Madame de Sévigné was a young and happy mother, gives a delightful foretaste of what its readers have to expect. She was then in her twentieth year, with a baby in her arms, and nothing but brightness in her eyes.

'TO THE COUNT DE BUSSY RABUTIN.

'March 15th (1647 *).

'You are a pretty fellow, are you not? to have written me nothing for these two months. Have you forgotten who I am, and the rank I hold in the family? 'Faith, little cadet, I will make you remember it. If you put me out of sorts, I will reduce you to the ranks. You knew I was about to be confined, and yet took no more trouble to ask after my health than if I had remained a spinster. Very well: be informed, to your confusion, that I have got a boy, who shall suck hatred of you into his veins with his mother's milk, and that I mean to have a great many more, purely to supply you with enemies. You have not the wit to do as much, you with your feminine productions.

'After all, my dear cousin, my regard for you is not to be concealed. Nature will proclaim it in spite of art. I thought to scold you for your laziness through the whole of this letter; but I do my heart too great a violence; and must conclude with telling you, that M. de Sévigné and myself love you very much, and often talk of the pleasure we should have in your company.'

Bussy writes very pleasantly in return; but it will be so impossible to make half the extracts we desire from Madame de Sévigné's own letters, that we must not be tempted to look again into those of others. The next that we shall give is the famous one on the Duke de Lauzun's intended marriage with the Princess Henrietta of Bourbon; one of the most striking, though not the most engaging, in the collection. We might have kept it for a climax, were it not desirable to preserve a chronological order. It was written nearly four-and-twenty years after the letter we have just given; which we mention to show how she had retained her animal spirits. The person to whom it is addressed is her jovial cousin, De Coulanges. The apparent tautologies in the exordium are not really such. They only represent a continued astonishment, wanting words to express itself, and fetching its breath at every comma: —

'TO MONS. DE COULANGES.

'Paris, Monday, 15th December (1670).

'I am going to tell you a thing, which of all things in the world is the most astonishing, the most surprising, the most marvellous, the most miraculous, the most triumphant, the most bewildering, the most unheard-of, the most singular, the most extraordinary, the most incredible, the most unexpected, the most exalting, the most humbling, the most rare, the most common, the most public, the most private (till this moment), the most brilliant, the most enviable—in short, a thing of which no example is to be found in past times; at least, nothing quite like it;—a thing which we

* Madame de Sévigné never, in dating her letters, gave the *years*. They were added by one of her editors.

know not how to believe in Paris: how then are you to believe it at Lyons? a thing which makes all the world cry out, "Lord have mercy on us!" a thing which has transported Madame de Rohan and Madame d'Hauterive; a thing which is to be done on Sunday, when those who see it will not believe their own eyes; a thing which is to be done on Sunday, and yet perhaps will not be finished till Monday. I cannot expect you to guess it at once. I give you a trial of three times; *do you give it up?* Well, then, I must tell you. M. de Lauzun is to marry, next Sunday, at the Louvre, guess whom. I give you four times to guess it in: I give you six: I give you a hundred. "Truly," cries Madame de Coulanges, "it must be a very difficult thing to guess; 'tis Madame de la Vallière." No, it isn't, Madame. "'Tis Mademoiselle de Retz then?" No, it isn't, Madame: you are terribly provincial. "Oh, we are very stupid, no doubt!" say you: "'tis Mademoiselle Colbert." Further off than ever. "Well, then, it must be Mademoiselle de Créqui?" You are not a bit nearer. Come, I see I must tell you at last. Well, M. de Lauzun marries, next Sunday, at the Louvre, with the King's permission, Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle de —— Mademoiselle —— guess the name;—he marries "MADEMOISELLE"—the *great* Mademoiselle! Mademoiselle, the daughter of the late MONSIEUR; Mademoiselle, grand-daughter of Henry the Fourth; Mademoiselle d'Eu, Mademoiselle de Dombes, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, Mademoiselle, cousin-german of the King, Mademoiselle destined to the throne, Mademoiselle, the only woman in France fit to marry Monsieur. Here's pretty news for your coteries. Exclaim about it as much as you will;—let it turn your heads; say we "lie" if you please; that it's a pretty joke; that it's "tiresome"; that we are a "parcel of ninnies." We give you leave; we have done just the same to others. Adieu! The letters that come by the post will show whether we have been speaking truth or not.'

Never was French vivacity more gay, more spirited, more triumphant, than in this letter. There is a regular siege laid to the reader's astonishment; and the titles of the bride come like the pomp of victory. Or, to use a humbler image, the reader is thrown into the state of the child, who is told to open his mouth and shut his eyes, and wait for what God will send him. The holder of the secret hovers in front of the expectant, touching his lips and giving him nothing; and all is a merry flutter of laughter, guessing, and final transport. And yet this will not suit the charming misgiving that follows. Alas, for the poor subject of the wonder! The marriage was stopped; it was supposed to have taken place secretly; and Mademoiselle, who was then forty-five years of age, and had rejected kings, is said to have found her husband so brutal, that he one day called to her, 'Henrietta of Bourbon, pull off my boots.' The boots were left on, and the savage discarded.

The letter we give next—or rather, of which we give passages—is a good specimen of the way in which the writer goes from

subject to subject;—from church to the fair, and from the fair to court, and to mad dogs, and Ninon de l'Enclos, and sermons on death, and so round again to royalty and 'a scene.' It is addressed to her daughter:—

'TO MADAME DE GRIGNAN.

'Paris, Friday, March 13 (1671).

'Behold me, to the delight of my heart, all alone in my chamber, writing to you in tranquillity. Nothing gives me comfort like being seated thus. I dined to day at Madame de Lavardin's, after having been to hear Bourdaloue, where I saw the Mothers of the Church; for so I call the Princess de Conti and Longueville.* All the world was at the sermon, and the sermon was worthy of all that heard it. I thought of you twenty times, and wished you as often beside me. You would have been enchanted to be a listener, and I should have been tenfold enchanted to see you listen. * * * * * We have been to the fair, to see a great fright of a woman, bigger than Riberpré, by a whole head. She lay-in the other day of two vast infants, who came into the world abreast, with their arms a-kimbo. You never beheld such a *tout-ensemble!* * * * And now, if you fancy all the maids of honour run mad, you will not fancy amiss. Eight days ago, Madame de Ludre, Coëtlogon, and little De Rouvroi were bitten by a puppy belonging to Théobon, and the puppy has died mad; so Ludre, Coëtlogon, and de Rouvroi set off this morning for the coast, to be dipped three times in the sea. 'Tis a dismal journey: Benserade is in despair about it. Théobon does not choose to go, though she had a little bite too. The queen, however, objects to her being in waiting till the issue of the adventure is known. Don't you think Ludre resembles Andromeda? For my part, I see her fastened to the rock, and Treville coming, on a winged horse, to deliver her from the monster. "*Ah, Zeesus! Madame de Grignan, vat a sing to be trown all naket into te sea!*"†

'* * * Your brother is under the jurisdiction of Ninon. I cannot think it will do him much good. There are people to whom it does no good at all. She hurt his father. Heaven help him, say I! It is impossible for Christian people, or at least for such as would fain be Christian, to look on such disorders without concern. Ah, Bourdaloue! what divine truths you told us to-day about death. Madame de la Fayette heard him for the first time in her life, and was transported with admiration. She is enchanted with your remembrances. * * * A scene took place yesterday at Mademoiselle's, which I enjoyed extremely. In comes Madam de Gèvres, full of her airs and graces. She looked as if she expected I should give her my post; but, faith, I owed her an affront for her behaviour the other day, so I didn't budge. Mademoiselle was in bed; Madame de Gèvres was therefore obliged to go lower down: no very pleasant thing

* Great sinners, who had become great saints.

† '*Ah, Zesu! Madame de Grignan, l'étrange sose l'être zettée toute nue tans la mer.*' Madame de Ludre, by her pronunciation, was either a very affected speaker, or seems to have come from the 'borders.' Madame de Sévigné, by the tone of her narration, could hardly have believed there was anything serious in the accident.

that. Mademoiselle calls for drink; somebody must present the napkin; Madame de Gèvres begins to draw off the glove from her skinny hand; I give a nudge to Madame d'Arpajon, who was above me; she understands me, draws off her own glove, and, advancing a step with a very good grace, cuts short the duchess, and takes and presents the napkin. The duchess was quite confounded; she had made her way up, and got off her gloves, and all to see the napkin presented before her by Madame d'Arpajon. My dear, I'm a wicked creature; I was in a state of delight; and, indeed, what could have been better done? Would any one but Madame de Gèvres have thought of depriving Madame d'Arpajon of an honour which fell so naturally to her share, standing, as she did, by the bedside? It was as good as a cordial to Madame de Puisieux. Mademoiselle did not dare to lift up her eyes; and, as for myself, I had the most good-for-nothing face.'

Had Madame de Gèvres seen the following passage in a letter of the 10th of June, in the same year, it might have tempted her to exclaim, 'Ah, you see what sort of people it is that treat me with malice!' It must have found an echo in thousands of bosoms; and the conclusion of the extract is charming:—

'* * * My dear, I wish very much I could be religious. I plague La Mousse about it every day. I belong at present neither to God nor devil, and I find this condition very uncomfortable; though, between you and me, I think it the most natural in the world. One does not belong to the devil, because one fears God, and has at bottom a principle of religion; but then, on the other hand, one does not belong to God, because his laws appear hard, and self-denial is not pleasant. Hence the great number of the lukewarm, which does not surprise me at all. I enter perfectly into their reasons; only God, you know, hates them, and that must not be. But there lies the difficulty. Why must I torment you, however, with these endless rhapsodies? My dear child, *I ask your pardon*, as they say in these parts. I rattle on in your company, and forget everything else in the pleasure of it. Don't make me any answer. Send me only news of your health, with a spice of what you feel at Grignan, that I may know you are happy; that is all. Love me. We have turned the phrase into ridicule; but it is natural, it is good.'

The Abbé de la Mousse here mentioned was a connection of the Coulanges, and was on a visit to Madame de Sévigné at her house in Brittany, reading poetry and romance. The weather was so rainy and cold, that we of this island are pleased to see one of her letters dated from her 'fireside' on the 24th of June. Pomenars, the criminal gentleman who was always afraid of losing his head, was one of her neighbours; and another was the before-mentioned Mademoiselle du Plessis, whom the daughter's aversion and her own absurdities conspired to render the butt of the mother. It is said of Pomenars, who was a marquis, that having

been tried for uttering false money, and cleared of the charge, he paid the expenses of the action in the same coin. It must have been some very counteracting good quality, however, in addition to his animal spirits, that kept his friends in good heart with him; for Madame de Sévigné never mentions him but with an air of delight. He was, at this moment, under a charge of abduction; not, apparently, to any very great horror on the part of the ladies. Madame de Sévigné, however, tells her daughter that she talked to him about it very seriously, adding the jest, nevertheless, that the state of the dispute between him and his accuser was, that the latter wanted to 'have his head,' and Pomenars would not let him take it. 'The Marquis,' she says, in another letter, 'declined shaving till he knew to whom his head was to belong.' The last thing we remember of him is his undergoing a painful surgical operation; after which he rattled on as if nothing had happened. But then he had been the day before to Bourdaloue, to confess, for the first time during eight years. Here is the beginning of a letter, in which he and Du Plessis are brought delightfully together:—

'TO MADAME DE GRIGNAN.

'The Rocks, Sunday, 26th July (1671).

'You must know, that as I was sitting all alone in my chamber yesterday, intent upon a book, I saw the door opened by a tall lady-like woman, who was ready to choke herself with laughing. Behind her came a man, who laughed louder still, and the man was followed by a very well-shaped woman, who laughed also. As for me, I began to laugh before I knew who they were, or what had set them a-laughing; and though I was expecting Madame de Chaulnes to spend a day or two with me here, I looked a long time before I could think it was she. She it was, however; and with her she had brought Pomenars, who had put it in her head to surprise me. The fair *Murinette* * was of the party; and Pomenars was in such excessive spirits that he would have gladdened melancholy itself. They fell to playing battledoor and shuttlecock—Madame de Chaulnes plays it like you; and then came a lunch, and then we took one of our nice little walks, and the talk was of you throughout. I told Pomenars how you took all his affairs to heart, and what relief you would experience had he nothing to answer to but the matter in hand; but that such repeated attacks on his innocence quite overwhelmed you. We kept up this joke till the long walk reminded us of the fall you got there one day, the thought of which made me as red as fire. We talked a long time of that, and then of the dialogue with the gypsies, and at last of Mademoiselle du Plessis, and the nonsensical stuff she uttered; and how, one day, having treated you with some of it, and her ugly face being close to yours, you made no more ado, but gave her such a box on the ear as staggered

* Mademoiselle de Murinais.

her; upon which I, to soften matters, exclaimed. "How rudely these young people do play!" and then, turning to her mother, said, "Madam, do you know they were so wild this morning, they absolutely fought. Mademoiselle du Plessis provoked my daughter, and my daughter beat her; it was one of the merriest scenes in the world;" and with this turn Madame du Plessis was so delighted, that she expressed her satisfaction at seeing the young ladies so happy together. This trait of good-fellowship between you and Mademoiselle du Plessis, whom I lumped together to make the box on the ear go down, made my visitors die with laughter. Mademoiselle de Murinais, in particular, approved your proceedings mightily, and vows that the first time Du Plessis thrusts her nose in her face, as she always does when she speaks to anybody, she will follow your example, and give her a good slap on the chaps. I expect them all to meet before long; Pomenars is to set the matter on foot; Mademoiselle is sure to fall in with it; a letter from Paris is to be produced, showing how the ladies there give boxes on the ear to one another, and this will sanction the custom in the provinces, and even make us desire them, in order to be in the fashion. In short, I never saw a man so mad as Pomenars: his spirits increase in the ratio of his criminalities; and, if he is charged with another, he will certainly die for joy.'

These practical mystifications of poor Mademoiselle du Plessis are a little strong. They would assuredly not take place nowadays in society equal to that of Madame de Sévigné; but ages profit by their predecessors, and the highest breeding of one often becomes but second-rate in the next. If anything, however, could warrant such rough admission to the freedom of a superior circle, it was the coarse platitudes and affectations of an uncouth neighbour like this; probably of a family as vulgar as it was rich, and which had made its way into a society unfit for it. Mademoiselle du Plessis seems to have assumed all characters in turn, and to have suited none except that of an avowed yet incorrigible teller of fibs. Madame Sévigné spoke to her plainly one day about these peccadilloes, and Mademoiselle cast down her eyes and said with an air of penitence, 'Ah, yes, madam, it is very true; I am indeed the greatest liar in the world: I am very much obliged to you for telling me of it!' 'It was exactly,' says her reprover, 'like Tartuffe—quite in his tone—Yes, brother, I am a miserable sinner, a vessel of iniquity.' Yet a week or two afterwards, giving an account of a family wedding-dinner, she said that the first course, for one day, included twelve hundred dishes. 'We all sate petrified,' says Madame de Sévigné. 'At length I took courage and said, "Consider a little, Mademoiselle, you must mean twelve, not twelve hundred. One sometimes has slips of the tongue.' 'Oh, no, Madam! it was twelve hundred, or eleven hundred, I am quite sure; I cannot say which,

for fear of telling a falsehood, but one or the other I know it was;' and she repeated it twenty times, and would not bate us a single chicken. We found, upon calculation, that there must have been at least three hundred people to lard the fowls; that the dinner must have been served up in a great meadow, in tents pitched for the occasion; and that, supposing them only fifty, preparations must have been made a month beforehand."

It is pleasant to bid adieu to Mademoiselle du Plessis, and breathe the air of truth, wit, and nature, in what has been justly called by the compiler of the work at the head of this article, one of 'Madame de Sévigné's most charming letters.'* The crime of the fine-gentleman servant who would not make hay is set forth with admirable calmness and astonishment; and never before was the art of haymaking taught, or rather exemplified, in words so simple and so few. It is as if the pen itself had become a hay-fork, and tossed up a sample of the sweet grass. The pretended self-banter also, at the close, respecting long-winded narrations, is exquisite:—

'TO M. DE COULANGES.

'The Rocks, 22nd July (1671).

'I write, my dear cousin, over and above the stipulated fortnight communications, to advertise you that you will soon have the honour of seeing Picard; and, as he is brother to the lacquey of Madame de Coulanges, I must tell you the reason why. You know that Madame the Duchess de Chaulnes is at Vitré: she expects the duke there, in ten or twelve days, with the States of Brittany.† Well, and what then? say you. I say, that the duchess is expecting the duke with all the states, and that meanwhile she is at Vitré all alone, dying with ennui. And what, return you, has this to do with Picard? Why, look; she is dying with ennui, and I am her only consolation, and so you may readily conceive that I carry it with a high hand over Mademoiselle de Kerbonne and de Kerqueoison. A pretty round-about way of telling my story, I must confess; but it will bring us to the point. Well, then, as I am her only consolation, it follows that, after I have been to see her, she will come to see me, when, of course, I shall wish her to find my garden in good order, and my walks in good order—those fine walks, of which you are so fond. Still you are at a loss to conceive whither they are leading you now. Attend then, if you please, to a little suggestion by the way. You are aware that haymaking is going forward? Well, I have no haymakers: I send into the neighbouring fields to press them into my service; there are none to be found; and so all my own people are summoned to make hay instead. But do you know what haymaking is? I will tell you. Haymaking is the prettiest thing in the world. You play at turning the grass over in a meadow; and, as soon as

* The original appears in the *Lettres Choisies*, edited by Girault.

† He was governor of the province.

you know how to do that, you know how to make hay. The whole house went merrily to the task, all but Picard: he said he would not go; that he was not engaged for such work; that it was none of his business; and that he would sooner betake himself to Paris. 'Faith! didn't I get angry? It was the hundredth disservice the silly fellow had done me: I saw he had neither heart nor zeal; in short, the measure of his offence was full. I took him at his word; was deaf as a rock to all entreaties in his behalf; and he has set off. It is fit that people should be treated as they deserve. If you see him, don't welcome him; don't protect him; and don't blame me. Only look upon him as, of all servants in the world, the one the least addicted to haymaking, and therefore the most unworthy of good treatment. This is the sum total of the affair. As for me, I am fond of straightforward histories, that contain not a word too much; that never go wandering about, and beginning again from remote points; and accordingly, I think I may say, without vanity, that I hereby present you with the model of an agreeable narration.'

In the course of the winter following this haymaking, Madame de Sévigné goes to Paris; and with the exception of an occasional visit to the house at Livry, to refresh herself with the spring-blossoms and the nightingales, remains there till July, when she visits her daughter in Provence, where she stayed upwards of a year, and then returned to the metropolis. It is not our intention to notice these particulars in future; but we mention them in passing, to give the reader an idea of the round of her life between her town and country houses, and the visits to Madame de Grignan, who sometimes came from Provence to her. In the country, she does nothing but read, write, and walk, and occasionally see her neighbours. In town, she visits friends, theatres, churches, nunneries, and the court; is now at the Coulanges,' now dining with Rochefoucauld, now paying her respects to some branch of royalty; and is delighted, and delighting wherever she goes, except when she is weeping for her daughter's absence, or condoling with the family disasters resulting from campaigns. In the summer of 1672 was the famous passage of the Rhine, at which Rochefoucauld lost a son, whose death he bore with affecting patience. The once intriguing but now devout princess, the Duchess de Longueville, had the like misfortune, which she could not endure so well. Her grief nevertheless was very affecting too, and Madame de Sévigné's plain and passionate account of it has been justly admired. In general, at the court of Louis XIV. all was apparently ease, luxury, and delight (with the exception of the jealousies of the courtiers and the squabble of the mistresses), but every now and then there is a campaign—and then all is glory, and finery, and lovers' tears, when the warriors are

setting out; and fright, and trepidation, and distracting suspense, when the news arrives of a bloody battle. The suspense is removed by undoubted intelligence; and then, while some are in paroxysms of pride and rapture at escapes, and exploits, and lucky wounds, others are plunged into misery by deaths:—

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO MADAME DE GRIGNAN.

'You never saw Paris in such a state as it is now; everybody is in tears, or fears to be so: poor Madame de Nogent is beside herself; Madame de Longueville, with her lamentations, cuts people to the heart. I have not seen her; but you may rely on what follows. * * * * They sent to Port-Royal for M. Arnauld and Mademoiselle Vertus to break the news to her. The sight of the latter was sufficient. As soon as the duchess saw her—"Ah! Mademoiselle, how is my brother?" (the great Condé). She did not dare to ask further. "Madame, his wound is going on well; there has been a battle." "And my son?" No answer. "Ah! Mademoiselle, my son, my dear child—answer me—is he dead?" "Madame, I have not words to answer you." "Ah! my dear son; did he die instantly? had he not one little moment? Oh! great God, what a sacrifice!" And with that she fell upon her bed; and all which could express the most terrible anguish, convulsions, and faintings, *and a mortal silence*, and stifled cries, and the bitterest tears, and hands clasped towards heaven, and complaints the most tender and heart-rending—all this did she go through. She sees a few friends, and keeps herself barely alive, in submission to God's will; but has no rest; and her health, which was bad already, is visibly worse. For my part, I cannot help wishing her dead outright, not conceiving it possible that she can survive such a loss.'

We have taken no notice of the strange death of Vatel, steward to the Prince de Condé, who killed himself out of a point of honour, because a dinner had not been served up to his satisfaction. It is a very curious relation, but more characteristic of the poor man than of the writer. For a like reason, we omit the interesting though horrible accounts of Brinvilliers and La Voisin, the poisoners. But we cannot help giving a tragedy told in a few words, both because Madame de Sévigné was herself highly struck with it, and for another reason which will appear in a note:—

'The other day, on his coming into a ball-room, a gentleman of Brittany was assassinated by two men in women's clothes. One held him while the other deliberately struck a poniard to his heart. Little Harouïs, who was there, was shocked at beholding this person, whom he knew well, stretched out upon the ground, *full-dressed, bloody, and dead.* His account' (adds Madame de Sévigné) 'forcibly struck my imagination.'*

* We have taken the words in Italics from the version of the letters published in 1765, often a very meritorious one, probably 'by various hands,' some passages exhibiting an ignorance of the commonest terms, hardly possible to be reconciled with a knowledge of the rest.

The following letter contains a most graphic description of the French court, in all its voluptuous gaiety; and the glimpses which it furnishes of the actors on the brilliant scene, from the King and the favourite to Dangeau, the skilful gamester—cool, collected, and calculating—amidst the gallant prattle around him, give to its details a degree of life and animation not to be surpassed:—

'TO MADAME DE GRIGNAN.

Paris, Wednesday, 29th July (1676).

'We have a change of the scene here, which will gratify you as much as it does all the world. I was at Versailles last Saturday with the Villarses. You know the Queen's toilet, the mass, and the dinner? Well, there is no need any longer of suffocating ourselves in the crowd to get a glimpse of their majesties at table. At three the King, the Queen, Monsieur, Madame, Mademoiselle, and everything else which is royal, together with Madame de Montespan and train, and all the courtiers, and all the ladies—all in short, which constitutes the court of France—is assembled in that beautiful apartment of the king's, which you remember. All is furnished divinely, all is magnificent. Such a thing as heat is unknown: you pass from one place to another without the slightest pressure. A game at *reversis* gives the company a form and a settlement. The King and Madame de Montespan keep a bank together; different tables are occupied by Monsieur, the Queen, and Madame de Soubise, Dangeau * and party, Langlée and party:—everywhere you see heaps of *louis-d'ors*, they have no other counters. I saw Dangeau play, and thought what fools we all were beside him. He dreams of nothing but what concerns the game; he wins where others lose; he neglects nothing, profits by everything, never has his attention diverted; in short, his science bids defiance to chance. Two hundred thousand francs in ten days, a hundred thousand crowns in a month—these are the pretty memorandums he puts down in his pocket-book. He was kind enough to say that I was partners with him, so that I got an excellent seat. I made my obeisance to the King, as you told me; and he returned it, as if I had been young and handsome. The Queen talked as long to me about my illness, as if it had been a lying-in. The Duke said a thousand kind things without minding a word he uttered. Marshal de Lorges attacked me in the name of the Chevalier de Grignan; in short, *tutti quanti* (the whole company). You know what it is to get a word from everybody you meet. Madame de Montespan talked to me of Bourbon, and asked me how I liked Vichi, and whether the place did me good. She said that Bourbon, instead of curing a pain in one of her knees, did mischief to both. Her size is reduced by a good half, and yet her complexion, her eyes, and her lips are as fine as ever. She was dressed all in French point, her hair in a thousand ringlets, the two side ones hanging low on her cheeks, black ribbons on her head, pearls (the same that belonged to Madame de l'Hôpital), the loveliest diamond earrings, three or four bodkins—nothing else on the head; in short, a triumphant beauty worthy the admiration of all the foreign ambassadors. She was accused of

* The writer of the well-known *Court-Diary*.

preventing the whole French nation from seeing the King; she has restored him, you see, to their eyes; and you cannot conceive the joy it has given all the world, and the splendour it has thrown upon the court. This charming confusion, without confusion, of all which is the most select, continues from three till six. If couriers arrive, the King retires a moment to read the despatches, and returns. There is always some music going on, to which he listens, and which has an excellent effect. He talks with such of the ladies as are accustomed to enjoy that honour. In short, they leave play at six; there is no trouble of counting, for there is no sort of counters; the pools consist of at least five, perhaps six or seven hundred louis; the bigger ones of a thousand or twelve hundred. At first each person pools twenty, which is a hundred; and the dealer afterwards pools ten. The person who holds the knave is entitled to four louis; they pass; and when they play before the pool is taken, they forfeit sixteen, which teaches them not to play out of turn. Talking is incessantly going on, and there is no end of *hearts*. How many hearts have you? I have two, I have three, I have one, I have four; he has only three then, he has only four; and Dangeau is delighted with all this chatter: he sees through the game—he draws his conclusions—he discovers which is the person he wants; truly he is your only man for holding the cards. At six, the carriages are at the door. The King is in one of them with Madame de Montespan, Monsieur and Madame de Thianges, and honest d'Heudicourt in a fool's paradise on the stool. You know how these open carriages are made; they do not sit face to face, but all looking the same way. The Queen occupies another with the Princess; and the rest come flocking after as it may happen. There are then gondolas on the canal, and music; and at ten they come back, and then there is a play; and twelve strikes, and they go to supper; and thus rolls round the Saturday. If I were to tell you how often you were asked after—how many questions were put to me without waiting for answers—how often I neglected to answer—how little they cared, and how much less I did—you would see the *iniqua corte* (wicked court) before you in all its perfection. However, it never was so pleasant before, and everybody wishes it may last.'

Not a word of the *morale* of the spectacle! Madame de Sévigné, who had one of the correctest reputations in France, wishes even it may last. *Iniqua corte* is a mere jesting phrase, applied to any court. Montespan was a friend of the family, though it knew Maintenon also, who was then preparing the downfall of the favourite. The latter, meantime, was a sort of vice-queen, reigning over the real one. When she journeyed, it was with a train of forty people; governors of provinces offered to meet her with addresses; and intendants presented her with boats like those of Cleopatra, painted and gilt, luxurious with crimson damask, and streaming with the colours of France and Navarre. Louis was such a god at that time—he shook his 'ambrosial curls' over so veritable an Olympus, where his praises were hymned by loving goddesses, consenting heroes, and

incense-bearing priests—that if marriage had been a less consecrated institution in the Catholic Church, and the Jesuits with their accommodating philosophy would have stood by him, one is almost tempted to believe he might have crowned half-a-dozen queens at a time, and made the French pulpits hold forth with Milton on the merits of the patriarchal polygamies.

But, to say the truth, except when she chose to be in the humour for it, great part of Madame de Sévigné's enjoyment, wherever she was, looked as little to the *morale* of the thing as need be. It arose from her powers of discernment and description. No matter what kind of scene she beheld, whether exalted or humble, brilliant or gloomy, crowded or solitary, her sensibility turned all to account. She saw well for herself; and she knew, that what she saw she should enjoy over again, in telling it to her daughter. In the autumn of next year she is in the country, and pays a visit to an iron-foundry, where they made anchors. The scene is equally well felt with that at court. It is as good, in its way, as the blacksmith's in Spenser's *House of Care*, where the sound was heard

> 'Of many iron hammers, beating rank,
> And answering their weary turns around;'

and where the visitor is so glad to get away from the giant and his 'strong grooms,' all over smoke and horror.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO MADAME DE GRIGNAN.

'Friday, 1st October, 1677.

'* * * Yesterday evening at Cone, we descended into a veritable hell, the true forges of Vulcan. Eight or ten cyclops were at work, forging, not arms for Æneas, but anchors for ships. You never saw strokes redoubled so justly, nor with so admirable a cadence. We stood in the middle of four furnaces, and the demons came passing about us, all melting in sweat, with pale faces, wild-staring eyes, savage mustaches, and hair long and black; a sight enough to frighten less well-bred folks than ourselves. As to me, I could not comprehend the possibility of refusing anything which these gentlemen, in their hell, might have chosen to exact. We got out at last by the help of a shower of silver, with which we took care to refresh their souls and facilitate our exit.'

This description is immediately followed by one as lively, of another sort:—

'We had a taste, the evening before, at Nevers, of the most daring race you ever beheld. Four fair ladies, in a carriage, having seen us pass them in ours, had such a desire to behold our faces a second time, that they must needs get before us again, on a causeway made only for one coach. My

dear, their coachman brushed our very whiskers; it is a mercy they were not pitched into the river; we all cried out, "for God's sake;" they, for their parts, were dying with laughter; and they kept galloping on *above* us and before us, in so tremendous and unaccountable a manner, that we have not got rid of the fright to this moment.'

There is a little repetition in the following, because truth required it; otherwise it is all as good as new, fresh from the same mint that throws forth everything at a heat—whether anchors, or diamond earrings, or a coach in a gallop:—

'Paris, 29th November (1679).

'* * * I have been to this wedding of Madame de Louvois. How shall I describe it? Magnificence, illuminations, all France, dresses all gold and brocade, jewels, braziers full of fire, and stands full of flowers, confusions of carriages, cries out of doors, flambeaus, pushings back, people knocked up;—in short, a whirlwind, a distraction; questions without answers, compliments without knowing what is said, civilities without knowing who is spoken to, feet entangled in trains. From the middle of all this, issue inquiries after your health; which, not being answered as quick as lightning, the inquiries pass on, contented to remain in the state of ignorance and indifference in which they were made. *O vanity of vanities!* Pretty little De Mouchy has had the smallpox. *O vanity*, et cetera!'

In Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is a reference by the great and gloomy moralist to a passage in Madame de Sévigné, in which she speaks of existence having been imposed upon her without her consent; but the conclusion he draws from it as to her opinion of life in general, is worthy of the critic who 'never read books through.' The momentary effusion of spleen is contradicted by the whole correspondence. She occasionally vents her dissatisfaction at a rainy day, or the perplexity produced in her mind by a sermon; and when her tears begin flowing for a pain in her daughter's little finger, it is certainly no easy matter to stop them; but there was a luxury at the heart of this woe. Her ordinary notions of life were no more like Johnson's, than rose-colour is like black, or health like disease. She repeatedly proclaims, and almost always shows, her delight in existence; and has disputes with her daughter, in which she laments that she does not possess the same turn of mind. There is a passage, we grant, on the subject of old age, which contains a reflection similar to the one alluded to by Johnson, and which has been deservedly admired for its force and honesty. But even in this passage, the germ of the thought was suggested by the melancholy of another person, not by her own. Madame de la Fayette

had written her a letter urging her to retrieve her affairs and secure her health, by accepting some money from her friends, and quitting the Rocks for Paris;—offers which, however handsomely meant, she declined with many thanks, and not a little secret indignation; for she was very jealous of her independence. In the course of this letter, Madame de la Fayette, who herself was irritable with disease, and who did not write it in a style much calculated to prevent the uneasiness it caused, made abrupt use of the words, 'You are old.' The little hard sentence came like a blow upon the lively, elderly lady. She did not like it at all; and thus wrote of it to her daughter:—

'So you were struck with the expression of Madame de la Fayette, blended with so much friendship. 'Twas a truth, I own, which I ought to have borne in mind; and yet I must confess it astonished me, for I do not yet perceive in myself any such decay. Nevertheless, I cannot help making many reflections and calculations, and I find the conditions of life hard enough. It seems to me that I have been dragged, against my will, to the fatal period when old age must be endured; I see it; I have come to it; and I would fain, if I could help it, not go any further; not advance a step more in the road of infirmities, of pains, of losses of memory, of *disfigurements* ready to do me outrage; and I hear a voice which says, You must go on in spite of yourself; or, if you will not go on, you must die;—and this is another extremity, from which nature revolts. Such is the lot, however, of all who advance beyond middle life. What is their resource? To think of the will of God and of the universal law; and so restore reason to its place, and be patient. Be you then patient, accordingly, my dear child, and let not your affection soften into such tears as reason must condemn.'

The whole heart and good sense of humanity seem to speak in passages like these, equally removed from the frights of the superstitious and the flimsiness or falsehood of levity. The ordinary comfort and good prospects of Madame de Sévigné's existence made her write with double force on these graver subjects, when they presented themselves to her mind. So, in her famous notice of the death of Louvois the minister—never, in a few words, were past ascendancy and sudden nothingness more impressively contrasted:—

'I am so astonished at the news of the sudden death of M. de Louvois, that I am at a loss how to speak of it. Dead, however, he is, this great minister, this potent being, who occupied so great a place; whose *me* (*le moi*), as M. Nicole says, had so wide a dominion; who was the centre of so many orbs. What affairs had he not to manage! what designs, what projects, what secrets! what interests to unravel, what wars to undertake, what intrigues, what noble games at chess to play and to direct! Ah!

my God, give me a little time; I want to give check to the Duke of Savoy —checkmate to the Prince of Orange. No, no, you shall not have a moment—not a single moment. Are events like these to be talked of? Not they. We must reflect upon them in our closets.'

This is part of a letter to her cousin Coulanges, written in the year 1691. Five years afterwards she died.

The two English writers who have shown the greatest admiration of Madame de Sévigné, are Horace Walpole and Sir James Mackintosh. The enthusiasm of Walpole, who was himself a distinguished letter writer and wit, is mixed up with a good deal of self-love. He bows to his own image in the mirror beside her. During one of his excursions to Paris, he visits the Hôtel de Carnavalet and the house at Livry; and has thus described his impressions:—

'Madame de Chabot I called on last night. She was not at home, but the Hôtel de Carnavalet was; and I stopped on purpose to say an Ave-Maria before it.' (This pun is suggested by one in Bussy Rabutin.) 'It is a very singular building, not at all in the French style, and looks like an *ex voto*, raised to her honour by some of her foreign votaries. I don't think her half honoured enough in her own country.' *

His visit to Livry is recorded in a letter to his friend Montague:—

'One must be just to all the world. Madame Roland, I find, has been in the country, and at Versailles, and was so obliging as to call on me this morning; but I was so disobliging as not to be awake. I was dreaming dreams; in short, I had dined at Livry; yes, yes, at Livry, with a Langlade and De la Rochefoucauld. The Abbey is now possessed by an Abbé de Malherbe, with whom I am acquainted, and who had given me a general invitation. I put it off to the last moment, that the *bois* and *allées* might set off the scene a little, and contribute to the vision; but it did not want it. Livry is situate in the Forêt de Bondi, very agreeably on a flat, but with hills near it, and in prospect. There is a great air of simplicity and *rural* about it, more regular than our taste, but with an old-fashioned tranquillity, and nothing of *colifichet* (frippery). Not a tree exists that remembers the charming woman, because in this country an old tree is a traitor, and forfeits his head to the crown; but the plantations are not young, and might very well be as they were in her time. The Abbé's house is decent and snug; a few paces from it is the sacred pavilion built for Madame de Sévigné by her uncle, and much as it was in her day; a small saloon below for dinner, then an arcade, but the niche, now closed, and painted in fresco with medallions of her, the Grignan, the Fayette, and the Rochefoucauld. Above, a handsome large room, with a chimney-piece in the best taste of

* *Letters*, &c., vol. v. p. 74, edit. 1840.

Louis the Fourteenth's time; a Holy Family in good relief over it, and the cipher of her uncle Coulanges; a neat little bedchamber within, and two or three clean little chambers over them. On one side of the garden, leading to the great road, is a little bridge of wood, on which the dear woman used to wait for the courier that brought her daughter's letters. Judge with what veneration and satisfaction I set my foot upon it! If you will come to France with me next year, we will go and sacrifice on that sacred spot together.'—Id. p. 142.

Sir James Mackintosh became intimate with the letters of Madame de Sévigné during his voyage to India, and has left some remarks upon them in the Diary published in his Life.

'The great charm,' he says, 'of her character seems to me a *natural* virtue. In what she does, as well as in what she says, she is unforced and unstudied; nobody, I think, had so much morality without constraint, and played so much with amiable feelings without falling into vice. Her ingenious, lively, social disposition gave the direction to her mental power. She has so filled my heart with affectionate interest in her as a living friend, that I can scarcely bring myself to think of her as a writer, or as having a style; but she has become a celebrated, perhaps an immortal writer, without expecting it: she is the only classical writer who never conceived the possibility of acquiring fame. Without a great force of style, she could not have communicated those feelings. In what does that talent consist? It seems mainly to consist in the power of working bold metaphors, and unexpected turns of expression, out of the most familiar part of conversational language.' *

Sir James proceeds to give an interesting analysis of this kind of style, and the way in which it obtains ascendancy in the most polished circles; and all that he says of it is very true. But it seems to us, that the main secret of the '*charm*' of Madame de Sévigné is to be found neither in her 'natural virtue,' nor in the style in which it expressed itself, but in something which interests us still more for our own sakes than the writer's, and which instinctively compelled her to adopt that style as its natural language. We doubt extremely, in the first place, whether any great 'charm' is ever felt in the virtue, natural or otherwise, however it may be respected. Readers are glad, certainly, that the correctness of her reputation enabled her to write with so much gaiety and boldness; and perhaps (without at all taking for granted what Bussy Rabutin intimates about secret lovers) it gives a zest to certain freedoms in her conversation, which are by no means rare; for she was anything but a

* *Memoirs of the Life of the Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh.* 2nd edit. vol. ii. p. 217.

prude. We are not sure that her character for personal correctness does not sometimes produce even an awkward impression, in connection with her relations to the court and the mistresses; though the manners of the day, and her superiority to sermonizing and hypocrisy, relieve it from one of a more painful nature. Certain we are, however, that we should have liked her still better, had she manifested a power to love somebody else besides her children; had she married again, for instance, instead of passing a long widowhood from her five-and-twentieth year, not, assuredly, out of devotion to her husband's memory. Such a marriage, we think, would have been quite as natural as any virtue she possessed. The only mention of her husband that we can recollect in all her correspondence, with the exception of the allusion to Ninon, is in the following date of a letter:—

'Paris, Friday, Feb. 5, 1672.—This day thousand years I was married.'

We do not accuse her of heartlessness. We believe she had a very good heart. Probably, she liked to be her own mistress; but this does not quite explain the matter in so loving a person. There were people in her own time who doubted the love for her daughter—surely with great want of justice. But natural as that virtue was, and delightful as it is to see it, was the *excess* of it quite so natural? or does a thorough intimacy with the letters confirm our belief in that excess? It does not. The love was real and great; but the secret of what appears to be its extravagance is, perhaps, to be found in the love of power; or, not to speak harshly, in the inability of a fond mother to leave off her habits of guidance and dictation, and the sense of her importance to her child. Hence a fidgetiness on one side, which was too much allied to exaction and self-will, and a proportionate tendency to ill-concealed, and at last open impatience on the other. The demand for letters was not only incessant and avowed; it was to be met with as zealous a desire, on the daughter's part, to supply them. If little is written, pray write more: if much, don't write so much for fear of headaches. If the headaches are complained of, what misery! if not complained of, something worse and more cruel has taken place—it is a concealment. Friends must take care how they speak of the daughter as too well and happy. The mother then brings to our mind the 'Falkland' of Sheridan, and expresses her disgust at these 'perfect-health folks.' Even

lovers tire under such *surveillance*: and as affections between mother and child, however beautiful, are not, in the nature of things, of a like measure of reciprocity, a similar result would have been looked for by the discerning eyes of Madame de Sévigné, had the case been any other than her own. But the tears of self-love mingle with those of love, and blind the kindest natures to the difference. It is too certain, or rather it is a fact which reduces the love to a good honest natural size, and therefore ought not, so far, to be lamented, that this fond mother and daughter, fond though they were, jangled sometimes, like their inferiors, both when absent and present, leaving nevertheless a large measure of affection to diffuse itself in joy and comfort over the rest of their intercourse. It is a common case, and we like neither of them a jot the less for it. We may only be allowed to repeat our wish (as Madame de Grignan must often have done), that the 'dear Marie de Rabutin,' as Sir James Mackintosh calls her, had had a second husband, to divert some of the responsibilities of affection from her daughter's head. Let us recollect, after all, that we should not have heard of the distress but for the affection; that millions who might think fit to throw stones at it, would in reality have no right to throw a pebble; and that the wit which has rendered it immortal, is beautiful for every species of truth, but this single deficiency in self-knowledge.

That is the great charm of Madame de Sévigné—*truth*. Truth, wit, and animal spirits compose the secret of her delightfulness; but truth above all, for it is that which shows all the rest to be true. If she had not more natural virtues than most other good people, she had more natural *manners*; and the universality of her taste, and the vivacity of her spirits, giving her the widest range of enjoyment, she expressed herself naturally on all subjects, and did not disdain the simplest and most familiar phraseology, when the truth required it. Familiarities of style, taken by themselves, have been common more or less to all wits, from the days of Aristophanes to those of Byron; and, in general, so have animal spirits. Rabelais was full of both. The followers of Pulci and Berni, in Italy, abound in them. What distinguishes Madame de Sévigné is, first, that she was a woman so writing, which till her time had been a thing unknown, and has not been since witnessed in any such charming degree; and second, and above all, that she writes 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth;' never giving us falsehood of

any kind, not even a single false metaphor, or only half-true simile or description; nor writing for any purpose on earth, but to say what she felt, and please those who could feel with her. If we consider how few writers there are, even among the best, to whom this praise, in its integrity, can apply, we shall be struck, perhaps, with a little surprise and sorrow for the craft of authors in general; but certainly with double admiration for Madame de Sévigné. We do not mean to say that she is always right in opinion, or that she had no party or conventional feelings. She entertained, for many years, some strong prejudices. She was bred up in so exclusive an admiration for the poetry of Corneille, that she thought Racine would go out of fashion. Her loyalty made her astonished to find that Louis was not invincible; and her connection with the Count de Grignan, who was employed in the *dragonades* against the Huguenots, led her but negatively to disapprove those inhuman absurdities. But these were accidents of friendship or education: her understanding outlived them; nor did they hinder her, meantime, from describing truthfully what she felt, and from being right as well as true in nine-tenths of it all. Her sincerity made even her errors a part of her truth. She never pretended to be above what she felt; never assumed a profound knowledge; never disguised an ignorance. Her mirth, and her descriptions, may sometimes appear exaggerated; but the spirit of truth, not of contradiction, is in them; and excess in such cases is not falsehood, but enjoyment—not the wine adulterated, but the cup running over. All her wit is healthy; all its images entire and applicable throughout—not palsy-stricken with irrelevance; not forced in, and then found wanting, like Walpole's conceit about the trees, in the passage above quoted. Madame de Sévigné never wrote such a passage in her life. All her lightest and most fanciful images, all her most daring expressions, have the strictest propriety, the most genuine feeling, a home in the heart of truth;—as when, for example, she says, amidst continual feasting, that she is 'famished for want of hunger;' that there were no 'interlineations' in the conversation of a lady, who spoke from the heart; that she went to vespers one evening out of pure opposition, which taught her to comprehend the 'sacred obstinacy of martyrdom;' that she did not keep a 'philosopher's shop;' that it is difficult for people n trouble to 'bear thunder-claps of bliss in others.' It is the same from the first letter we have quoted to the last; from the proud and merry boasting of the young mother with a boy, to the

candid shudder about the approach of old age, and the refusal of death to grant a moment to the dying statesman—'no, not a single moment.' She loved nature and truth without misgiving; and nature and truth loved her in return, and have crowned her with glory and honour.

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